

M. Samuel Butle

HUDIBRAS.

In THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the

LATE WARS.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ADDITIONS.

To which is added,

ANNOTATIONS,

With an exact

INDEX to the Whole.

Adorn'd with a new Set of Cuts, Design'd and Engrav'd by Mr. HOGARTH.

LONDON:

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Encorrantitud Alastrating (Cop) Joseph Alemanania I Almong partei - 1996 - Santa Walandari - 1996 - Santa Alemanania Japanania



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READER.



OETA nascitur non fit, is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity; it being most certain, that all the acquir'd Learning imaginable is insufficient to compleat a Poet, without a Na-

tural Genius and Propensity to so noble and sublime an Art. And we may without Offence observe, that many very learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only render'd themselves obnoxious to that Satyrical Inspiration, our Author wittily invokes:

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Which made them, tho' it were in spight Of Nature, and their Stars, to write.

On the other Side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large Share of Na-Shakefpear, tural Wit and Parts, bave D' Avenant, &c. become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they liv'd in. But as these last are, Raræ Aves in Terris; so when the Muses have not disdain'd the Assistances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bles'd with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with Ho-RACE bave faid,

Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius;

Or with Ovid,

Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis Ira, nec Ignis, Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetustas.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem was of this last Composition; for altho' he had not the Happiness of an Academical Education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful Parts of Human Learning.

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RAPIN (in bis Reflections) speaking of the necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet, tells us, be must have a Genius extraordinary; great Natural Gifts; a Wit, just, fruitful, piercing, solid and universal; an Understanding, clear and distinct; an Imagination, neat and pleasant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which must be sustained by a lively Sense and Vivacity; Judgment to consider wisely of Things, and Vivacity for the beautiful Expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and those of nicer Judgments, who had the Happiness to be more intimately acquainted with

bim.

The Reputation of this Incomparable Poem is so thoroughly established in the World, that it would be superstuous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. whom the Judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was so great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his Conversation: However, since most Men have a Curiosity to have some Account of such Anonymous Authors, whose Compositions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been desired to oblige them

To the READER.

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them with such Informations, as I could receive from those who had the Happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the Mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his Athenæ Oxonienses, concerning him.



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AUTHOR's



Amuel Butler, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the Parish of Strensham, in the County of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His Fa-

ther, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he liv'd. However, perceiving in this Son an early Inclination to Learning, he made a Shift to have him educated in the Free-School at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where A 4

having past the usual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for some little Time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University, his Father's Abilities not being fufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; fo that our Author return'd foon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earls-Croom, an eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd fome Years, in an eafy and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient Leisure to apply himself to whatever Learning his Inclinations led him to, which were chiefly History and Poetry; to which, for his Diversion, he joined Musick and Painting; and I have feen some Pictures, faid to be of his Drawing, which remained in that Family; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to fatisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that noble Art; for which also he was afterwards entirely belov'd by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, Elizabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not only the Opportunity to consult all Manner of learned Books, but to converse also with that

that living Library of Learning, the great

Our Author liv'd some Time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient Family in Bedfordshire; but, to his Dishonour, in Eminent Commander under the Usurper Oliver Cromwell, and then it was, as I am nform'd, he composed this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate, more than Choice, feems to lave placed him in the Service of a Knight notorious, both in his Person and Poliicks, yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, hat he was most Orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that Time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those living Chaacters of Rebellion, Nonfense, and Hypocrify, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restoration of King Charles II. those who were at the Helm, minding Money more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of Juvenal to be exactly verify'd

n himself:

Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat, Res angusta Domi:

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And being endued with that innate Modefty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-Castle, when the Court there was reviv'd. About this Time, he married one Mrs. Herbert, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Securities, fo that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary to have been Secretary to his Grace George Dake of Buckingbam, when he was Chancellor to the University of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that Mecenas of all Learned and Witty Men, Charles Lord Buckburft, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being himself an ex-cellent Poet, knew how to set a just Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken Care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those,

those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was a fignal Instance, as feveral others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided Multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wifely chose such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish, (as Mr. Cowley expresseth it)

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And having thus liv'd to a good old Age, admir'd by all, though personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buried at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. L-vil of the T-le, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, at the West-End of the said Yard, on the North-Side, under the Wall of the faid Church, and under that Wall which parts the Yard from the common Highway. And fince he has no Monument yet let up for him, give me Leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of Michael Drayton the Poet, as the Author of Mr. Cowley's has partly done before met out a mount of

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And tho' no Monument can claim
To be the Treasurer of thy Name;
This Work, which ne'er will die, shall be
An everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Defign thereof is a Satire against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, murder'd the best of Kings, to introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrify, Novelty, and Nonsense, might be predominant amongst us; and overthrew our wholfome Laws and Conftitutions, to make Way for their Bleffed Anarchy and Confusion, which at last ended in Tyranny. But fince, according to the Proverb, None are so blind as they that will not see; so those who are not resolv'd to be invincibly Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Histories of Mr. Fowlis of Presbytery, and Mr. Walker of Independency; but more especially to that incomparable History lately published, wrote by Edward Earl of Clarendon, which are sufficient

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ficient to fatisfy any unbias'd Person, that his general Characters are not fictitious: And I could heartily wish these Times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular Persons reslected on, which are not commonly known, and some old Stories and uncouth Words which want Explication, we have thought sit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the less learned Readers, to explain them in some additional Annotations at the End of this Edition.

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How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Success, I leave the Readers to judge: In the Year 63, there came out a spurious Book, call'd, The Second Part of Hudibras; which is reslected upon by our Author, under the Character of Whacum, towards the latter End of his Second Part. Afterwards came out the Dutch and Scotch Hudibras, Butler's Ghost, the Occasional Hypocrite, and some others of the same Nature, which, compar'd with this, (Virgil's Travesty excepted) deserve only to be condemn'd ad Ficum & Piperem; or, if you please, to more base and service Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewise made to translate some Parts of it into

Latin-

Latin, but how far they fall short of that Spirit of the English Wit, I leave the meanest Capacity, that understands them, to judge. The following Similies I have heard were done by the Learned Dr. Harmer, once Greek Professor at Oxon.

So learned Taliacotius from, &c.

Sic adscititios nasos de clune torosi Vectoris, doctà secuit Taliacotius Arte: Qui potuêre parem durando æquare Parentem At postquam sato Clunis computruit, ipsum Una sympathicum cæpit tabescere Rostrum.

So Wind in the Hypocondres pent, &c.

Sic Hypocondriacis inclusa meatibus Aura Desinet in crepitum, si sertur prona per alvum, Sed si summa petat, montisq; invaserit arcem Divinus suror est, & conscia Flamma suturi.

So Lawyers, lest the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum mystæ, ne forsan Pax foret, Ursam
Inter surantem sese, Actoremque Molossum;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque resigunt.
Luctantesque canes coxis, semorisque revellunt.
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.

Ejä! agite ô cives, iterumque in praslia tradunt.

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There are some Verses, which, for Reasons of State, easy to be guess'd at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first Impression; as these which follow:

Did not the Learned Glyn and Maynard, To make good Subjects Traitors, strain hard? Was not the King, by Proclamation, Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation?

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your farther Curiosity with some of those Golden Remains which are in the Custody of Mr. L—vil; but not having the Happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor Interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures he had from the Author himself.

No Jesuit e'er took in Hand
To plant a Church in barren Land;
Nor ever thought it worth the While
A Swede or Russ to reconcile.
For where there is no Store of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health;
Spain in America had two Designs,
To sell their Gospel for their Mines.
For had the Mexicans been poor,
No Spaniard twice had landed on their Shore.

'Twas

'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,
Which, had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

The Oxford Antiquary ascribes to our Author two Pamphlets, supposed falsly, as he says, to be William Pryn's; the one entituled, Mola Asmaria: Or, The Unreasonable and Insupportable Burthen, pres'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation, &c. London, 1659. in one Sheet 4to. The other, Two Letters, one from John Audland, a Quaker, to Will. Pryn; the other, Pryn's Answer; in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small Poem, of one Sheet in Quarto, on Du Vall, a Notorious Highway-man, said to be wrote by our Author; but how truly, I know not

you will be content with the following Copy, which the Incomises Mr. Askey afters no

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HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

Sir Hudibras his passing Worth,
The Manner how he sally d forth;
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Virtues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the Middle.

CANTO I. as L'uco tad

HEN civil Dudgeon first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why;
When hard Words, Fealousies, and Fears,
Set Folks together by the Ears,

I When civil Dudgeon, &c. Dudgeon. Who made the Alterations in the last Edition of this Poem, I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a Word so proper in that Place, as Dudgeon is, for that or Fury, as it is in the last Editions: To take in Dudgeon, is inwardly to resent some Injury or Affront, a fort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to actual Fury.

And

And made them fight, like mad or drunk, For Dame Religion as for Punk; Whose Honesty they all durst swear for, Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore: When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded

And Pulpit, Drum Ecclefiastick,
Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

Entitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood;
That never bow'd his stubborn Knee
To any Thing but Chivalry;
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid

20 Right-Worshipful on Shoulder-Blade:
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chattel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, great in the Saddle,
That cou'd as well bind o'er, as swaddle:

And styl'd of War as well as Peace.

(So some Rats, of amphibious Nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)

But here our Authors make a Doubt,

30 Whether he were more wife or flout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a Pother,

24 That could as well, &c.] Bind over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man,

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The Diff'rence was so small, his Brain Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;

- That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.

 For 't has been held by many, that

 As Montaigne, playing with his Cat,

 Complains the thought him but an Afs,
- Much more she wou'd Sir Hudibras;

 (For that's the Name our valiant Knight
 To all his Challenges did write.)

 But they're mistaken very much,

 'Tis plain enough he was no such;
- 45 We grant, altho' he had much Wit,
 H' was very shy of using it;
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about;
 Unless on Holy days, or so
- Beside, 'tis known he cou'd speak Greek As naturally as Pigs squeak;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:
- B'ing rich in both, he never scanted
 His Bounty unto such as wanted;
 But much of either wou'd afford
 To many, that had not one Word.
 For Hebrew Roots, altho' they're found

60 To flourish most in barren Ground,

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38 As Montaigne, &c.] Montaigne, in his Essaye, supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his Time in playing with her.

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He had such Plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd:
And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a Proselyte, but for Claps.

Profoundly skill'd in Analytick;
He cou'd diftinguish, and divide

A Hair 'twixt South and South-West Side;

62 To make some, &c.] Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment; for the following Lines,

And truly so he was, perhaps, Not as a Proselyte, but for Caps,

Are thus changed:

And truly for perhaps he was,
²Tis many a pious Curistian's Case.

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and have a strange Reafon why Mass impos'd the Law of Circumcision on the Jen, which how untrue soever, I will give the learned Reader an Account of, without Translation, as I find it in the Annotations upon Harace, wrote by my worthy and learned Friend Mr. William Baxter, the great Restorer of the ancient, and Promoter of modern Learning.

Hor. Sat . 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curtis; quia pellicula imminuti sunt; quia Moses Rex Judcorum, cuius Legibus reguntur, negligentia or puo deis medicinaliter exsettus est en solus esse notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem or postura, uti & medicinaliter exsettus pro medicinalis essettus que nihil erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse? Jure igitur Henrico Glarcano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra Quinta hec habet; Constat emnia miracula certa ratione sieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant.

66 Profoundly skill'd, &c.] Analitique is a Part of Legick, that teaches to decline and conftrue Reason, as Grammar does Hurds.

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some of our modern Virtues us'd to express themselves in.

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It had an odd promiscuous Tone,

100 As if h' had talk'd three Parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A Leash of Languages at once.

As if his Stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that Charge,
He had Supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit

Words fo debas'd and hard, no Stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hafty Noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em;

Did fill his Mouth with Pebble Stones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
He would have us'd no other Ways.

give a Dog with three Heads, which they feigh'd Door-keeper of Hell, that carefs'd the unfortunate Souls fent thither, and devour'd them that would get out again; yet Herceles ty'd him up, and made him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes the past, the present, and the Time to come; which receive, and, as it were, devour all Things. Herceles got the better of him, which shews that heroick Actions are always victorious over Time, because they are present in the Memory of Posterity.

Defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by uling to speak with little Stones in his Mouth.

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In Mathematicks he was greater

Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:

For he, by Geometrick Scale,

Could take the Size of Pots of Ale;

Resolve by Sines and Tangents, straight;

If Bread or Butter wanted Weight;

The Clock does strike, by Algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st Author hath,

Whatever Sceptick cou'd enquire for, For ev'ry Wby, he had a wherefore:

120 Than Tycho Brahe, &c.] Tyche Brahe was an eminent Dawith Mathematician. Quer. in Collier's Dictionary, or elsewhere. 131 Whatever Sceptick, &c.] Septick; Pyrho was the Chief of Sceptick Philosophers, and was at first, as spolledows faith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of Drife, and at last the Difciple of Anaxagoras whom he follow'd into India, to fee the Comnosophists. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Custom; that there was neither Honesty nor Dishonesty, Justice nor Injustice, Good nor Evil. He was very solitary, lived to be 90 Years old, was highly efteemed in his Country, and created Chief Priest. He lived in the Time of Epicurus and Theobraffus, about the 120th Olympiad. His Followers were call'd Pyribonians; besides which, they were named the Ephedicks and Abbreticks, but more generally Scepticks. This Sect made their chiefest Good to confist in a Sedateness of Mind, exempt from all Passions; in regulating their Opinions, and moderating their Passions, which they call'd Ataxia and Metriopathia and in suspending their Judgment in regard of Good and Evil, Truth or Fallhood, which they called Epochi. Sexus Empiricus, who liv'd in the second Century, under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, writ ten Books against the Mathematicians or Astrologers, and three of the Pyrrhonian Opinion. The Word is deriv'd from the Greek onen seden quod est, considerare, speculuri.

Knew

Knew more than Forty of them do, As far as Words and Terms cou'd go.

- 135 All which he understood by Rote. And, as Occasion ferv'd, would quote: No matter whether right or wrong, They might be either faid, or fung. His Notions fitted Things fo well,
- 140 That which was which he cou'd not tell; But oftentimes mistook the one For th' other, as great Clerks have done. He cou'd reduce all Things to Acts, And knew their Natures by Abstracts;
- 145 Where Entity and Quiddity. The Ghofts of defunct Bodies fly; Where Truth in Person does appear. Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air. He knew what's what, and that's as high 150 As Metaphyfick Wit can fly.

142 He con'd reduce, &cc.] The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural Things, as Chymifts do Spirits and Effences; and, when they had refin'd them into the nicest Subtilities, gave them as infignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as Seneca fays) the sub-tiller Things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of Things by Acts, the nearer to Nonfense.

147 VVbere Truth, &c.] Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a real Thirg, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions or Images of Things (in the Understanding of Man) into the same State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature; and therefore Ariffoile fays, Unumquedque ficut fe haber fecundum effe, ita fe habet fecundum veritatem. Met. L. 2.

148 Like VVords congeal'd, &c.] Some report, that in News Zembla, and Greenland, Men's Words are wont to be frozenin the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard. In

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H Dr. As he that Hight Irrefragable;
A fecond Thomas, or at once,
To name them all, another Duns:

Profound

151 In School-Divinity as able,
As he that Hight Irrefragable, &c.]

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as

I think, for the worfe.

Some specifick Epithets were added to the Title of some famous Doctors, as Angelicus, Seraphicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis, &c. Vide Vossi Etymologi Baillet Jugemens de Scavans, & Tossevin's Apparatus.

153 A second Thomas, or at once, To name them all, another Duns.

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, frudied at Cologne and Paris. He new modell'd the School-Divinity, and was therefore called the Angelick Dottor, and Eagle of Divines. The most illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offer'd him Bishopricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the sistest Year of his Age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, several Times printed.

Johannes Dunscotus was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beginning of the Fourteenth Century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth. The English say, he was born in Northumberland; the Scots alledge he was born at Duns in the Mrs, the neighbouring County to Northumberland, and hence was called Dunscotus: Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit, Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Novemb. 8, 1308. In the Supplement to Dt. Cave's Historia Literaria, he is faid to be extraordinary B

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Truth hod of Undert their Unumritatem.

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And real Ways beyond them all;
For he a Rope of Sand cou'd twift
As tough as learned Sorbonist;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull

160 That's empty when the Moon is full; Such as take Lodgings in a Head That's to be let unfurnished. He cou'd raise Scruples dark and nice, And after solve 'em in a Trice,

165 As if Divinity had catch'd

The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;

learned in Physicks, Metaphysicks, Mathematicks, and Astronomy; that his Fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures: That when at Paris, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but such as were of this Mind. He was a great Opposer of Domas Againas's Doctrine, and, for being a very acute Logician, was called Doctor Subtilis, which was the Reason also, that an old Punster always called him the Latin Doctor.

158 As tough as, &c.] Sorbon was the first and most considerable College of the University of Paris; founded in the Reign of St. Lewis by Rolert Sorbon, which Name is sometimes given to the whole University of Paris which was founded about the Year 741, by Charlemaigne, at the Persuasion of the learned Alcuines, who was one of the first Professors there; since which Time it has been very famous. This College has been rebuilt with an extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of Cardinal Richlieu, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the Society of Sorbon. Those which are received among them, before they have received their Doctor's Degree, are only said to be of the Hospitality of Sorbon. Claud. Hemeraus de Acal. Paris Spondan, in Annal.

2.

Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab her self with Doubts prosound,
Only to shew with how small Pain

- 170 The Stores of Faith are cur'd again.;
 Altho' by woful Proof we find,
 They always leave a Scar behind.
 He knew the Seat of Paradife,
 Cou'd tell in what Degree it lies:
- 175 And, as he was dispos'd, cou'd prove it,
 Below the Moon, or else above it.
 What Adam dreamt of, when his Bride
 Came from her Closet in his Side:
 Whether the Devil tempted her
- 180 By a High-Dutch Interpreter:

 If either of them had a Navel:

 Who first made Musick malleable:

 Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,

 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
- 185 All this, without a Gloss or Comment, He cou'd unriddle in a Moment,

173 He knew, &c.] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradife: Sir Walter Rateigh has taken a great deal of Pains to collect them, in the Beginning of his History of the VVorld; where those who are unsatisfy'd may be fully inform'd.

180 By a High-Dutch, &c. Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch was the Language that Adam and Eve

spoke in Paradife.

181 If either of, &cc.] Adam and Eve being made, and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as some learned Men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

182 VVho first made, &c.] Musick is said to be invented by hihagoras, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the Sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

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In proper Terms such as Men smatter, When they throw out and miss the Matter. For his Religion it was sit

- To match his Learning and his Wit:

 'Twas, Presbyterian true Blue,

 For he was of that stubborn Crew

 Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant

 To be the true Church Militant:
- The holy Text of Pike and Gun;
 Decide all Controverfy by
 Infallible Artillery;
 And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
- 200 By Apostolick Blows and Knocks;
 Call Fire, and Sword, and Desolation,
 A godly thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done:
- For nothing else but to be mended.

 A Sect whose chief Devotion lies
 In odd perverse Antipathies:
 In falling out with that or this,
- And finding somewhat still amiss:

 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,

 Than Dog distract, or Monkey sick.

 That with more Care keep Holy-day

 The wrong, than others the right Way:
- 215 Compound for Sins they are inclin'd to, By damning those they have no Mind to.

RTI

Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for Spight.
The self-same Thing they will abhor

- 220 One Way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one Way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All Piety confists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin.
- 225 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly;
 Quarrel with Minc'd Pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest Friend Plum-Porridge;
 Fat Pig and Goose it self oppose,
- Th' Apostles of this sierce Religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were As and Widgeon.
 To whom our Knight, by fast Instinct
 Of Wit and Temper, was so linkt,
- 235 As if Hypocrify and Nonfense
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accounter d,
 We mean on th' Inside, not the Outward.
 That next of all we shall discuss;
- 240 Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus: His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace Both of his Wisdom and his Face;

232 Like Mahomet's, &c.] Mahomet had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His Ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

B 3

In Cut and Dye so like a Tile, A sudden View it wou'd beguile:

- The upper Part thereof was Whey,
 The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
 This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns:
 With grifly Type did represent
- 250 Declining Age of Government;
 And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
 Its own Grave and the State's were made.
 Like Sampson's Heart-breakers, it grew
 In Time to make a Nation rue;
- Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
 To wait upon the publick Downfal.
 It was monastick, and did grow
 In holy Orders by strict Vow;
 Of Rule as sullen and severe,
- 260 As that of rigid Cordeliere:

 'Twas bound to suffer Perfecution,
 And Martyrdom with Resolution;
 T' oppose it self against the Hate
 And Vengeance of th' incensed State:
- 265 In whose Defiance it was worn, Still ready to be pull'd and torn, With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd, Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.

257 It was monastick, and did grow In holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his Beard, until the Parliament had fubdu'd the King; of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in those Times.

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Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,

- 270 As long as Monarchy shou'd last,
 But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A Sacrifice to Fall of State:
- Whose Thread of Life the fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its Whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever;
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
- 280 Both down together at a Blow.

 So learned Taliacotius, from
 The brawny Part of Porter's Bum,
 Cut supplemental Noses, which
 Wou'd last as long as Parent Breech;
- 285 But when the Date of Nock was out,
 Off dropt the sympathetick Snout.
 His Back, or rather Burthen, show'd,
 As if it stoop'd with its own Load.
 For as Æneas bore his Sire
 290 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire;

Our

281 So learned Taliacotius, &c.] Taliacotius was an Italian Surgeon, that found out a Way to repair loft and decay d Nofes.

This Taliacotius was chief Surgeon to the Great Duke of Tufcany, and wrote a Treatife, De Curtis Membris, which he dedicates to this Great Master; wherein he not only declares the Models of his wonderful Operations in restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (cum Poetica Licentia) has taken his Simile

289 For: as Eneas, &c.] Aneas was the Son of Anchijes and Venus; a Trojan, who after long Travels came into Isaly, and after B 4

31

3

Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
Which now had almost got the UpperHand of his Head, for want of Crupper.

To poise this equally he bore

A Paunch of the same Bulk before:

Which still he had a special Care

To keep well-cramm'd with thristy Fare;

As White-Pot, Butter-Milk, and Curds,

300 Such as a Country-House affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his Horse we come to treat,
The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.

305 His Doublet was of flurdy Buff,
And the not Sword yet Cudgel-Proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his Ufe
Who fear'd no Blows but fuch as bruife.
His Breeches were of rugged Woollen,
310 And had been at the Siege of Bullen;

the Death of his Father-in-Law, Latinus, was made King of Latinum, and reign'd three Years; his Story is too long to infert here, and therefore I refer you to Virgil's Ancids. Troy being laid in Ashes, he took his aged Father Anchises upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies. But being too sollicitous for his Son and Houshold Gods, he lost his Wite Crensa; which Mr. Dryden in his excellent Translation thus expresset:

Haste, my dear Father ('tis no Time to wait,)

And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.

VVhate'er befa's, your Life shall be my Care,
One Death, or one Deliv'rance, we will share.

My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you

My faithful Consort, shall our Steps pursue.

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PART I. To old King Harry fo well known, Some Writers held they were his own. Thro' they were lin'd with many a Piece Of Ammunition Bread and Cheefe.

- 315 And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food For Warriors that delight in Blood. For, as we faid, he always chose To carry Victual in his Hofe, That often tempted Rats and Mice
- 320 The Ammunition to furprise: And when he put a Hand but in The one or t'other Magazine, They stoutly in Defence on't stood, And from the wounded Foe drew Blood.
- 325 And 'till th' were ftorm'd and beaten out, Ne'er left the fortify'd Redoubt; And tho' Knights Errant, as some think, Of old did neither eat nor drink. Because when thorough Defarts vast
- 330 And Regions defolate they past, Where Belly-Timber above Ground, Or under, was not to be found. Unless they graz'd, there's not one Word Of their Provision on Record:
- 335 Which made fome confidently write, They had no Stomachs, but to fight. 'Tis false: For Arthur wore in Hall Round Table like a Farthingal,

On

337- For Arthur, &c.] Who this Arthur was, and whether any ever reign'd in Britain, has been doubted heretofore, and is

On which with Shirt pull'd out behind,

340 And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Tho' 'twas no Table fome suppose,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hose:
In which he carry'd as much Meat
As he and all the Knights cou'd eat,

When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts or their Nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We shou'd forget where we digrest.

As learned Authors use, to whom

350 We leave it, and to th' Purpose come.

His puissant Sword unto his Side,

Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd:

With Basket-hilt, that wou'd hold Broth,

And serve for Fight and Dinner both.

To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave Quarter t' any such.
The trenchant Blade, Toledo trusty,

360 For want of fighting was grown rufty, And ate into it felf, for lack Of some Body to hew and hack.

by some to this very Day. However, the History of him, which makes him one of the Nine Worthies of the World, is a Subject sufficient for the Poet to be pleasant upon.

355—Toledo trufty, &c] The Capital City of New Cashie in Spain, with an Archbishoprick and Primacy: It was very famous, amongst other Things, for tempering the best Metal for Swords, as Damascus was, and perhaps may be still.

The

37

I.

The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt, The Rancour of its Edge had felt:

- 365 For of the lower End two Handful
 It had devoured, 'twas fo manful,
 And fo much fcorn'd to lurk in Cafe,
 As if it durst not shew its Face.
 In many desperate Attempts,
- 370 Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts, It had appear'd with Courage bolder Than Serjeant Bum invading Shoulder. Oft had he ta'en Possession, And Pris'ners too, or made them run.
- This Sword a Dagger had his Page,
 That was but little for his Age:
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
 It was a serviceable Dudgeon,
- 380 Either for Fighting or for Drudging.

 When it had stabb'd, or broke a Head,
 It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread.

 Toast Cheese or Bacon, tho' it were
 To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
- 385 'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth. It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer, Where this and more it did endure; But left the Trade, as many more
- 390 Have lately done on the fame Score.

389 But lest the Trade, as many more Have lasely done, & C.

Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Pride had been both Brewers.

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430

I'th' Holsters of the Saddle-bow Two aged Piftols he did flow, Among the Surplus of fuch Meat As in his Hose he cou'd not get.

395 These wou'd inveigle Rats with th' Scent, To forage when the Cocks were bent; And fometimes catch 'em with a Snap, As cleverly as th'ablest Trap Le moure W They were upon hard Duty still, day

400 And ev'ry Night stood Centinel, To guard the Magazine i' th' Hofe From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd Foes. Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,

From peaceful Home fet forth to fight.

405 But first with nimble active Force He got on th' Outside of his Horse, For having but one Stirrup ty'd T'his Saddle, on the further Side, It was so short, h' had much ado

410 To reach it with his desp'rate Toe. But after many Strains and Heaves, He got up to his Saddle-Eaves. From whence he vaulted into th' Seat, With fo much Vigour, Strength and Heat,

415 That he had almost tumbled over With his own Weight, but did recover, By laying hold on Tail and Main; Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now, we talk of mounting Steed,

420 Before we further do proceed;

TI.

For

It doth behave us to fay fomething
Of that which bore our valiant Bumpkin.
The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;

- As most agree, tho' some say none.

 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
 Preserv'd a grave, majestick State.

 At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
- And yet so fiery, he wou'd bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
 That Cæsar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
- 435 Was not by half fo tender hooft,
 Nor trod upon the Ground fo foft.
 And as that Beaft would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his Rider up:
 So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
- Wou'd often do to fet him down.

 We shall not need to say what Lack

 Of Leather was upon his Back:

 For that was hidden under Pad,

 And Breech of Knight full gall'd as badd
- 445 His strutting Ribs on both Sides show'd Like Furrows he himself had plow'd:
 - 433 That Cæsar's Horse, who, as Fame goes, Had Corns upon his Feet and Ties.

Julius Casar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. Viebatur tous insigni; pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum ungulis suet, in Jul. Cap. 61.

480

For underneath the Skirt of Pannel, 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel. His draggling Tail hung in the Dirt,

450 Which on his Rider he wou'd flurt;
Still as his tender Side he prickt,
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one Spur,
As wifely knowing, cou'd he ftir

The other wou'd not hang an Arfe.

A Squire he had, whose Name was Ralph,
That in th' Adventure went his Half.
Tho' Writers, for more stately Tone,

And when we can with Meter fafe,

We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;

(For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,

With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses)

An equal Stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd
With subtle Shreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle sair

470 To his great Ancestor, her Heir;

467 The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd VVish subile Shreds a Traff of Land.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, who bought as much Land as the cou'd compass with an Ox's Hyde, which she cut into small Thongs, and cheated the Owner of so much Ground as serv'd her to build Carthage upon.

From

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From him descended cross-legg'd Knights, Fam'd for their Faith, and warlike Fights Against the bloody Canibal, Whom they destroy'd both great and small.

- As the bold *Trojan* Knight, feen Hell,
 Not with a counterfeited Pass
 Of Golded Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
 His *Knowledge* was not far behind
- And he another Way came by't:

 Some call it Gifts, and some New-light.

 A lib'ral Art, that costs no Pains
 Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
- 485 His Wit was fent him for a Token,
 But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
 Like Commendation Nine-pence crookt
 With to and from my Love it lookt.
 He ne'er confider'd it, as loth
- And very wifely wou'd lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.
 But as he got it freely, fo
 He spent it frank and freely too.
- of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.

 By Means of this with Hem and Cough,

 Prolongers to enlighten Stuff,

476 As the bold, &c.] Aneas, whom Virgil reports to use a Golden Bough for a Pass to Hell; and Taylors call that Place Hell, where they put all they steal.

He

He cou'd deep Mysteries unriddle,

500 As eafily as thread a Needle. For as of Vagabonds we fay, That they are ne'er beside their Way; Whate'er Men speak by this New Light, Still they are fure to be i' th' right.

505 'Tis a Dark-Lanthorn of the Spirit, Which none fee by but those that bear it: A Light that falls down from on high, For spiritual Trades to cozen by: An Ignis Fatuus, that bewitches,

510 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches. To make them dip themselves, and found For Christendom, in dirty Pond: To dive like Wild-Fowl, for Salvation, And fish to catch Regeneration.

515 This Light inspires and plays upon The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone, And speaks through hollow empty Soul, As through a Trunk, or whifp'ring Hole, Such Language as no mortal Ear

520 But spirit'al Eaves-droppers can hear, So Phæbus, or some friendly Muse, Into small Poets Song infuse; Which they at fecond Hand rehearfe Thro' Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible. 525 As three or four-legg'd Oracle,

526 As three, &c.] Read the Great Geographica! Diffionary, under that Word.

The

35

The ancient Cup, or modern Chair; Spoke Truth point-blank, tho' unaware. For Mystick Learning, wondrous able

30 In Magick Talisman and Cabal, Whose primitive Tradition reaches As far as Adam's first green Breeches: Deep sighted in Intelligences,

Ideas, Atoms, Influences;

And much of Terra Incognita,
Th' intelligible World, cou'd fay;
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,

530 In Magick, &c.] Talisman is a Device to destroy any fort f Vermin, by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise Miute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the hischief they can. This has been experimented by some momen Virtuosi upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and sound (as they slim) to produce the Effect with admirable Success.

Raymund Lully interprets Cabal, out of the Arabick, to fignify signiful superabundans; which his Commentator, Cornelius Agrippa, y over-magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery. 1832 As far as, &C.] The Author of Magia Adamica endeatous to prove the Learning of the ancient Magi to be deriv'd tom that Knowledge which God himself taught Adam in Padis, before the Fall.

535 And much of Terra Incognita, The intelligible VV orld, could say.

The intelligible World is a kind of Terra del Fuego, or Psittama Regio, discover'd only by the Philosophers; of which ey talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

138 As learn'd, &c. 1 No Nation in the World is more added to this occult Philosophy, than the wild Irish are, as aparts by the whole Practice of their Lives; of which see maden in his Description of Ireland.

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38

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Or Sir Agrippa, for profound

- And folid Lying much renown'd:

 He Anthroposophus, and Floud,

 And Jacob Behmen understood:

 Knew many an Amulet and Charm,

 That wou'd do neither Good nor Harm:
- As he that Vere adeptus earned:

 He understood the Speech of Birds

 As well as they themselves do Words:

 Cou'd tell what subtlest Parrots mean,
- What Member 'tis of whom they talk
 When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, Walk.
 He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
 And keep them in a Glass, like Water;

539 Or Sir Agrippa, &c.] They who would know more of Sir Cornelius Agrippa here meant, may confult the great Dictionary.

541 He Anthroposophus and Floud, And Jacob Behmen understood.

Anthroposophus is only a compound Greek Word, which signified a Man that is wise in the Knowledge of Men, and is us'd by some anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. Floud was a fort of an English Rosy-Crucian, whose Works are extant, and as intelligible as those of Jacob Behmen.

545 In Rofy Crucian Lore as learned, As he that Vere adeptus earned.

The Fraternity of the Rofy Crucians is very like the Sector the ancient Gnostici, who call'd themselves so from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho' they were really the most ridiculous Sots of Mankind.

Vere adeptus is one that has commenc'd in their Phanatique

Extravagance.

of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wife; For dropt in blear, thick-fighted Eyes, They'd make them fee in darkest Night, Like Owls, tho' purblind in the Light. By Help of these (as he profest)

:60 He had first Matter feen undrest : He took her naked all alone. Before one Rag of Form was on. The Chaos too he had descry'd, And feen quite thro', or elfe he ly'd:

565 Not that of Paste-board, which Men shew For Groats, at Fair of Barthol' mew; But its great Gransire, first o' th' Name, Whence that and Reformation came, Both Coufin-Germans, and right able

570 T'inveigle and draw in the Rabble. But Reformation was, some fay, O' th' younger House to Puppet-Play. He cou'd foretet what I'ever was By Confequence to come to pass.

375 As Death of great Men, Alterations, Diseases, Battles, Inundations; All this without th' Eclipse o' th' Sun, Or dreadful Comet, he hath done, By inward Light a Way as good,

80 And eafy to be understood. But with more lucky Hit than those That use to make the Stars depose, Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge Upon themselves what others forge:

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: Works

All Mischies in the World Men do:
Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a Planet's House, to know

Examine Venus and the Moon,

Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon:
And tho' they nothing will confess,

Yet by their very Looks can guess,

They'll question Mars, and, by his Look, Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:

Make Mercury confess, and 'peach

Those Thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' Physiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Men's Destinies.
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill.

605 Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
And form Positions to be guest on,
As sure as if they knew the Moment
Of Native's Birth, tell what will come on't,
They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,

610 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what Criss does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
In Men, what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:

What

63

63

What Gains or Loses, Hangs or Saves;
What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves.
But not what Wise, for only of those
The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the Astrologians.

There they fay right, and like true Trojans.

This Ralpho knew, and therefore took

The other Course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th'accomplish'd Squire endu'd With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd.

- Or Knight with Squire with Knight,
 Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.
 Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
 As well as Virtues, Parts, and Wit:
 Their Valours too were of a Rate,
- 630 And out they fally'd at the Gate;
 Few Miles on Horseback had they jogged,
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged,
 For they a sad Adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat;
- 635 But e're we venture to unfold Atchievements fo refolv'd and bold, We shou'd, as learned Poets use, Invoke th' Affistance of some Muse; However Criticks count it fillier
- 640 Than Jugglers talking to Familiar:
 We think 'tis no great Matter which,
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our Purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.

What

Thou

665 In western Clime there is a Town. To those that dwell therein well known. Therefore there needs no more be faid here, We unto them refer our Reader:

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645 Thouthat with Ale, or viler Liquors, Dldft inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars.

This Vickars was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as Pryn, or Withers, and as able a Poet: He translated Virgil's Andids into as horrible Travely in earnest as the French Scaroon did in Burlesque, and was only out-done in his Way by the Politique Author of Oceana.

For

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For Brevity is very good,

- 670 When w' are or are not understood.

 To this Town People did repair
 On Days of Market, or of Fair;
 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor,
 In Merriment did drudge and labour:
- But now a Sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together Village Rabble;
 'Twas an old Way of recreating,
 Which learned Butchers call Bear-baiting.
 A bold advent'rous Exercise,
- 680 With ancient Hero's in high Prize;
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemean Game.
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in Northern Hemisphere,
- And round about the Pole does make
 A Circle like a Bear at Stake:
 That at the Chain's End wheels about,
 And over-turns the Rabble-Rout;
 For after folemn Proclamation
- 690 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion
 According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;
- 695 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No Honour's got by such a Maim,

hority Poet: arnest one in

For

46

700 In Honour to make good his Ground,
When he's engag'd, and takes no Notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis;
But let's them know, at their own Cost,
That he intends to keep his Post.

705 This to prevent, and other Harms,
Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
(For in the Hurry of a Fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's Way)
Thither the Knight his Courfe did steer.

As he believ'd he was bound to do
In Conscience and Commission too.
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;
We that are wisely mounted higher

Than Conflables in curule Wit,
When on Tribunal Bench we fit,
Like Speculators shou'd foresee,
From Phares of Authority,
Portended Mischiess farther than

And therefore being inform'd by Brute
That Dog and Bear are to dispute;

VVe that are, &c.] This Speech is fet down, as it was deliver'd by the Knight, in his own Words: But fince it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd to speak wifely alike, and too much of so extravagant a Folly wou'd become tedious and impertinent; the rest of his Harrangues have only his Sense express'd, in other Words, unless in some few Places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

For

For so of late Men fighting name, Because they often prove the same:

- 725 (For where the first does hap to be,
 The last does coincidere.)
 Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' Expence of Christian Blood,
 And try if we by Mediation
- 730 Of Treaty and Accommodation, Can end the Quarrel, and compose The bloody Duel, without Blows. Are not our Liberties, our Lives, The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
- 735 Enough at once to lie at Stake
 For Cov'nant and the Cause's Sake?
 But in that Quarrel Dogs and Bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs?
 This Feud by Jesuits invented,
- There is a Machiavilian Plot,
 (Tho' ev'ry Nare olfast it not)
 A deep Design in't to divide
 The well-affected that conside,
- To claw and curry one another.

 Have we not Enemies plus fatis,

 That Cane & Angue pejus hate us?

 And shall we turn our Fangs and Claws
 - 50 Upon our own felves without Cause?

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For

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That

That some occult Design doth lie
In bloody Cynar Elomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows,
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.

- 755 I wish my self-a Pseudo-Prophet,
 But sure some Mischief will come of it;
 Unless by providential Wit,
 Or Force, we averruncate it.
 For what Design, what Interest
- 760 Can Beast have to encounter Beast?

 They sight for no espoused Cause,
 Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws,
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,
 Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,
- Nor Liberty of Consciences,

 Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances;

 Nor for the Church, nor for Church-Lands,

 To get them in their own no Hands;

 Nor evil Counsellers to bring
- 770 To Justice, that seduce the King;
 Nor for the Worship of us Men,
 Tho' we have done as much for them.
 Th' Ægyptians worshipp'd Dogs, and for
 Their Faith made internecine War.

World, but a Fight between Dogs and Bears, the both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such Words very great Knowledge is contain'd: And our Knight, as one, or both of those, was of the same Opinion.

758 or Force, &c.] Another of the same Kind, which, though it appear even so learned and prosound, means nothing else but the Weeding of Corn.

Others

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775 Others ador'd a Rat, and some
For that Church suffer'd Martyrdom.
The Indians sought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth:
And many, to desend that Faith,

Fought it out mordicus to Death:
But no Beast ever was so slight,
For Man, as for his God, to sight.
They have more Wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.

785 But we, who only do infuse
The Rage in them like Boute-feus.
'Tis our Example that instils
In them th' Infection of our Ills.
For, as some late Philosophers

790 Have well observ'd, Beasts, that converse With Man, take after him, as Hogs Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.

777 The Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the Indians ador'd, is written by Mons. le Blanc. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the Poringuese from those that worshipp'd it, and tho' they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their Priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to endure the horrible Stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same ingredients with which Seamen use to compose that Kind of Granado's which they call Sinkards.

786 The Rage, &c] Boate-feus is a French Word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

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Just so, by our Example, Cattle Learn to give one another Battle.

When they destroy'd the Christian Brethren,
They sew'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then set Dogs about their Ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' Invention came

800 Of this lewd antichristian Game.

To this, quoth Ralpho, verily,

The Point seems very plain to be.

It is an antichristian Game,

Unlawful both in Thing and Name.

So First for the Name, the Word Bear-baiting Is carnal, and of Man's creating:

For certainly there's no such Word
In all the Scripture on Record,
Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;

And fo is (secondly) the Thing.

A vile Assembly 'tis, that can

No more be prov'd by Scripture, than

Provincial, Classick, National,

Mere human Creature-Cobwebs all.

For when Men run a whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatfoe'er
The Thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is Idolatrous and Pagan,

820 No less than worshipping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a Rat;

Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate,

For

For tho' the Thesis which thou lay'st Be true ad amussim, as thou say'st,

825 (For that Bear-baiting should appear Jure Divino lawfuller
Than Synods are, thou dost deny,
Totidem Verbis; so do I:)
Yet there's a Fallacy in this,

830 For if by fly Homæosis,

Tussis pro crepitu, an Art

Under a Cough to slur a F---t,

Thou wou'dst sophistically imply,

Both are unlawful, I deny.

835 And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
But Bear-baiting may be made out
In Gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or Parochial Classis:
And that both are so near of Kin.

\$40 And like in all, as well as Sin,
That put 'em in a Bag, and shake 'em,
Your self o' th' sudden wou'd mistake 'em,
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their Wickedness:

845 For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,

850 Id est, to make a Leek a Cabbage; Thou'lt be at best but such a Bull, Or Shear-Swine, all Cry and no Wool; 3

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For

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For what can Synods have at all, With Bear that's Analogical?

855 Or what Relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with Bear-baiting?
A just Comparison still is
Of Things ejusdem generis.

And then what Genus rightly doth
Soo Include and comprehend them both;

If Animal, both of us may
As justly pass for Bears as they;
For we are Animals no less,
Altho' of diff'rent Specieses.

865 But, Ralpho, this is not fit Place,
Nor Time to argue out the Case:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we must give the World a Proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit

A Controverfy that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we must manage at a Rate
Of Prowess and Conduct adequate

875 'To what our Place and Fame doth promise,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by Success:
Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,

880 Or furest Hand, can always hit: For whatsoe'er we perpetrate, We do but row, w'are seer'd by Fate,

Which

TI.

Which in Success oft difinherits, For fpurious Causes, noblest Merits,

885 Great Actions are not always true Sons Of great and mighty Resolutions, Nor do the bold'st Attempts bring forth Events still equal to their Worth: But fometimes fail, and in their stead

890 Fortune and Cowardice succeed. Yet we have no great Cause to doubt, Our Actions still have born us out: Which tho' they're known to be fo ample, We need not copy from Example;

895 We're not the only Persons durst Attempt this Province, nor the first. In northern Clime a val'rous Knight Did whilom kill his Bear in Fight, And wound a Fidler: We have both

900 Of these the Objects of our Wroth, And equal Fame and Glory from Th' Attempt of Victory to come. 'Tis fung, there is a valiant Mamaluke In foreign Land, yclep'd-

To

903 'Tis sung, &c.] Mamaluke's the Name of the Militia of the Sultans of Agypt; it fignify'd a Servant or Soldier; they were commonly Captives, taken from amongst the Christians, and infrusted in Military Discipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, befides that the Sulians were chosen out of their Body, they dispos'd of the most important Offices of the Kingdom; they were ormidable about 200 Years, till at last, Selim, Sultan of the Turks, routed them, and kill'd their Sultan, near Aleppo, 1516. and so put an End to the Empire of the Mamalukes, which had latted 267 Years. Paulus Jovius, &c.

PAR

For Person, Parts, Address, and Beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have sought;
He oft in such Attempts as these

910 Came off with Glory and Success;
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,
For want of equal Resolution.
Honour is like a Widow, won
With brisk Attempt and putting on,

915 With ent'ring manfully, and urging,
Not flow Approaches, like a Virgin.
This faid, as yerst the Phrygian Knight,
So ours, with rusty Steel did smite

No Question but the Rhime to Mamaluke, was meant Sir Samuel Luke, of whom in the Preface. Vid. p. 366. of the foregoing Annotations.

913 Honour is like, &c.] Our English Proverbs are not imper-

tinent to this Purpofe:

He that we es a Maid, must seldom come in her Sight:
But he that woes a VVidow, must woo her Day and Night.
He that woos a Maid, must seign, lie, and flatter;
But he that woes a VVidow, must down with his Breeches and at her.

This Proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have inserted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Bock, entituled, The Quakers Spiritual Compoclaim'd: Written by Nathaniel Smith, Student in Physick, wherein the Author mentions it as Counsel given him by Hickiah Bedford, an eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a r.ch Widow, in whose House he lodged. In Case he could get her, this Nathaniel Smith had promised Hickiah a Chamber gratis; the whole Narrative is worth the reading.

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His

His Trojan Horse, and just as much

320 He mended Pace upon the Touch;

But from his empty Stomach groan'd

Just as that hollow Beast did sound,

And angry answer'd from behind,

With brandish'd Tail and Blast of Wind.

925 So have I feen, with armed Heel,
A Wight bestride a Common-weal;
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.



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The ARGUMENT of

The SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies best Men of War;
Whom, in a bold Harangue, the Knight
Desies, and challenges to sight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

CANTO H.

That had read Alexander Ross over;
And swore the World, as he cou'd prove,
Was made of Fighting and of Love:
5 Just so Romances are, for what else
Is in them all, but Love and Battles?
O'th' first of these w've no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o'th' latter:

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PART I. In which to do the injur'd Right,

We mean, in what concerns just Fight. Certes our Authors are to blame, For to make some well-founding Name,

A Pattern fit for modern Knights, To copy out in Frays and Fights,

(Like those that a whole Street do raze, To build a Palace in the Place,) They never care how many others They kill, without Regard of Mothers,

Or Wives, or Children, fo they can

Make up some fierce dead-doing Man, Compos'd of many Ingredient Valours, Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors: So a wild Tartar, when he spies

A Man that's handsome, valiant, wife,

If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit: As if just so much he enjoy'd, As in another is destroy'd.

For when a Giant's flain in Fight,

o And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, It is a heavy Case, no doubt, A Man should have his Brains beat out, Because he's tall, and has large Bones;

As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.

But as for our Part, we shall tell The naked Truth of what befel; And as an equal Friend to both The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,

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So

With neither Faction shall take Part,

- And never coin a formal Lye on't,
 To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.
 This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,
 And now go on where we left off.
- They rode, but Authors having not Determin'd whether Pace or Trot, (That is to fay, whether Tollutation, As they do term it, or Succussation) We leave it, and go on, as now
- 50 Suppose they did, no Matter how, Yet some from subtle Hints have got Mysterious Light, it was a Trot. But let that pass: They now begun To spur their living Engines on.
- The Learned hold, are Animals:
 So Horses they affirm to be
 Mere Engines made by Geometry;
 And were invented first from Engines,
- 60 As Indian Britains were from Penguins.

47 That is to fay, whether Tollutation, As they do term's, or Succuffation.

Tolluration and Succussation, are only Latin Words for Ambling and Trotting, the 1 believe both were natural amongst the Old Romans; since I never read, they made use of the Tramel, or any other Ait, to pace their Horses.

60 As Indian Britains, &c.] The American Indians call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a Tenguin; which figures the fame Thing in the British Tongue; from whence (with other Words of the same Kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, that the Americans are originally deriv'd from the Britains.

PART I. So let them be, as I was faying, They their live Engines ply'd, not staying Until they reach'd the fatal Champain, Which th' Enemy did then incamp on:

- 6; The dire Pharsalian Plain, where Battle Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattle, And fierce Auxiliary Men. That came to aid their Bretheren: Who now began to take the Field,
- 70 As Knight from Ridge of Steed beheld. For as our modern Wits behold, Mounted a Pick-back on the old. Much farther off, much further he. Rais'd on his aged Beaft, cou'd fee:
- 75 Yet not sufficient to descry All Postures of the Enemy; Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further, T'observe their Numbers, and their Order. That, when their Motions he had known,
- 80 He might know how to fit his own. Mean while he flopp'd his willing Steed, To fit himself for martial Deed: Both Kinds of Metal he prepar'd, Either to give Blows, or to ward;
- 85 Courage and Steel, both of great Force, Prepar'd for better or for worfe. His Death-charg'd Piftols he did fit well, Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittel.

65 The dire, &c.] Pharfalia is a City of Theffaly, famous for the Battle won by Julius Cafar against Pompey the Great, in the neighbouring Plains, in the 607th Year of Rome, of which read Lucan's Plarfalia,

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These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd

90 To free's Sword from retentive Scabbord: And after many a painful Pluck, From rufty Durance he bail'd Tuck. Then shook himself, to see that Prowess In Scabbard of his Arms sat loose;

95 And rais'd upon his desp'rate Foot,
On Stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending Blood, like blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
Ralpho rode on with no less Speed

100 Than Hugo in the Forest did:

But far more in returning made,

For now the Foe he had survey'd,

Rang'd, as to him they did appear,

With Van, Main Battle, Wings and Rear.

105 I' th' Head of all this warlike Rabble,

Crowdero march'd, expert and able.

Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,

That makes the Warrior's Stomach come,

Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer

(For if a Trumpet found, or Drum beat, Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?)

A squeaking Engine he apply'd

Unto his Neck, on North-East Side,

To special Friends, the Knot of Noose:
For 'tis Great Grace when Statesmen strait
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.

His

PART I. CANTO II.

His warped Ear hung o'er the Strings,

Which was but Soufe to Chitterlings:

For Guts, fome write, e're they are fodden,

Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:

From whence Men borrow ev'ry Kind

Of Minstrelfy, by String or Wind.

125 His grisly Beard was long and thick,

With which he strung his Fiddle-stick:

For he to Horse-tail scorn'd to owe,

For what on his own Chin did grow.

Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both

And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his Beard.
In Staffordsbire, where virtuous Worth
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;

135 Where Bulls do chufe the boldest King, And Ruler o'er the Men of String;

119 Chiron, the, &c.] Cairon, a Centaur, Son to Saturn and Millwis, living in the Mountains, where being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Vertues of Plants, and one of the most famous Physicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to Asculapius, and was afterwards Apollo's Governor, until being wounded by Hercalts, and destring to die, spiter placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of Saturarius, or the Archer.

133 In Stafforlshire, where vir tuous Worth
Does raise the Moubreily, not Birth, &C.

The whole History of this ancient Ceremony, you may read a large in Dr. Plor's History of Staffordshire, under the Town lawy.

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170 Of

(As once in *Perfia*, 'tis faid, Kings were proclaim'd by'a Horse that neigh'd) He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,

140 By Chance of War, was beaten down,
And wounded fore: His Leg then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oak:
For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,
The Knee with one of Timber's propt,

145 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, And takes Place tho' the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for Wise Conduct, and Success in War:

A skilful Leader, stout, severe,

150 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron Head,
The Warrior to the Lists he led;
With solemn March, and stately Pace,
But far more grave and solemn Face.

Or Spanish Potentate Don Diego.

This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.

He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,

160 To fall back and retreat as well.

So Lawyers, lest the Bear Defendant,
And Plaintiff Dog, shou'd make an End on't,
Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,

155 Grave as the, &c.] For the History of Pegu, read Mondelfa and Olearins's Travels.

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65 To let them breathe a While, and then Cry whoop, and fet them on agen. As Romulus a Wolf did rear, So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,

That fed him with the purchas'd Prey 170 Of many a fierce and bloody Fray;

Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,
In military Garden Paris.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens just as Weeds do now;

175 Until some splay-foot Politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up Petitions,
For licensing a new Invention
Th'ad sound out of an antique Engine,
To root out all the Weeds that grow

180 In publick Gardens at a Blow,
And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My Friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quo' Statesmen; yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easy.

185 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
A Drum! (quoth Phæbus,) troth that's true,
A pretty Invention quaint and new.
But tho' of Voice and Instrument

We are th' undoubted Prefident;
We fuch loud Musick don't profes,
The Devil's Master of that Office,

172 In Military, &c.] Paris Garden in Scushwark, took its Name from the Possessor.

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Where it must pass, is't be a Drum, He'll sign it with Gler. Parl. Dom. Com.

195 To him apply your felves, and he
Will foon dispatch you for his Fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
Th'ad better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing

200 Were on before, that is, stout Orfin:

That which so oft by sundry Writers
Has been apply'd t' almost all Fighters
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior, (viz.)

205 None ever acted both Parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
He was of great Descent, and high
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from celestial Origine

Not as the ancient Heroes did,
Who, that their base Births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)

215 Made Jupiter himself and others
O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions,
(Of which old Homer first made Lampoons)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere

220 Was his undoubted Ancestor:

From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his Name.

Learned

Learned he was in med'c'nal Lore, For by his Side a Pouch he wore,

- Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
 That Wounds nine Miles point-blank wou'd solder.
 By skilful Chymist with great Cost
 Extracted from a rotten Post;
 But of a heav'nlier Influence
- Than that which Mountebanks dispense;
 Tho' by Promethean Fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that Trade,
 For as when Slovens do amis,
 At others Doors, by Stool or Piss;
- 235 The Learned write, a red-hot Spit
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
 Will convey Mischief from the Dung
 Unto the Part that did the Wrong:

231 Though by, &c. I Promethean Fire. Prometheus was the Son of lapenus, and Brother of Ailas, concerning whom the Poets have feign d, that having first form d Men of the Earth and Water, he stole Fire from Heaven to put Life into them; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded When to tie him to Mount Cancassus with Iron Chains, and that a Vulture should prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, that Prometheus was an Astrologer, and constant in observing the Stars upon that Mountain, and that, among other Things, he sound the Art of making Fire, either by the means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun-beams in a Glass. Bochart will have Magog in the Scripture to be the Prometheus of the Pagans.

He here and before farcastically derides those who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve, which were in great Repute in those Days, and much promoted by the great Sir Kenelm Digly, who wrote a Treatise or prosess on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which since has been almost exploded out

of the World.

So this did healing, and as fure

240 As that did Mischief, this would cure. Thus virtuous Orfin was endu'd With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude, Incomparable: And as the Prince

245 A skilful Leech is better far Than half a hundred Men of War; So he appear'd, and by his Skill, No less than Dint of Sword, cou'd kill. The gallant Bruin march'd next him,

Of Poets, Homer, sung long fince,

250 With Visage formidably grim, And rugged as a Saracen, Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin; Clad in a Mantle della Guerre Of rough impenetrable Fur;

255 And in his Nofe, like Indian King, He wore, for Ornament, a Ring; About his Neck a threefold Gorget, As rough as trebled leathern Target; Armed, as Heralds cant, and langued,

260 Or, as the Vulgar fay, sharp fanged. For as the Teeth in Beafts of Prey Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray; So Swords, in Men of War, are Teeth, Which they do eat their Victual with.

265 He was by Birth, some Authors write, A Russian, some a Muscovite.

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And 'mong the Coffacks had been bred, Of whom we in Diurnals read, That ferve to fill up Pages here,

- 270 As with their Bodies Ditches there.

 Scrimansky was his Cousin-German,
 With whom he serv'd and sed on Vermin:
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his Claws,
 And quarter himself upon his Paws.
- 275 And tho' his Countrymen, the Huns,
 Did flew their Meat between their Hums
 And th' Horses Backs o'er which they straddle,
 And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle:
 He was not half so nice as they,
- 280 But eat it raw when 't came in's Way,
 He had trac'd Countries far and near,
 More than Le Blanc the Traveller;
 Who writes, He spous'd in India,
 Of noble House, a Lady gay,

267 And mong, &c.] Cossacks are a People that live near Foland; this Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleness; for Cosa or Kosa in the Polish Tongue, fignifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read Le Laboreur and Touldenus.

275 And tho', &c.] This Custom of the Huns is describ'd by Ammianus Marcellinus. Hunni Semicruda cujusuis pecoris carne wicuntur, quam inter semora sua & equorum terg. subsertam, calefactot brevi. P. 586.

283 — He spous'd in India,

Of noble House, a Lady gay.

The Story in Le Blanc, of a Bear that marry'd a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most Travellers, that pass with Allowance; for if they should write nothing, but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their Labour, and observ'd nothing but what they might have done as well at Home.

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As flout as any upon Earth is.

Full many a Fight for him between

Talgel and Ursin oft had been;

Each striving to deserve the Crown

To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more stout
By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church fellow membership, and Blood;

Never got ought of him but Blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, fuch as he
Had lent, repaid with Usury.

Yet Talgol was of Courage stout,

300 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought: Inur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil, And like a Champion shone with Oil. Right many a Widow his keen Blade, And many Fatherless, had made.

Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow.

But Guy, with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the Bear or Dun-Cow far'd,
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought

And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before, and Stings behind,
Subdu'd: As Poets fay, long agone
Bold Sir George, Saint George did the Dragon.

Nor

Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick. Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick, Tho' ftor'd with Deletery Med'cines. (Which whofoever took is dead fince) E'er fent so vast a Colony

ART I.

20 To both the under Worlds as he. For he was of that noble Trade. That Demi-gods and Heroes made, Slaughter and knocking on the Head; The Trade to which they all were bred;

25 And is, like others, glorious when 'Tis great and large, but base if mean. The former rides in Triumph for it; The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot. For daring to profane a Thing

30 So facred with vile Bungling.

Next thefe the brave Magnano came, Magnano, great in Martial Fame. Yet when with Urfin he wag'd Fight, 'Tis fung he got but little-by't.

35 Yet he was fierce as Forest Boar. Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore, As thick as Ajax' seven-fold Shield, Which o'er his brazen Arms he held: But Brass was feeble to resist

40 The Fury of his armed Fift. Nor cou'd the hardest Ir'n hold out Against his Blows, but they wou'd through't.

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As like as Hypocrites in Show

Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of Warlike Engines he was Author,

Devis'd for quick Dispatch of Slaughter:

355 The Cannon, Blunderbuss, and Saker, He was th' Inventor of, and Maker: The Trumpet and the Kettle-Drum Did both from his Invention come. He was the first that e'er did teach

360 To make, and how to stop a Breach.

A Lance he bore with Iron Pike,

Th' one Half wou'd thrust, the other strike:

And when their Forces he had join'd,

He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

365 He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight:

> 343 In Magick be was deeply read, As he that made the Brazen Head; Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art, As English Merlin for his Heart.

Roger Bacon and Merlin; fee Collier's Dictionary.

A bold Virago, stout and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall.
Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,

- 370 Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him,
 In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
 And never him or it forsook.
 At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprize,
 She shar'd i' th' Hazard and the Prize:
- 375 At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
 Behav'd her felf with matchless Courage,
 And laid about in Fight more busily,
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthessle.
 And tho' some Criticks here cry Shame,

380 And fay our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no Females stout, but Bears;
And heretofore did so abhor
That Women should pretend to War;

385 They wou'd not fuffer the flout'st Dame To swear by Hercules's Name.)

368 As Joan, &c.] Two notorious Women; the last was nown here by the Name of Mall Cuspurfe.

378 Than th' Amazonian, &c. Penthesse, Queen of the Amaons, succeeded Orithya; she carry d Succours to the Trojans,
and after having given public Proofs of her Prayers, was

nd, after having given noble Proofs of her Bravery, was ill'd by Achilles. Play faith, it was the that invented the attle Ax. If any one defire to know more of the Amazons, thim read Mr. Sanfon.

385 They wou'd not suffer the flout'st Dame, To swear by Hercules's Name.

The old Romans had particular Oaths for Men and Women of wear by, and therefore Macrobius says, Viri per Castorem non valant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem; Adepol autem jaratum crat tam mulieritus, quam viris commune, &C.

To fight like Termagants and Turks:
To lay their native Arms afide,

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Their Modesty, and ride aftride;
To run a-tilt at Men, and weild
Their naked Tools in open Field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that wou'd have been the Mistress

395 Of Gundibert; but he had Grace,
And rather took a Country Lass:
They say 'tis false, without all Sense,
But of pernicious Consequence
To Government, which they suppose

400 Can never be upheld in Profe :

393 As flout, &c.] Two formidable Women at Arms, in Remances, that were cudgell'd into Love by their Gallants. 395 Of Gundibert, &c.] Gundibert is a feign'd Name, made nie of by Sir William d'Avenant, in his famous Fpick Poenl, fo called; wherein you may find also that of his Mistress. This Poem was defigned by the Author to be an Imitation of the English Drama; it being divided into Five Books, as the other is into Five Acts; the Canto's to be parallel of the Scenes, with this Difference, that this is deliver'd Narratively, the other Dialogue-wife. It was ushered into the World ty a large Preface written by Mr. Holbes, and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, viz Mr. VValler and Mr. Cowley, which, one would have thought, might have prov'd a fufficient Defence and Protection against snarling Criticks. Notwithstanding which, four eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne,) published several Copies of Verses to Sir William's Discredit, under this Title, Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second Edition of Gundibert, in 8vo. Lond. 1653. These Verses were as wittily answered by the Author, under this Title, The incomparable Poem of Gundibert, vindicated from the VVit Combat of four Ejquires, Clinias, Damætas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding; Printed in 8vo. Lond. 1655. Vid. Langbain's Account of Dramatich Poets.

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PART I. Strip Nature naked to the Skin, You'll find about her no fuch Thing. It may be so, yet what we tell Of Trulla; that's improbable,

105 Shall be depos'd by those have feen't, Or what's as good, produc'd in Print: And if they will not take our Word, We'll prove it true upon Record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,

410 Of all his Race the valiant'ft : Cerdon the Great renown'd in Song, Like Herc'les, for repair of Wrong: He rais'd the Law, and fortify'd The weak against the strongest Side;

415 Ill has he read, that never hit On him, in Muses deathless Writ. He had a Weapon keen and herce, That thro' a Bull-hide Shield wou'd pierce,

420 And cut it in a thousand Pieces, Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his; With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor Was Comerade in the ten Years War: For when the reftless Greeks fat down

425 So many Years, before Troy Town, And were renown'd, as Homer writes, For well-foal'd Boots, no less than Fights: They ow'd that Glory, only to His Ancestor, that made them so.

430 Fast Friend he was to Reformation, Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion. Next Rectifier of Wry Law, And wou'd make three to cure one Flaw.

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Learned he was, and could take Note,

He us'd to lay about and flickle, Like Ram, or Bull, at Conventicle:

A40 For Disputants, like Rams and Bulls,
Do sight with Arms that spring from Sculls.

Last Colon came, bold Man of War,
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horse,

That which of Centaur long ago
Was faid, and has been wrested to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his Horse were of a Piece.

450 One Spirit did inform them both,
The felf-fame Vigour, Fury, Wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher Part,
And always had a harder Heart;
Altho' his Horse had been of those

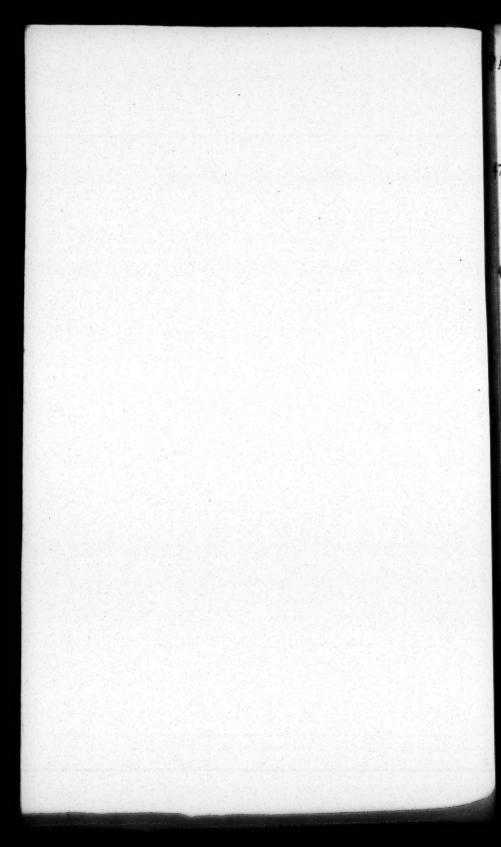
Strange Food for Horse! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for Flesh is Grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to cleanse a Stable;

As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too, in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted Fother,
And Provender wherewith to feed

465 Himfelf, and his lefs cruel Steed.







It was a Question whether he
Or's Horse were of a Family
More worshipful: 'Till Antiquaries
(After th'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)

70 Did very learnedly decide
The Bus'ness on the Horse's Side,
And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder House:
For Beasts, when Man was but a Piece
175 Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess.

These Worthies were the chief that led The Combatants, each in the Head Of his Command, with Arms and Rage, Ready, and longing to engage.

of fev'ral Countries round about,
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres:
From foreign Parishes and Regions,

485 Of diff'rent Manners, Speech, Religions, Came Men and Mastiffs; some to fight, For Fame and Honour, some for Sight. And now the Field of Death, the Lists, Were enter'd by Antagonists,

490 And Blood was ready to be broach'd;
When *Hudibras* in haste approach'd,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em.

What Rage, O Citizens! what Fury
495 Doth you to these dire Actions hurry?

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What OEstrum, what Phrenetick Mood Makes you thus lavish of your Blood, While the proud Vies your Trophies boast! And unreveng'd walks —— Ghost?

500 What Towns, what Garrisons might you
With Hazard of this Blood subdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away

In vain, untriumphable Fray?

Shall Saints in civil Bloodshed wallow

The Cause, for which we fought and swore So boldly, shall we now give o'er?

Then because Quarrels still are seen With Oaths and Swearings to begin,

Will feem a mere God-dam-me Rant:
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War for the King

Some will not flick to fay we do

For God, and for Religion too;

For if Bear-baiting we allow,

What Good can Reformation do?

Jo The Blood and Treasure, that's laid out, Is thrown away, and goes for nought. Are these the Fruits o' th' Protestation, The Prototype of Resormation,

496 VVhat OEstrum, &c.] OEstrum is not only a Greek Word for Madness, but fignifies also a Gad Bee or Horse-Fly, that torments Cattle in the Summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

Which Which all the Saints, and some, since Martyrs,

- Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters. When 'twas refolv'd by either House Six Members Quarrel to espouse? Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble, With Zeal and Noises formidable:
- o And make all Cries about the Town Join Throats to cry the Bishops down? Who having round begirt the Palace, (As once a Month they do the Gallows) As Members gave the Sign about,
- Set up their Throats with hideous Shout. Then Tinkers bawl'd aloud, to fettle Church-Discipline, for patching Kettle: No Sow-gelder did blow his Horn To geld a Cat, but cry'd Reform.
- to The Oyfter-Women lock'd their Fish up, And trudg'd away, to cry, No Bishop.

525 VVore in their Hats, &cc.] Some few Days after the King ad accus'd the five Members of Treason in the House of commons; great Crowds of the Rabble came down to VVestinster-Hall, with printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in heir Hats like Favours.

> 526 Vihen 'twas refolu'd by either House, Six Members Quarrel to espouse.

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The fix Members were the Lord Kimbolion, Mr. Pym, Mr. folis, Mr. Hambden, Sir Arthur Hasterig, and Mr. Stroud, whom he King ordered to be apprehended, and their Papers seized; harging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the te Tumults; but the House voted against the Arrest of heir Persons or Papers; whereupon the King having prefer-ed Articles against those Members, he went with his Guard o the House to demand them; but they, having Notice, withdrew. D 4 The

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The Mouse-Trap Men laid Save-alls by, And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry. Botchers left old Cloaths in the Lurch,

545 And fell to turn and patch the Church.

Some cry'd the Covenant, instead

Of Pudding-pies and Ginger-bread.

And some for Brooms, old Boots and Shoes,

Baul d out to purge the Common's House:

A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for Old Suits, Coats, or Cloak,
No Surplices, nor Service-Book.
A strange harmonious Inclination

555 Of all Degrees to Reformation.

And is this all? Is this the End
To which these Carrings on did tend?

Hath Publick Faith, like a young Heir,
For this tak'n up all Sorts of Ware,

560 And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's Book,
'Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?

Did Saints, for this, bring in their Plate?

And croud as if they came too late?

For when they thought the Cause had need on't,

565 Happy was he that could be rid on't.

Did they coin Pifs-pots, Bowls, and Flaggons,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musquetteers
Stamp Beakers, Cups, and Porringers?

570 A Thimble, Bodkin, and a Spoon,
Did start up living Men, as foon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the Dragon's Teeth b'ing fown.

Then

Then was the Cause all Gold and Plate,

- The Brethren's Off'rings, confecrate
 Like th' Hebrew Calf, and down before it
 The Saints fell proftrate, to adore it:
 So fay the Wicked——and will you
 Make that Sarcasmus Scandal true,
- 580 By running after Dogs and Bears,
 Beafts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
 Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their Tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their Lungs:
 Us'd all Means, both direct and smister,
- 185 I'th' Pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister?
 Have they invented Tones to win
 The Women, and make them draw in
 The Men, as Indians with a Female
 Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
- Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
 Discover'd th' Enemy's Design,
 And which Way best to countermine?
 Prescrib'd what Ways it hath to work,
- Told it the News o' th' last Express,
 And after good or bad Success,
 Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,
 As Overtures and Propositions,
- 600 (Such as the Army did prefent
 To their Creator th' Parliament)
 In which they freely will confess,
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,

59 Make that, &c.1 Abusive or insulting had been better, but our anight believ'd the learned Language more convellent to understand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

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By fetting Church and Common-weal All on a Flame bright as their Zeal, On which the Saints are all a-gog, And all this for a Bear and Dog?

To't felf, and fent them, like Commissions,
To well-affected Persons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With Pow'r to levy Horse and Men,

615 Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With Papers in their Hats, that show'd.
As if they to the Pillory rode.

620 Have all these Courses, these Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,

Nelis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,

And all t'advance the Cause's Service?

And shall all now be thrown away

Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore,

Each Man of us to run before

Another still in Reformation,

Give Dogs and Bears a Dispensation?

What will Malignants say? Videlicet,
That each Man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid the Devil take the bindmost:

635 Which at this Race is like to win most.

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They'll fay our Bus'ness, to reform
The Church and State, is but a Worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
To an unknown Church-Discipline,

640 What is it else, but before hand
T'engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the purest Mode

645 Of Churches best Reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a Vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches these shou'd be.

650 And is indeed the self-same Case
With theirs that swore t' Et cætera's;
Or the French League, in which Men vow'd
To sight to the last Drop of Blood;

650 And is indeed the felf same Case
Which theirs, that swore t' Et cætera's.

The Convocation, in one of the short Parliaments, that usher'd in the long one (as Dwar's are wont to do Knight-Erants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for observing canonical Obedience; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the Abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with &c.

652 Or the French League, in which Men vow'd To fight to the last Drop of Blood.

The holy League in France, defign'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which
the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with Difference only of
Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the Success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after
the Destruction of vast Numbers of People of all forts, both
ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both
sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters swore every Man to
run one before another in the Way of Reformation, so did the
struck in the Holy League, to fight to the last Drop of Blood.

These

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PART

These Slanders will be thrown upon 655 The Caufe and Work we carry on, If we permit Men to run headlong T' Exorbitances fit for Bedlam; Rather than Gospel-Walking Times, When flightest Sins are greatest Crimes.

660 But we the Matter fo shall handle, As to remove that odious Scandal: In Name of King and Parliament, I charge ye all, no more foment This Feud, but keep the Peace between

665 Your Brethren and your Countrymen; And to those Places straight repair, Where your respective Dwellings are. Eut to that Purpose first furrender The Fidler, as the prime Offender,

670 Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief Author and Engineer of Mischief; That makes Division between Friends, For profane and malignant Ends. He and that Engine of vile Noise,

675 On which illegally he plays, Shall (dictum factum) both be brought To condign Punishment, as they ought. This must be done, and I would fain see Mortal fo flurdy as to gain-fay:

680 For then I'll take another Courfe, And foon reduce you all by Force. This faid, he clapt his Hand on Sword, To shew he meant to keep his Word. But Talgol, who had long supprest

685 Inflamed Wrath in glowing Breaft,

Which

PART I. CANTO II.

Which now began to rage and burn as Implacably as Flame in Furnace, Thus answer'd him: Thou Vermin wretched As e'er in meassed Pork was hatched;

- On Rump of Justice as of Cow;
 How dar'st thou with that fullen Luggage
 O' th' self, old Ir'n, and other Baggage,
 With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
- 695 Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
 How durft th', I fay, adventure thus
 T' oppose thy Lumber against us?
 Could thine Impertinence find out
 No Work t'employ it self about,
- 700 Where thou, secure from wooden Blow, Thy busy Vanity might'st show? Was no Dispute a-foot between The Caterwauling Bretheren? No subtle Question rais'd among
- 705 Those out-o'-their Wits, and those i' th' Wrong;
 No Prize between those Combatants
 O' th' Times, the Land and Water-Saints;
 Where thou might'st stickle without Hazard
 Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard;
- 710 And not for Want of Bus'ness come
 To us to be thus troublesome,
 To interrupt our better Sort
 Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport?
 Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
- No Stolen Pig, nor Plunder'd Goofe,
 To tie thee up from breaking loofe?
 No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
 For which thou Statute might'st alledge,

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Not

Not all that Force that makes thee proud,

Because y' Bullock ne'er withstood;

Tho' arm'd with all thy Cleavers, Knives, And Axes made to hew down Lives;

Shall fave or help thee to evade

The Hand of Justice, or this Blade,

60 Which I, her Sword-bearer, do carry, For Civil Deed and Military. Nor shall these Words of Venom base, Which thou hast from their native Place,

Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,

765 Go unreveng'd, tho' I am free.

Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em,. Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em. Nor shall it e'er be said, that Wight

With Gantlet blue, and Bases white,

770 And round blunt Truncheon by his Side,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
With Words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That wou'd in Job or Grizel stir Mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal.

775 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.

This faid, with hasty Rage he snatch'd. His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd; And bending Cock, he levell'd full Against th' Outside of Talgol's Skull;

780 Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further, Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther. But Pallas came in Shape of Rust, And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust Her Gorgon Shield, which made the Cock

785 Stand stiff, as it were transform'd to Stock.

Mean while fierce Talgol gath'ring Might,

With rugged Truncheon, charg'd the Knight;

And

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But

But Talgol wisely avoided it By cunning Slight; for had it hit, The upper Part of him, the Blow

825 Had flit, as fure as that below.

PART I.

Mean while th' incomparable Colon, To aid his Friend, began to fall on; Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew A dismal Combat twixt them two:

- 830 Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood, This fit for Bruise, and that for Blood. With many a stiff Thwack, many a Bang, Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang; While none that saw them cou'd divine
- To which Side Conquest would incline,
 Until Magnano, who did envy
 That two should with so many Men vie,
 By subtle Stratagem of Brain
 Perform'd what Force could ne'er attain;
- Where Thistles grew on barren Ground,
 In haste he drew his Weapon out,
 And having cropp'd them from the Root,
 He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
 - The angry Beast did straight resent.
 The Wrong done to his Fundament,
 Began to kick, and sling, and wince,
 As if h had been beside his Sense,
 - o Striving to disengage from Thistle
 That gaul'd him forely under his Tail;
 Instead of which, he threw the Pack
 Of Squire and Baggage from his Back;
 And blund'ring still with smarting Rump,

But if He gave the Knight's Steed fuch a Thump

As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, And sate on further Side a-slope. This Talgol viewing, who had now By Flight escap'd the satal Blow,

860 He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching Foe by nearer Foot,
He lifted with fuch Might and Strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his Length,
And dash'd his Brains (if any) out;

865 But Mars, that still protects the Stout,
In Pudding-time came to his Aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
The Knight with all his Weight fell down.

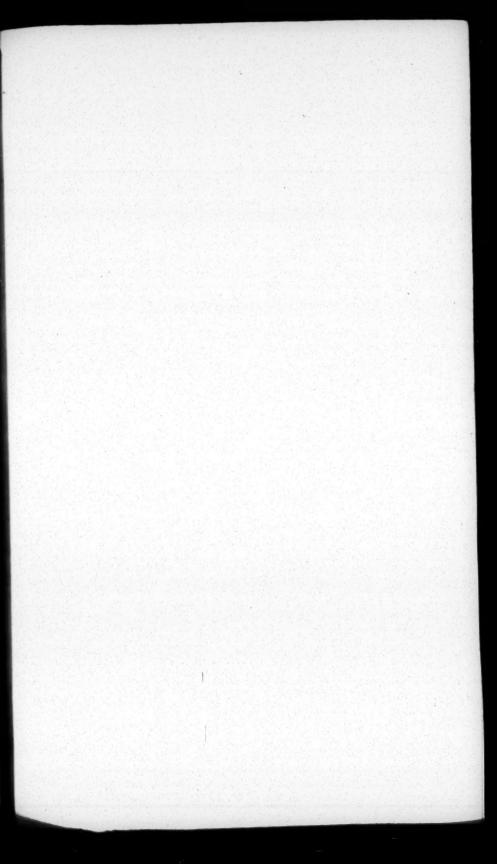
870 The friendly Rug preferv'd the Ground,
And headlong Knight, from Bruife or Wound:
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy Brunt of Cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a Blanket fell,

875 And had no Hurt; ours far'd as well In Body, tho' his mighty Spirit, B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it. The Bear was in a greater Fright, Beat down and worsted by the Knight.

880 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off Bondage from his Snout.
His Wrath inflam'd, boil'd out, and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam;
Fury in stranger Postures threw him,

885 And more than ever Herald drew him.

He tore the Earth, which he had fav'd
From Squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the Harms
He selt were 'gainst the Law of Arms:



p.88.



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go For Men he always took to be His Friends, and Dogs his Enemy: Who never fo much Hurt had done him. As his own Side did falling on him; It griev'd him to the Guts that they For whom h' had fought fo many a Fray, And ferv'd with Loss of Blood so long, Shou'd offer fuch inhumane Wrong; Wrong of unfoldier-like Condition; For which he flung down his Commission: o And laid about him, till his Nose From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loofe. Soon as he felt himfelf enlarg'd, Thro' thickest of his Foes he charg'd, And made Way thro' th' amazed Crew, Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew, But took none; for by hafty Flight He strove t' escape Pursuit of Knight: From whom he fled with as much Hafte And Dread, as he the Rabble chas'd.

Each and his Fear a fev'ral Way.

Crowdero only kept the Field,

Not stirring from the Place he held,

Tho' beaten down, and wounded fore,

I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore

One Side of him, not that of Bone;

But much 'tis better, th' wooden one.

He spying Hudibras lie strow'd

Upon the Ground, like Log of Wood,

With Fright of Fall, supposed Wound,

And Loss of Urine, in a Swound,

In Haste he snatch'd the wooden Limb

That hurt i' th' Ankle lay by him,

In Haste he sled, and so did they,

90 And fitting it for sudden Fight,

925 Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight; For getting up on Stump and Huckle, He with the Foe began to buckle, Vowing to be reveng'd for Breach Of Crowd and Skin upon the Stretch;

930 Sole Author of all Detriment He and his Fiddle underwent. But Ralpho (who had now begun T' adventure Refurrection

From heavy Squelch, and had got up

Upon his Legs with sprained Crup) Looking about, beheld Pernicion Approaching Knight from fell Musician, He fnatch'd his Whinyard up, that fled When he was falling off his Steed,

940 (As Rats do from a falling House, To hide it felf from Rage of Blows; And wing'd with Speed and Fury flew, To rescue Knight from Black and Blue. Which e're he cou'd atchieve, his Sconce

945 The Leg encounter'd twice and once; And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, When Ralpho thrust himself between. He took the Blow upon his Arm, To shield the Knight from further Harm;

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950 And joining Wrath and Force bestow'd O' th' wooden Member fuch a Load, That down it fell, and with it bore Crowdero, whom it propp'd before. To him the Squire right nimbly run,

And fetting conqu'ring Foot upon His Trunk, thus spoke : What desp'rate Frenzy Made thee (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy

Thy felf and all that Coward Rabble, T'encounter us in Battle able?

- 60 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship 'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship? And Hudibras, or me provoke,
 Tho' all thy Limbs were Heart of Oak,
 And th' other Half of thee as good
- 6; To bear out Blows, as that of Wood?
 Cou'd not the Whipping-Post prevail
 With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jail,
 To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
 And Ankle free from Iron Gin?
- Mhich now thou shalt —— but first our Care Must see how Hudibras doth fare.

 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his Bum upright:

 To rouze him from Lethargick Dump,
- He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle Thump Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been To raise the Spirits lodg'd within. They, waken'd with the Noise, did sly From inward Room, to Window Eye,
- And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,
 Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement.
 This gladded Ralpho much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight: Quoth he,
 Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir,
- As high, victorious, and great,
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give your felf but Leave
 To make out what y'already have;

That's Victory. The Foe, for Dread Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,

Frenzy

1025 And by Degrees grow valorous.

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ARTI. He star'd about, and seeing none Of all his Foes remain, but one. He fnatch'd his Weapons that lay near him, And from the Ground began to rear him;

030 Vowing to make Crowdero pay For all the rest that ran away. But Ralpho now, in colder Blood, His Fury milder thus withstood: Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit

035 Is rais'd too high; this Slave does merit To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner Than from your Hand to have the Honour Of his Destruction; I that am A Nothingness in Deed and Name.

040 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass. Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Cafe: Will you, great Sir, that Glory blot In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot? Will you employ your conqu'ring Sword,

045 To break a Fiddle and your Word? For tho' I fought, and overcame, And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name. For great Commanders always own What's prosperous by the Soldier done.

Dice,

50 To fave, where you have Pow'r to kill. Argues your Pow'r above your Will; And that your Will and Pow'r have less Than both might have of Selfishness. This Pow'r, which now alive, with Dread,

He trembles at, if he were dead, Wou'd no more keep the Slave in Awe, Than if you were a Knight of Straw: For Death wou'd then be his Conqueror, Not you, and free him from that Terror.

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Of our great Conqu'rors, you know whom: 1000 And has by most of us been held Wife Justice, and to some reveal d. For Words and Promises, that yoke The Conqueror, are quickly broke;

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PART I. Like Sampfon's Cuffs, tho' by his own

100; Direction and Advice put on. For if we should fight for the Cause, By Rules of Military Laws, And only do what they call Juft, The Cause would quickly fall to Dust.

1100 This we among our felves may speak; But to the Wicked or the Weak, We must be cautious to declaré Perfection Truths, such as these are.

This faid, the high, outragious Mettle 1105 Of Knight began to cool and fettle.

He lik'd the Squire's Advice, and foon Refolv'd to fee the Bus'ness done : And therefore charg'd'him first to bind Crowdero's Hands on Rump behind.

110 And to its former Place and Use The wooden Member to reduce. But force it take an Oath before. Ne'er to bear Arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy Haste,

115 And having ty'd Crowdero fast, He gave Sir Knight the End of Cord, To lead the Captive of his Sword In Triumph, whilft the Steeds he caught, And them to further Service brought.

120 The Squire in State rode on before, And on his nut-brown Whinyard bore The Trophy Fiddle and the Case, Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace. The Knight himself did after ride,

25 Leading Crowdero by his Side; And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind, Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.

ife;

n:

An ancient Castle that commands
Th' adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick
You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick,
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell

There's neither Iron Bar nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate,
And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Dungeons scarce three Inches wide

They never stand, but lie or sit:
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the Middle-leg in Prison;
In Circle magical confin'd,

Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by Head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their Steeds a-light,

At th' outward Wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t' imprison Hands;
By strange Enchantment made to setter
The lesser Parts, and free the greater;
For tho' the Body may creep through,

And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,

1160 At twenty Miles an Hour Pace, And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place. RTI

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On Top of this there is a Spire, On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire, The Fiddle, and its Spoils, the Case,

That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat.

Crowdero making doleful Face,
Like Hermit poor in penfive Place,

1170 To Dungeon they the Wreach commit, And the Survivor of his Feet: But th' other that had broke the Peace, And Head of Knighthood, they release, Tho' a Delinquent false and forged,

While his Comrade, that did no Hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in Prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence Sometimes.



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The ARGUMENT of

The THIRD CANTO.

The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,
And is made Pris'ner: Then they seize
Th' inchanted Fort by Storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's Place;
I should have first said Hudibras.

CANTO III.

A H me! what Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
What plaguy Mischies and Mishaps
Do dog him still with After-Claps!
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And seer upon him for a While,
She'll after shew him, in the Nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any Man may sing or say,
Io I' th' Ditty call'd, What if a Day;
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
The Field, as certain as a Gun,

And

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And having routed the whole Troop, With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;

- Thinking h' had done enough to purchase

 Thanksgiving-Day among the Churches;

 Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth

 Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,

 And register'd by Fame eternal,
- Found in few Minutes, to his Cost,
 He did but count without his Host;
 And that a Turn-stile is more certain,
 Than, in Events of War, Dame Fortune.
- 25 For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear,
 From bloody Fray of Knight and Bear,
 (All but the Dogs, who in Pursuit
- 30 Of the Knight's Victory stood to't, And most ignobly fought, to get The Honour of his Blood and Sweat) Seeing the Coast was free and clear O'th' conquer'd and the Conqueror,
- As if they meant to stand it out:
 For by this Time the routed Bear,
 Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
 Finding their Number grew too great
- 40 For him to make a fafe Retreat,
 Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
 But wifely doubting to hold out,
 Gave way to Fortune, and with Haste
 Fac'd the proud Foe, and sled, and fac'd;
- 45 Retiring still, until he found H' had got th' Advantage of the Ground;

And

And then as valiantly made Head. To check the Foe, and forthwith fled; Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick

- 50 Of Warrior flout and politick; Until, in spight of hot Pursuit. He gain'd a Pass, to hold Dispute On better Terms, and stop the Course Of the proud Foe. With all his Force
- 55 He bravely charg'd, and for a While Forc'd their whole Body to recoil; But still their Numbers so increas'd, He found himself at length oppress'd, And all Evafions fo uncertain,
- 60 To fave himself for better Fortune: That he refolv'd, rather than yield, To die with Honour in the Field. And feil his Hide and Carcass at A Price as high and desperate
- 65 As e'er he could. This Resolution He forthwith put in Execution, And bravely threw himself among The Enemy, i' th' greatest Throng, But what cou'd fingle Valour do,
- 70 Against so numerous a Foe? Yet much he did, indeed too much To be believ'd, where th' Odds were fuch; But one, against a Multitude, Is more than Mortal can make good;
- 75 For while one Party he oppos'd, His Rear was fuddenly inclos'd. And no Room left him for Retreat, Or Fight against a Foe so great; For now the Mastives, charging home,

80 To Blows and handy-Gripes were come:

While

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PART I. CANTO III.

While manfully himself he bore, And setting his Right-soot before, He rais'd himself to show how tall His Person was above them all.

8; This equal Shame and Envy stirr'd
I'th' Enemy, that one should beard
So many Warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,

on And yield on honourable Terms.

Enraged thus, fome in the Rear

Attack'd him, and fome ev'ry where,

Till down he fell; yet falling fought,

And, being down, still laid about:

95 As Widdrington in doleful Dumps, Is faid to fight upon his Stumps. But all, alas! had been in vain,

And he inevitably flain,

If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick,

For Trulla, who was light of Foot,
As Shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light, as to be born
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,

Than Witches, when their Staves they liquor, As some report) was got among
The foremost of the martial Throng:
There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,

Viewing the bloody Fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still bum drum,
And see stout Bruin all alone,
By Numbers basely overthrown?

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115 Such Feats already h' has atchiev'd, In Story not to be believ'd; And 'twould to us be Shame enough, Not to attempt to fetch him off. I would (quoth he) venture a Limb

120 To fecond thee, and rescue him. But then we must about it straight, Or else our Aid will come too late: Quarter he scorns, he is so stout, And therefore cannot long hold out.

125 This faid, they wav'd their Weapons round About their Heads, to clear the Ground; And joining Forces, laid about So fiercely, that th' amazed Rout Turn'd Tail about, and straight begun,

130 As if the Devil drove, to run. Mean while th' approach'd th' Place where Bruin Was now engag'd to mortal Ruin: The conqu'ring Foe they foon affail'd, First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd.

135 Until the Mastives loos'd their Hold: And yet, alas! do what they could, The worsted Bear came off with Store Of bloody Wounds, but all before; For as Achilles, dipt in Pond,

140 Was Anabaptiz'd free from Wound, Made Proof against dead-doing Steel All over, but the Pagan Heel:

134 First Trulla stav'd, &c.] Staving and Tailing are Terms of Art us'd in the Bear Garden, and fignify there only the parting of Dogs and Bears: Tho' they are us'd metaphorically in feveral other Professions, for moderating; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c. 50

So did our Champion's Arms defend All of him but the other End:

- 145 His Head and Ears, which in the martial Encounter loft a leathern Parcel: For as an Austrian Archduke once Had one Ear (which in Ducatoons Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
- 150 Close to his Head; fo Bruin far'd: But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other Side, Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd: Or like the late corrected Leathern Ears of the Circumcifed Brethren.
- 155 But gentle Trulla, into th' Ring He wore in's Nose, convey'd a String, With which she march'd before, and led The Warrior to a graffy Bed, As Authors write, in a cool Shade,
- 160 Which Eglantine and Roses made; Close by a foftly murm'ring Stream. Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream. There leaving him to his Repose, Secured from Pursuit of Foes.
- 165 And wanting nothing but a Song, And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung Upon a Bough, to ease the Pain His tugg'd Ears fuffer'd; with a Strain

153 Or like the late corrected Leathern Ears of the Circumcifed Brethren.

Pryn, Bastrick, and Burron who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profession of the Godly Party, not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good antiawul, as theirs, who first of all took Possession of it in their Names,

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170 Of his great Leader, and the reft.

For Orfin (who was more renown'd

For flout maintaining of his Ground

In standing Fight, than for Pursuit,

As being not so quick of Foot)

104

Was not long able to keep Pace
With others that pursu'd the Chace;
But found himself lest far behind,
Both out of Heart, and out of Wind;
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd

180 So basely by a Multitude;
And like to fall, not by the Prowess,
But Numbers of his Coward Foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout Hercules for Loss of Hylas;

The Accents of his fad Regret.

He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,

For Loss of his dear Crony Bear:

That Eccho, from the hollow Ground,

More wiftfully, by many times,
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,
That make her, in their rueful Stories,
To answer to Int'rogatories,

Things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis rested to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, Owhither, wicked Bruin,

I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step,
For Fear. (Quoth Eccho) Marry guep,

Am not I here to take thy Part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart?

- 205 Have these Bones rattled, and this Head So often in thy Quarrel bled? Nor did I ever winch or grudge it, For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget, Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Dish
- Thou turn'dft thy Back? Quoth Eccho, Pish,
 To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Eccho, Mum.
 But what a Vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine Enemy?
- Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
 For who would grutch to spend his Blood in
- 220 His Honour's Cause? Quoth she, a Pudding. This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd, Which in his manly Stomach burn'd; Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in Place Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
- Should equal Vengeance undergo;
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed
- To Action straight, and giving o'er
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hudibras,
 To find him out where-e'er he was.
- 235 And, if he were above Ground, vow'd He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

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But scarce had he a Furlong on This resolute Adventure gone, When he encounter'd with that Crew

240 Whom Hudibras did late subdue.

Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their Breasts inslame.

'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, Foe to Hudibras:

245 Cerdon and Colon, Warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought:
Whom furious Orfin thus bespoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile Affront that paultry As

250 And feeble Scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paultry Ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame Cattle,
As if th' routed us in Battle?

I for my Part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for the washing gave my Head:
Nor did I turn my Back for Fear
O' th' Rascals, but Loss of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;

260 For whether those fell Wounds, or no, He has receiv'd in Fight, are mortal, Is more than all my Skill can foretel; Nor do I know what is become Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.

That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their Handy-work;
And wish that they had rather dar'd,

270 To pull the Devil by the Reard.

Quoth

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orfin, th' haft Great Reason to do as thou say'st, And so has ev'ry Body here, As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.

- Others may do as they see good;
 But if this Twig be made of Wood
 That will hold Tack, I'll make the Fur
 Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur;
 And t' other Mungrel Vermin, Ralph,
- 280 That brav'd us all in his Behalf.

 Thy Bear is fafe, and out of Peril,

 Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;

 My felf and Trulla made a Shift

 To help him out at a dead Lift;
- 285 And having brought him bravely off, Have left him where he's fafe enough: There let him rest; for if we stay, The Slaves may hap to get away. This said, they all engag'd to join
- 200 Their Forces in the same Design:
 And forthwith put themselves in Search
 Of Hudibras upon their March.
 Where leave we them a While to tell
 What the victorious Knight besel:
- In Dungeon shut, we lest him last.
 Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
 No where so green as on his Brow:
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd
- Unto a neighb'ring Castle by,
 To rest his Body, and apply
 Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise
 He got in Fight, Reds, Blacks, and Blues,

2uoth

Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
Which be'ng by skilful Midwife dreft,
He laid him down to take his Reft.
But all in vain. H'd got a Hurt

310 O' th' inside of a deadlier Sort,
By Cupid made, who took his Stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,
(For he, in all his am'rous Battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)

Drew home his Bow, and, aiming right,

Let fly an Arrow at the Knight;

The Shaft against a Rib did glance,

And gall'd him in the Purtenance.

But Time had somewhat 'swag'd his Pain,

320 After he found his Suit in vain.

For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
Was burnt in's Belly like a Coal,

(That Belly that fo oft did ake,
And suffer griping for her sake,

325 Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
Had almost brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him so like a base Rascallion,
That old Pig— (what d'y' call him) malion,
That cut his Mistress out of Stone.

330 Had not fo hard a hearted one.

328 That old, &c.] Pygmalion, King of Tyre, was the Son of Margenus or Mechres, whom he succeeded, and lived 56 Years, whereof he reigned 47. Dido, his Sister, was to have governed with him, but it was pretended the Subjects thought it not convenient: She married Sichens, who was the King's Uncle, and very rich; wherefore he put him to Death; and Dido soon after departed the Kingdom. Poets say, Pygmalm was punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

360

She had a thousand Jadish Tricks, Worse than a Mule that slings and kicks; 'Mong which one cross-grain'd Freak she had, As insolent as strange and mad:

As fcorn'd and hated her as much.
Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady,
Not Love, if any lov'd her: hey day!
So Cowards never use their Might,

Mo But against such as will not sight.
So some Diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the Sound.
He, that gets her by Heart, must say her
The back Way, like a Witch's Prayer.

Mean while the *Knight* had no fmall Task,
To compass what he durst not ask,
He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*:
Like Caitiff vile, that for Misdeed

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love, Look one Way, and another move. Or like a Tumbler that does play His Game, and look another Way,

Just le feize upon the Coney:

Just so does he by Matrimony.

But all in vain; her subtle Snout

Did quickly wind his Meaning out;

Which she return'd with too much Scorn,

To be by Man of Honour born:
Yet much he bore until the Distress
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress,

Son of Years, ave gohought King's

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Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain He had endur'd from her Disdain,

Turn'd to Regret, so resolute,

That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,

And either to renounce her quite,

Or for a While play least in Sight.

This Resolution b'ing put on,

370 He kept some Months, and more had done,.

But being brought so nigh by Fate,

The Victory he atchiev'd so late

Did set his Thoughts agog, and ope

A Door to discontinu'd Hope,

That seem'd to promise he might win.

His Dame too, now his Hand was in;

And that his Valour, and the Honour

He'd newly gain'd, might work upon her:

These Reasons made his Mouth to water

380 With am'rous Longings to be at her.

Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
But this brave Conquest o'er my Foes
May reach her Heart, and make that stoop,

As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

385 If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Virtue invious Ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both Love and Virtue too?
But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,

70 Two Things that feldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art a Conqueror?

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But lets the Timidous miscarry.

Then while the Honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,

And trust thy Fortune with the rest.

Such Thoughts as these the Knight did keep,

More than his Bangs or Fleas, from Sleep.

And as an Owl that in a Barn

Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,

As if he flept, until he fpies
The little Beaft within his Reach,
Then ftarts and feizes on the Wretch;
So from his Couch the Knight did ftart,

To feize upon the Widow's Heart,
Crying with hafty Tone, and hoarfe,
Ralpho dispatch, To Horse, To Horse.
And 'twas but Time; for now the Rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,

us By speedy Marches were advanc'd.

Up to the Fort, where he ensconc'd:

And all th' Avenues had possest

About the Place from East to West.

That done, a While they made a Halt, to To view the Ground, and where t' affault: Then call'd a Council, which was best, By Siege or Onslaught; to invest The Enemy; and 'twas agreed, By Storm and Onslaught to proceed.

This b'ing refolv'd, in comely Sort
They now drew up t'attack the Fort;

Fortun

When

When Hudibras, about to enter Upon another-gates Adventure, To Ralphe call'd aloud to arm,

Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,
To which he was an utter Stranger;

That Forefight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got;
Or to his Shame it might be faid,
They took him napping in his Bed:
To them we leave it to expound,

His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the Postern Gate,
Which they thought best to fally at,

The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, Ready to charge them in the Field.

This fomewhat startled the bold Knight, Surpriz'd with th' unexpected Sight;

The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh

450 He thought began to smart a-fresh:
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was soon converted to Rage,
And thus he spoke, The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,

As if they had out-run their Fears;
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat:

And

PART I. And to their Wills we must fuccumb.

- 60 Quocunque trabunt, 'tis our Doom. This is the fame numerick Crew Which we fo lately did fubdue; The felf-fame Individuals, that Did run as Mice do from a Cat.
- 65 When we courageously did weild Our martial Weapons in the Field, To tug for Victory: And when We shall our shining Blades agen Brandish in Terror o'er our Heads,
- 70 They'll strait resume their wonted Dreads: Fear is an Ague, that forfakes And haunts by Fits those whom it takes: And they'll opine they feel the Pain And Blows they felt to Day, again:
- Then let us boldly charge them home, And make no doubt to overcome. This faid, his Courage to inflame, He call'd upon his Mistres' Name. His Pistol next he cock'd a-new.
- 80 And out his nut-brown Whinyard drew: And, placing Ralpho in the Front, Referv'd himfelf to bear the Brunt: As expert Warriors use: Then ply'd With Iron Heel his Courfer's Side,
- 85 Conveying sympathetick Speed From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed. Mean while the Foe, with equal Rage And Speed, advancing to engage, Both Parties now were drawn fo close,
 - Almost to come to Handy blows,

510 Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher: As expert Warriors use to do, When Hand to Hand they charge their Foe. This Order the advent'rous Knight, Most Soldier-like, observ'd in Fight,

114

515 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle, And for the Foe began to stickle. The more Shame for her Goody-ship, To give so near a Friend the Slip. For Colon, chufing out a Stone,

520 Levell'd fo right, it thump'd upon His manly Paunch, with fuch a Force, As almost beat him off his Horse.

He loft his Whinyard and the Rein;
But laying fast hold of the Mane,
Preserv'd his Seat: And as a Goose
In Death contracts his Talons close;
So did the Knight, and with one Claw
The Tricker of his Pistol draw.
The Gun went off: And as it was

The Gun went off: And, as it was,

Still fatal to stout Hudibras.

In all his Feats of Arms, when least in the He dreamt of it, to prosper best; those driest in the Shot let Hy drough At Random 'mong the Enemy, and to have

Upon his Shoulder in the passing Lodg'd in Magnano's brass Habergeon, Who strait A Surgeon cry'd, A Surgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,

This startled their whole Body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike Plight,
H' had won (the second Time) the Eight.

As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, He had inevitably done: Word Assembly But he, diverted with the Care
Of Hudibras his Hurt, forbare
To press th' Advantage of his Fortune,

For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd

In close Encounter, they both wag'd

The Fight so well, 'twas hard to say

Which Side was like to get the Day.

595 I

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575 Thrice have they feen your Sword aloft Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft. But if you let them recollect Their Spirits, now difmay'd and check'd, You'll have a harder Game to play 580 Than yet y' have had, to get the Day.

116

565

Thus spoke the stout Squire; but was heard By Hudibras with fmall Regard. His Thoughts were fuller of the Bang He lately took, than Ralph's Harangue;

585 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate Tells me thy Counfel comes too late. The clotted Blood within my Hofe,
That from my wounded Body flows,
With mortal Crifis doth portend
My Days to appropriate an End,
I am for Action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my Foe begins to frown,
Refolv'd to pull my Stomach down.

Or trivial Basting, to despond:
Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail;
For if I thought my Wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd Time enough as yet

To make an hon'rable Retreat:

'Twere the best Course: But if they find We sly, and leave our Arms behind,

For them to seize on; the Dishonour,

And Danger too, is such, I'll sooner

To let them fee I am no Starter.
In all the Trade of War, no Feat
Is nobler than a brave Retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,

This faid, the Squire with active Speed Dismounted from his bonny Steed,
To seize the Arms, which by Mischance Fell from the bold Knight in a Trance.

neard

These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras, their nat'ral Lord,
As a Man may say with Might and Main
He hasted to get up again.

Thrice

645 Wrigling his Body to recover His Seat, and cast his right Leg over; When Orfin, rushing in, bestow'd On Horse and Man so heavy a Load, The Beaft was startled, and begun

650 To kick and fling like mad, and run,

Bearing

680

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- 655 Mean while the Knight began to rouse The Sparkles of his wonted Prowess: He thrust his Hand into his Hose, And sound both by his Eyes and Nose, 'Twas only Choler, and not Blood,
- 660 That from his wounded Body flow'd.

 This, with the Hazard of the Squire,
 Inflam'd him with despightful Ire;
 Couragiously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other Pistol out;
- 665 And now had half way bent the Cock,
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a Shock,
 With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,
 That down it fell, and did no Harm:
 Then stoutly pressing on with Speed,
- 670 Affay'd to pull him off his Steed:
 The Knight his Sword had only left,
 With which he Cerdon's Head had cleft,
 Or at the leaft cropp'd off a Limb,
 But Orfin came, and rescu'd him.
- 675 He with his Lance attack'd the Knight
 Upon his Quarters opposite.
 But as a Barque, that in foul Weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro.
- 680 And knows not which to turn him to: So far'd the Knight between two Foes, And knew not which of them t'oppose;

Bearing

705 But he was quick, and had already Unto the Part apply'd Remedy: And feeing th' Enemy prepar'd, Drew up, and stood upon his Guard. Then like a Warrior right expert

120

710 And skilful in the Martial Art. The fubtle Knight straight made a Halt, And judg'd it best to stay th' Assault, Until he had reliev'd the Squire, And then (in order) to retire;

Or

I. PART I.

715 Or, as Occasion should invite,
With Forces join'd renew the Fight.
Ralpho by this Time disentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
Tho' forely bruis'd; his Limbs all o'er

Tho' forely bruis'd; his Limbs all o'er

720 With ruthless Bangs were stiff and fore:

Right fain he would have got upon

His Feet again, to get him gone;

When Hudibras to aid him came,

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)

725 Courage, the Day at length is ours,
And we once more, as Conquerors,
Have both the Field and Honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run,
I mean all fuch as can, for fome

730 This Hand hath fent to their long Home;
And some lie sprauling on the Ground,
With many a Gash and bloody Wound.

Cæsar himself could never say
He got two Vict'ries in a Day,

735 As I have done, that can fay, twice I In one Day, Veni, widi, wici.

The Foe is numerous, that we Cannot so often wincere,

As they perire, and yet enow

740 Be left to strike an After-blow;
Then lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the Bus'ness o'er,
Get up and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
And let us both their Motions watch.

745 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were In case for Action, now be here;

Nor have I turn'd my Back, or hang'd An Arfe for Fear of being bang'd And Hall Harms,

750 Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.

The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd

Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd

My Limbs of Strength: Unless you stoop,

And reach your Hand to pull me up,

755 I shall lie here, and be a Prey
To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras;)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More honourable far, Servare

- 760 Civem, than flay an Adversary;

 The one we oft to Day have done;

 The other shall dispatch anon:

 And tho' th' art of a diff'rent Church,

 I will not leave thee in the Lurch.
- 765 This faid, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher, And steer'd him gently tow'rd the Squire, Then bowing down his Body, stretch'd His Hands out, and at Ralpho reach'd; When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
- 770 Charg'd him like Lightening behind.

 She had been long in fearch about

 Magnano's Wound to find it out;

 But could find none, nor where the Shot

 That had so startled him was got.
- 775 But having found the worst was past,
 She sell to her own Work at last,
 The Pillage of the Prisoners,
 Which in all Feats of Arms was her's;

And





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And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
780 When Hudibras his hard Fate drew
To succour him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a Load
Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On t' other Side, that down he fell.

785 Yield, Scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die;
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy Fortune o'er a-fresh,

790 I'll wave my Title to thy Flesh,
Thy Arms and Baggage now my Right:
And if thou hast the Heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thy self a While,
And once more, for that Carcass vile,

795 Fight upon Tick—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,
And I shall take thee at thy Word,
First let me rise, and take my Sword:
That Sword which has so oft this Day

800 Thro' Squadrons of my Foes made Way, And some to other Worlds dispatch'd, Now with a feeble Spinster match'd, Will blush with Blood ignoble stain'd, By which no Honour's to be gain'd.

805 But if thou'lt take m' Advice in this, Confider whilst you may, what 'tis To interrupt a Victor's Course, B' opposing such a trivial Force: For if with Conquest I come off,

810 (And that I shall do sure enough)

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Quarter

Quarter thou can'ft not have, nor Grace By Law of Arms in fuch a Cafe; Both which I now do offer freely. I fcorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb filly,

- 815 (Clapping her Hand upon her Breech,
 To shew how much she priz'd his Speech)
 Quarter, or Council from a Foe:
 If thou can'st force me to it, do.
 But lest it should again be said,
- 820 When I have once more won thy Head,
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
 Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.
 This faid, she to her Tackle fell,
 And on the Knight let fall a Peal
- 825 Of Blows fo fierce, and press'd so home,
 That he retir'd, and follow'd's Bum.
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to Mercy,
 It is not fighting Arsie-werste
 Shall serve thy Turn—This stirr'd his Spleen
- 830 More than the Danger he was in,
 The Blows he felt, or was to feel,
 Altho' th' already made him reel;
 Honour, Despight, Revenge and Shame,
 At once into his Stomach came;
- 835 Which fird it so, he rais'd his Arm
 Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm
 Of Blows so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hash her quick.
 But she upon her Truncheon took them,
- 840 And by oblique Diversion broke them, Waiting an Opportunity To pay all back with Usury,

Which

8

Which long she fail'd not of, for now The Knight with one dead-doing Blow

- Refolving to decide the Fight,
 And she with quick and cunning Slight
 Avoiding it, the Force and Weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great,
 As almost sway'd him to the Ground.
- 850 No fooner she th' Advantage found,
 But in she slew; and seconding
 With home-made Thrust the heavy Swing,
 She laid him slat upon his Side;
 And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
- 855 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
 Of all thy vapouring, base Scum.
 Say, will the Law of Arms allow
 I may have Grace and Quarter now?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy Word,
- 860 And stain thine Honour, than thy Sword?

 A Man of War to damn his Soul,
 In basely breaking his Parole;
 And when before the Fight, th' had'st vow'd
 To give no Quarter in cold Blood:
- 865 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar:

 To make me 'gainst my Will take Quarter.

 Why dost not put me to the Sword,

 But cowardly fly from thy Word?

 Quoth Hudibras, the Day's thine own;
- 870 Thou and thy Stars have cast me down;
 My Laurels are transplanted now,
 And slourish on thy conquiring Brow:
 My Loss of Honour's great enough,
 Thou need st not brand it with a Scoff:

F-4

Sarcasms

Which

875 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost Renown:
I am not now in Fortune's Pow'r,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient Heroes were illustrious

880 For being benign, and not blustrous,
Against a vanquish'd Foe; their Swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their Words;
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T'employ their Courtesses about.

885 Quoth she, altho' thou hast deserv'd,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
If thou had'st got the Victory;
Yet I shall rather act a Part

That fuits my Fame, than my Defert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, befide
All that's on th' Outfide of thy Hide,
Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one Straw:

895 The rest, thy Life and Limbs once more, Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, it is too late For me to treat, or stipulate; What thou command'st, I must obey.

900 Yet those whom I expung'd to Day,
Of thine own Party, I let go,
And gave them Life and Freedom too;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their Parole,
Whom I took Pris'ners in this Quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, whether thou or they
Let one or other run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero Quarter too?

Crowder

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rI.

Crowders, whom in Irons bound,

- 910 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's Pound, Where still he lies, and with Regret His gen'rous Bowels rage and fret. But now thy Carcass shall redeem, And serve to be exchang'd for him.
- This faid, the Knight did straight submit,
 And laid his Weapons at her Feet.

 Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,
 And with it did himself resign.

 She took it, and forthwith divesting
- Take that, and wear it for my fake;
 Then threw it o'er his flurdy Back.
 And as the French we conquer'd once,
 Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
- 925 The Length of Breeches, and the Gathers, Port-Cannons, Perriwigs and Feathers;

923 And as the French we conquer'd once, Now give us Laws for Pantaloons, &c.

Pantaloons and Port Cannons, were fome of the fantastick Fasthions, wherein we ap'd the French.

At quisquis Insula satus Britannica:
Sic patriam insolens fastidiet suam,
Ut more simia laboret singere,
Et amulari Gallicas ineptias,
Et omno Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium,
Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur;
Sic Dii jubete, siat ex Gallo Capus.

Thomas More.

Gallus is a River in Phrygia, rising out of the Mountains of Gena, and discharging it self into the River Sanger, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madness; but largely drank, it makes Men frantick, Pliny, Horatius.

Tuf

Just so the proud insulting Lass

Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Mean while the other Champions, yerst

930 In Hurry of the Fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when Trulla won the Day,
To share i' th' Honour and the Prey,

And out of Hudibras his Hide, With Vengeance to be fatisfy'd;

Upon him in a wooden Show'r.
But Trulla thrust her self between,
And striding o'er his Back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her Head his Sword.

940 And vow'd they shou'd not break her Word; Sh' had giv'n him Quarter, and her Blood Or theirs shou'd make that Quarter good. For she was bound by Law of Arms To see him safe from farther Harms.

945 In Dungeon deep Growdero, cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast:
Where, to the hard and ruthless Stones,
His great Heart made perpetual Moans:
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras

950 Should ransom, and supply his Place.

This stopp'd their Fury and the Basting
Which towards Hudibras was hasting.

They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had atchiev'd in Fight

Off She should dispose of how she pleas'd:

Crowdero ought to be releas'd:

Nor could that any Way be done

So well as this she pitch'd upon:

For who a better could imagine?

This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.

Th



W" Shoarth chu: et fet



I

PART I. CANTO III.

The Knight and Squire first they made Rise from the Ground where they were laid; Then mounted both upon their Horses, But with their Faces to the Arses,

- 965 Orfin led Hudibras's Beast,
 And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
 And Colon waited as a Guard on;
 All ush'ring Trulla in the Rear,
- 970 With th' Arms of either Prisoner.
 In this proud Order and Array
 They put themselves upon their Way,
 Striving to reach th' inchanted Castle,
 Where stout Crowdero in Durance lay still,
- 975 Thither with greater Speed than Shows And Triumph over conquer'd Foes Do use to allow; or than the Bears, Or Pageants born before Lord-Mayors Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
- 980 In Order, Soldier-like contriv'd; Still marching in a warlike Posture, As fit for Battle as for Muster. The Knight and Squire they first unhorse, And bending 'gainst the Fort their Force,
 - 985 They all advanc'd, and round about Begirt the Magical Redoubt.

 Magnan' led up in this Adventure,
 And made Way for the rest to enter.

 For he was skilful in Black Art,
- 990 No less than he that built the Fort:
 And with an Iron Mace laid flat
 A Breach, which strait all enter'd at;
 And in the wooden Dungeon found
 Crowdero laid upon the Ground.

Him

995 Him they release from Durance base. Reftor'd t' his Fiddle and his Cafe, And Liberty, his thirsty Rage With luscious Vengeance to affwage: For he no fooner was at large,

1000 But Trulla strait brought on the Charge, And in the felf-same Limbo put The Knight and Squire, where he was shut. Where leaving them in Hockly i' th' Hole, Their Bangs and Durance to condole,

1005 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow Enchanted Manfion to know Sorrow, In the fame Order and Array Which they advanc'd, they march'd away. But Hudibras, who fcorn'd to ftoop

1010 To Fortune, or be faid to droop; Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse, And Sayings of Philosophers. Quoth he, th' one half of Man his Mind,

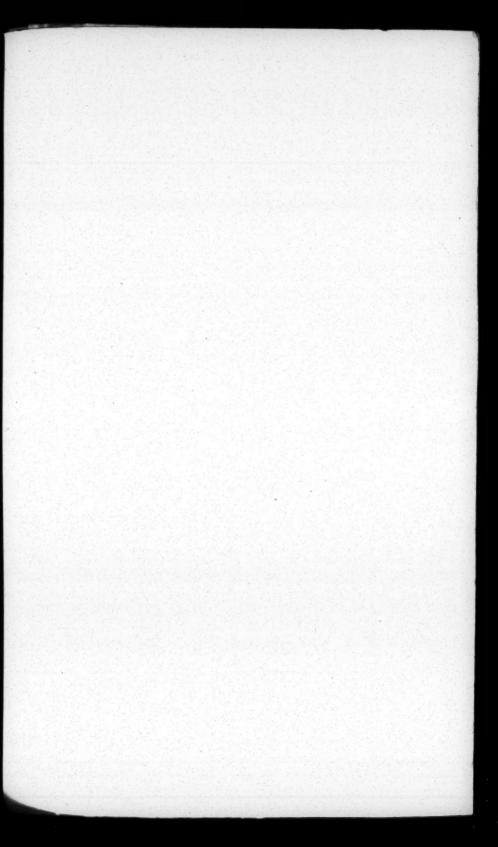
Is, fui Juris, unconfin'd,

1015 And cannot be laid by the Heels, Whate'er the other Moiety feels. 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty, That makes Men Prisoners or free; But Perturbations that possess

1020 The Mind, or Æquanimities. The whole World was not half fo wide To Alexander when he cry'd, Because he had but one to subdue, As was a narrow paltry Tub too

1025 Diogenes; who is not faid (For ought that ever I cou'd read) To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye, and fob, Because h' had ne'er another Tub.

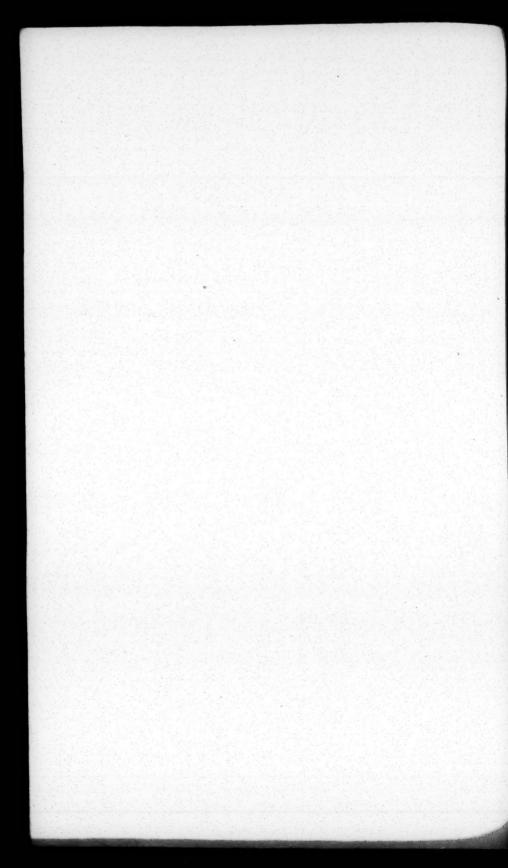
And







7:W Hogarth Inv! et foul!



PART I. And Ancients make two fev'ral Kinds

1030 Of Prowess in Heroic Minds. The Active and the Paffive valiant; Both which are pari libra gallant: For both to give Blows, and to carry, In Fights are equenecessary:

But in Defeats, the Paffive stout Are always found to fland it out Most desp'rately, and to out-do The Active, 'gainst the conqu'ring Foe. Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are fuggill'd,

1040 Or, as the Vulgar fay, are cudgell'd: He that is valiant and dares fight, Tho' drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't. Honour's a Lease for Lives to come, And cannot be extended from

045 The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel Not to be forfeited in Battel. If he, that is in Battel flain, Be in the Bed of Honour lain, He that is beaten may be faid

50 To lie in Honour's Truckle-Bed. For as we fee th' eclipfed Sun By Mortals is more gaz'd upon, Than when, adorn'd with all his Light, He shines in serene Sky most bright:

So Valour, in a low Estate, Is most admir'd and wonder'd at. Quoth Ralph, How great I do not knew We may by being beaten grow; But none, that fee how here we fit.

60 Will judge us overgrown with Wit. As gifted Brethren, preaching by A carnal Hour-glass, do imply

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name of

1085 That thou cou'dst prove Bear-baiting equal With Synods, Orthodox and Legal? Do, if thou can'ft, for I deny't, And dare thee to't with all thy Light. Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no

132

1090 Hard Matter for a Man to do, That has but any Guts in's Brains, And cou'd believe it worth his Pains. But fince you dare and urge me to it, You'll find I've Light enough to do it.

Synods are myffical Bear-Gardens, 1095 Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens, And other Members of the Court, Manage the Babylonish Sport, For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,

1100 Do differ only in a meer Word.

Both are but sev'ral Synagogues

Of Carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs:

Both Antichristian Assemblies,

To Mischief bent as far's in them lies:

The one with Men, the other Beafts.

The Diff rence is, the one fights with
The Tongue, the other with his Teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,

Where Saints themselves are brought to Stake For Gospel-Light and Conscience sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs:

Than whom th' have less Humanity,
For these at Souls of Men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a Vision saw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beastly Rage

As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears nat'rally are Beasts of Prey,
That live by Rapine; so do they.

1125 What are their Orders, Constitutions, Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,

1122 A learned Divine in King James's Time wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nickmane of The Pope's Bull baised.

But sev'ral mystick Chains they make, To tie poor Christians to the Stake? And then set Heathen Officers,

For to prohibit and dispence,
To find out or to make Offence;
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
To play with Souls at fast and loose:

And Mulets on Sin or Godlines;
Reduce the Church to Gospel-Order,
By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murther;
To make Presbytery supream,

And Kings themselves submit to them;
And force all People, the against
Their Consciences, for to turn Saints,
Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
When Saints Monopolists are made,

Their Godlines becomes mere Ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a Fair.

Synods are Whelps of th' Inquisition,

And growing up, became the Sires
Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;
Whose Bus'ness is, by cunning Slight,
To cast a Figure for Mens Light,

The Physiognomy of Grace;
And by the Sound and Twang of Nose,
If all be found within, disclose;
Free from a Crack or Flaw of sinning,

As Men try Pipkins by the ringing;

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1175

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Parliament, pifcope

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Tang, and the markal Time a the chare by into Bu

epriv Learni depriv ad rai By Black Caps underlaid with White, Give certain Guess at inward Light: Which Serjeants of the Gospel wear, To make the Spiritual Calling clear.

The Handkerchief about the Neck (Canonical Cravat of Smeck, From whom the Institution came, When Church and State they set on Flame, And worn by them as Badges then

Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the newest Cut in Fashion,
Sure 'tis an orthodox Opinion,
That Grace is founded on Dominion.

1175 Great Piety confists in Pride;
To rule is to be fanctify'd:

1166 Canonical Cravat, &c.] Smettymnus was a Club of five Parliamentary Holders forth; the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves express'd, in that senseless and infignificant Word: They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parfament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into anal Cravats. About the Beginning of the Long Parliament, in the Year 1641, these Five wrote a Book against Epilcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all fubscriled their Names; being Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas lang, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurflow, and from thence they and their Followers were called Smellymnuaus. They are remarkable for another pions Book, which they wrote some Time after that, entitled, The King's Cabinet unlock'd, wherein all the chafte and endearing Expressions, in the Letters that pasled betwixt his Majesty King Charles I. and his royal Confort, te by these painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd bto Burlesque and Ridicule: Their Books were answer'd with smuch Calmness and Genteelness of Expression, and as much learning and Honesty, by the Reverend Mr. Symonds, then a epriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was stuff'd with Malice, Spleen, ni rascally invectives.

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- 121; What in th' Apocalypse we find, According to th' Apostle's Mind, 'Tis that the Whore of Babylon With many Heads did ride upon; Which Heads denote the finful Tribe
- 1120 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-Elder, Scribe. Lay-Elder, Simeon to Levi, Whose little Finger is as heavy As Loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate, And Bishop-secular. This Zealot
- 122; Is of a Mungrel, diverse Kind, Cleric before, and Lay behind; A lawless Lingie-Wolfie Brother, Half of one Order, half another; A Creature of amphibious Nature,
- 1230 On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water: That always preys on Grace or Sin; A Sheep without, a Wolf within. This fierce Inquisitor has chief Dominion over Mens Belief
- 235 And Manners; can pronounce a Saint Idolatrous, or ignorant, When superciliously he sifts Thro' coursest Boulter others Gifts. For all Men live and judge amifs,
- 240 Whose Talents jump not just with his. He'll lay on Gifts with Hands, and place On dullest Noddle Light and Grace,

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PARTI.

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The Manufacture of the Kirk;
Those Pastors are but th' Handy-work

Divinity in them by feeling.

From whence they flart up chosen Vessels,
Made by Contact, as Men get Meazles.

So Cardinals, they say, do grope

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, Soft Fire,
They say, does make sweet Malt. Good Squire.
Festina lente, not too sast;
For Haste (the Proverb says) makes Waste,

Are false, and built upon Mistake.

And I shall bring you, with your Pack
Of Fallacies, t' Elenchi back;

1249 So Cardinals, they say, do grope At th' other End the new-made Pope.

This relates to the Story of Pope Joan, who was calle John VIII. Platina faith she was of English Extraction, but bor at Mentz; who, having difguifed her felf like a Man, travell with her Paramour to Athens, where she made such Progressi Learning, that coming to Rome, she met with few that could equal her; so that on the Death of Pope Lee IV. she was che fen to succeed him; but being got with Child by one of he Domesticks, her Travail came upon her between the Coloss Theatre and St. Clement's as the was going to the Lateran Church and died upon the Place, having fat two Years, one Month and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. H owns, that, for the Shame of this, the Popes decline goin through this Street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is placed in the Porphyy Chair, his Gen tals are felt by the youngest Deacon, through a Hole made s that Purpose; but he supposes the Reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a Man, and obnoxious to the N ceflities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be a led, Sedes Stercoraria.

An

And put your Arguments in Mood 260 And Figure to be understood. I'll force you by right Ratiocination To leave your Vitilitigation, And make you keep to th' Question close And argue Dialecticoes.

The Question then, to state it first, Is which is better, or which worft, Synods or Bears. Bears I avow To be the worft, and Synods thou. But to make good th' Affertion, Thou fay'ft th' are really all one.

270 If so, not worft; for if th' are idem, Why then, Tantundem dat Tantidem. For if they are the fame, by Course Neither is better, neither worfe.

n; But I deny they are the fame, More than a Maggot and I am. That both are Animalia.

I grant; but not Rationalia: For tho' they do agree in Kind, so Specifick Difference we find;

And can no more make Bears of these, Than prove my Horfe is Socrates.

That Synods are Bear-Gardens too. Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:

8; And thus I prove it, in a Word, What 'ever Assembly's not impower'd

1262 To leave your Vitilitigation, &c. minitation is a Word the Knight was parlionately in Love and never fail'd to use it upon all possible Occasions; therefore to omit it, when it fell in the Way, had argued great a Neglect of his Learning and Parts, tho' it means more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

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But thou dost further yet in this Oppugn thy felf and Sense, that is, 1315 Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too; A strange Chimera of Beasts and Men,

Made up of Pieces heterogene. Such as in Nature never met

1320 In eodem Subjecto yet.

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Thy other Arguments are all Supposures, hypothetical, That do but beg, and we may chuse Either to grant them, or refuse.

- And where, thou stol'st from other Men, (Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts Are all but plagiary Shifts:)

 And is the same that Ranter said,
 - 330 Who, arguing with me, broke my Head, And tore a Handful of my Beard, The felf-same Cavils then I heard, When b'ing in hot Dispute about This Controversy, we fell out;
 - 335 And what thou know'ft I answer'd then, Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' Abuse Of Human Learning you produce; Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,

- A Trade of Knowledge as replete
 As others are with Fraud and Cheat:
 An Art t'incumber Gifts and Wit,
 And render both for nothing fit;
- Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled,
 Like little David in Saul's Doublet:
 A Cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other Mens Reason and their own;
 A Fort of Error, to ensconce
 - 50 Absurdity and Ignorance,
 That renders all the Avenues
 To Truth, impervious and abstruce,

By Making plain Things, in Debate, By Art perplex'd and intricate:

- That will not with old Rules jump right:
 As if Rules were not in the Schools
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
 This Pagan, Heathenish Invention
- 1360 Is good for nothing but Contention.
 For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
 All Blows do on the Target light:
 So when Men argue, the great'st Part
 O'th' Contest falls on Terms of Art,
- And then they fall to th' Argument.

 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Out-run the Constable at last:

 For thou art fallen on a new
- But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white;
 Mere Disparata, that concerning
 Presbytery, this Human Learning;
- But in thy rambling Fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit Occasion
 T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
 Some other Time in Place more proper
- 1380 Than this w'are in; therefore let's stop here, And rest our weary'd Bones a While, Already tir'd with other Toil.

1373 Mere Disparata, &c.] Disparata are Things separat and unlike, from the Latin Word Disparo.

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HUDIBRAS.

The SECOND PART.

By the Author of the FIRST.

Corrected and Amended:

With feveral

ADDITIONS

AND

ANNOTATIONS.

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HUDIBRAS.

PART II.

The ARGUMENT of

The FIRST CANTO.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in Prison;
Love brings the Action on the Case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Lady's Visit,
And cunningly sollicits his Sute,
Which she defers; yet on Parole;
Redeems him from th' inchanted Hole.

CANTO I.

BUT now, t'observe Romantick Method, Let bloody Steel a While be sheathed; And all those harsh and rugged Sounds of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,

Ex-

Part may perhaps feem strange and abrupt to those who do

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- 5 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle Stile,
 To let our Reader breathe a While:
 In which that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of *Preface*,
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
- That some Mens Fancies should ne'er change,
 But make all People do and say
 The same things still the self-same Way?
 Some Writers make all Ladies purloin'd,
 And Knights pursuing like a Whirlwind:
- Others make all their Knights in Fits
 Of Jealoufy to lose their Wits;
 'Till drawing Blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
 Some always thrive in their Amours,
- As Cripples do to get an Alms,
 Just so do they, and win their Dames.
 Some force whole Regions, in despight
 Of Geography, to change their Site:
- 25 Make former Times shake Hands with latter, And that which was before, come after. But those that write in *Rhyme* still make The one *Verse* for the other's sake; For, one for *Sense*, and one for *Rhyme*,
- 30 I think's fufficient at one time.

 But we forget in what fad Plight
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight,

not know, that it was written on purpose in Imitation of Virgil, who begins the IVth Book of his £neids in the very same Manner, At Regina gravi, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the Curiosity of those, who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

And

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And penfive Squire, both bruis'd in Body, And conjur'd into fafe Custody:

Tir'd with Dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as Basting, and Bear-baiting,
And desperate of any Course,
To free himself by Wit or Force;
His only Solace was, that now

That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' Event, no less
Than other Times besides his Guess.

There is a tall long-fided Dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin Camelion boards
Her felf on Air, and eats her Words:
Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears

50 Like hanging Sleeves, lin'd thro' with Ears, And Eyes and Tongues as Poets lift, Made good by deep Mythologist.
With these she through the Welkin slies, And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lies;

55 With Letters hung like Eastern Pigeons, And Mercuries of farthest Regions; Diurnals writ for Regulation Of Lying, to inform the Nation; And by their publick Use to bring down,

60 The Rate of Whetstones in the Kingdom:
About her Neck a Pacquet-Male,
Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And Cows of Monsters brought to Bed;

65 Of Hailstones big as Pullets Eggs, And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs;

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A Blazing-Star feen in the West, By fix or seven Men at the least: Two Trumpets she does sound at once,

- 70 But both of clean contrary Tones;
 But whether both with the fame Wind,
 Or one before, and one behind,
 We know not, only this can tell,
 The one founds vilely, th' other well;
- 75 And therefore vulgar Authors name
 The one Good, t' other Evil Fame.
 This tattling Goffip knew too well,
 What Mischief Hudibras besel;
 And streight the spightful Tidings bears
- 80 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd fo loud,
 To fee Bawds carted thro' the Crowd,
 Or Funerals with stately Pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn Dump,
- As the laugh'd out, until her Back,
 As well as Sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd the would go fee the Sight,
 And vifit the diffressed Knight:
 To do the Office of a Neighbour,
- 90 And be a Gossip at his Labour:
 And from his wooden Gaol, the Stocks,
 To set at large his Fetter-Locks,
 And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransom,
 To free him from th' enchanted Mansion.
- And Usher, Implements abroad
 Which Ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting Damsel to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went,

100 To find the Knight in Limbo pent.

And

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And 'twas not long before she found Him, and his stout Squire in the Pound; Both coupled in enchanted Tether, By farther Leg behind together:

- For as he fat upon his Rump,
 His Head like one in doleful Dump,
 Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd
 Unto his Ears on either Side;
 And by him, in another Hole,
- She came upon him in his wooden

 Magician's Circle on the fudden,

 As Spirits do t'a Conjurer,

 When in their dreadful Shapes th' appear.
- No fooner did the Knight perceive her,
 But streight he fell into a Fever,
 Inslam'd all over with Disgrace,
 To be seen by her in such a Place;
 Which made him hang his Head, and scoul,
- 120 And wink, and goggle like an Owl. He felt his Brains begin to swim, When thus the Dame accossed him.

This Place (quoth she) they say's Enchanted, And with Delinquent Spirits haunted,

- 125 That here are ty'd in Chains, and fcourg'd,
 Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
 Look, there are two of them appear,
 Like Persons I have seen somewhere.
 Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts
- 130 For Spectres, Apparitions, Ghosts,
 With Saucer Eyes, and Horns; and some
 Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
 But if your Eyes are not false Glasses,
 That give a wrong Account of Faces;

And

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For being honourably maim'd; If he that is in Battel conquer'd,

Have any Title to his own Beard,

Tho' yours be forely lugg'd and torn,

- 170 It does your Visage more adorn,
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd and lander'd,
 And cut square by the Russian Standard.
 A torn Beard's like a tatter'd Ensign,
 That's bravest which there are most Rents in.
- That Petticoat about your Shoulder,
 Does not fo well become a Soldier;
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled;
 Altho' i' th' Rear, your Beard the Van led;
 And those uneasy Bruises make
- 180 My Heart for Company to ake,
 To fee fo worshipful a Friend
 I'th' Pillory set at the wrong End.
 Quoth Hudibras, this thing call'd Pain,
 Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)
- 185 Not bad fimpliciter, nor good;
 But meerly as 'tis understood.
 Sense is deceitful, and may seign,
 As well in counterseiting Pain
 As other gross Phænomena's,
- 190 In which it oft mistakes the Case:
 But since th' immortal Intellect
 (That's free from Error and Defect,
 Whose Objects still persist the same)
 Is free from outward Bruise or Maim,
- To gross material Bangs or Blows;
 It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
 Whether we Pain or not endure;
 And just so far are fore and griev'd,
- 200 As by the Fancy is believ'd:
 Some have been wounded with Conceit,
 And dy'd of meer Opinion streight;

Tho

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Others.

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But if they dare engage t' a fecond, They're Stout and Gallant Fellows reckon'd.

- Th' old Romans Freedom did bestow. 235 Our Princes Worship, with a Blow: King Pyrrbus cur'd his splenetick And tefty Courtiers with a Kick. The Negus, when some mighty Lord
- 240 Or Potentate's to be restor'd, And pardon'd for some great Offence, With which he's willing to dispense; First has him laid upon his Belly, Then beaten Back and Side t' a Jelly;
- 245 That done, he rifes, humbly bows, And gives Thanks for the princely Blows; Departs not meanly proud, and boafting Of his magnificent Rib-roafting. The beaten Soldier proves most manful,
- 250 That, like his Sword, endures the Anvil; And justly's held more formidable, The more his Valour's malleable: But he that fears a Bastinado, Will run away from his own Shadow:
- 255 And tho' I'm now in Durance fast, By our own Party basely cast, Ransom, Exchange, Parole, refus'd, And worse than by the Enemy us'd;, In close Catasta shut, past Hope

260 Of Wit, or Valour, to elope:

A8:

237 King Pyrrhus, &c.] Tyrrhus King of Epyrus, as Pling lays, had this occult Quality in his Toe, Pollicis in destro Peds tadu Lienofis medebatur, L. 7. C. 11.

259 In close Catasta sont, &c.] Catosta is but a Pair of Stocks in English. But heroical Poetry must not admit of

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To th' Earth, still grow more reverend; And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches, The lower we let down their Breeches:

265 I'll make this low dejected State

Advance me to a greater Height.

Quoth she, Y'have almost made m' in Love
With that which did my Pity move.

Great Wits and Valours, like great States,

Th' Extream, of Glory, and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same:
No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More Foll'wers than a Thief to th' Gallows.

275 But if a Beating seem so brave,
What Glories must a Whipping have?
Such great Atchievements cannot fail
To cast Salt on a Woman's Tail;
For if I thought your Nat'ral Talent

280 Of Passive Courage were so gallant,
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow Amorous, and Dote.
When Hudibras this Language heard,
He prick'd up's Ears, and stroak'd his Beard:

Wines work when Vines are in the Flow'r;
This Crifis then I'll fet my Reft on,
And put her boldly to the Question.

Madam, What you wou'd feem to doubt,

290 Shall be to all the World made out;

any vulgar Word (especially of paltry Signification) and therefore some of our modern Authors are fain to import foreign Words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language. How I've been drubb'd, and with what Spirit And Magnanimity, I bear it; And if you doubt it to be true, I'll stake my self down against you:

295 And if I fail in Love or Troth,
Be you the Winner, and take both.
Quoth she, I've heard old cunning Stagers
Say, Fools for Argument use Wagers;
And tho' I prais'd your Valour, yet

300 I did not mean to baulk your Wit;
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' Experiment have prov'd,
I cannot Love where I'm belov'd.

305 Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a Caprich
Beyond th' Infliction of a Witch;
So Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game.
Love in your Heart as idly burns

To warn the Dead, and vainly light Those only that see nothing by't. Have you not Pow'r to entertain, And render Love for Love again;

At once, and force out Air beneath?

Or do you love your felf fo much,
To bear all Rivals else a Grutch?

What Fate can lay a greater Curse

For Wedlock without Love, some say, Is but a Lock without a Key.

It is a kind of Rape to marry

One that neglects, or cares not for ye:

hereoreign in our How

385

350 By feeble Humane Flesh and Blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The Heti'ring Kill-Cow Hercules;
'Transform'd his Leager-Lion's Skin
T' a Petticoat, and made him fpin;
355 Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle

T' a feeble Distaff, and a Spindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors Gallants.
To their own Sisters, and their Aunts;

Set Popes and Cardinals agog,

- 360 To play with Pages at Leap-frog:

 'Twas he that gave our Senate Purges,
 And fluxt the House of many a Burgess;

 Made those that represent the Nation,
 Submit, and suffer Amputation;
- Adjourn to Tubs, at Spring and Fall.
 He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em To Dirty-Lane, and Little Sodom;
 Made 'em curvet, like Spanish Jenets,
- 370 And take the Ring at Madam—
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
 More than the Devil could tempt him to;
 In cold and frosty Weather grow
 Enamour'd of a Wife of Snow;
- 375 And tho' she were of Rigid Temper,
 With melting Flames accost and tempt her;
 Which after in Enjoyment quenching,
 He hung a Garland on his Engine.
 Quoth she, if Love have these Effects,
- Why is it not forbid our Sex?

 Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted For Diabolical and Wicked?

 And fung, as out of Tune, against, As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
- 385 I find I've greater Reason for it Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

371 The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same fort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry: And as in the one they render'd the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish Way of describing them, so they have abused the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such Stories upon them as this upon Saint Francis.

Quoth

405 'Tis this that proudest Dames enamours On Lacquies, and Valets des Chambres; Their haughty Stomachs overcomes, And makes 'em stoop to dirty Grooms; To flight the World, and to disparage 410 Claps, Iffue, Infamy, and Marriage.

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Quoth she, these Judgments are severe, Yet fuch as I should rather bear, Than trust Men with their Oaths, or prove Their Faith and Secresy in Love.

393 This made the beauteous Queen, &c.] The History of Fafphae is common enough; on y this may be observ'd, That the' the brought the Bull a Son and Heir, yet the Husband was fain to father it, as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Country being an Island, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

Says

415

435

- Says he, there is as weighty Reason For Secrely in Love, as Treason. Love is a Burglarer, a Felon, That at the Windore-Eye does steal in To rob the Heart, and with his Prey
- 420 Steals out again a closer Way, Which whofoever can difcover. He's fure (as he deserves) to suffer. Love is a Fire, that burns and sparkles In Men as nat'rally as in Charcoals,
- 425 Which footy Chymists stop in Holes, When out of Wood they extract Coals; So Lovers should their Passions choak, That tho' they burn, they may not smoke. 'Tis like that flurdy Thief that stole
- 430 And dragg'd Beafts backwards into's Hole: So Love does Lovers, and us Men Draws by the Tails into his Den; That no Impression may discover, And trace t' his Cave the wary Lover.
- 435 But if you doubt I should reveal What you entrust me under Seal, I'll prove my felf as close and virtuous As your own Secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close

40 In hiding what your Aims propose: Love-Passions are like Parables, By which Men still mean something else: Tho' Love be all the World's Pretence, Money's the Mythologick Sense,

438 As your own Secretary, &C.] Albertus Magnus was a Swedish Schop, who wrote a very learned Work, De Secretis Mulierum.

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Says

I do confess, with Goods and Land I'd have a Wife at second Hand;

num & Patorum, Lib. 2.

And fuch you are: Nor is't your Person

My Stomach's fet fo (bary and fierce on; 470 Unless it be to Squint, &c.] Pliny in his Natural History affirms that Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strat 495

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475 Bu

II.

Hat my enamour'd Heart bewitches;
Let me your Fortunes but posses,
And settle your Person how you please,
Or make it o'er in Trust to th' Devil,

480 You'll find me reasonable and civil.

Quoth she, I like this Plainness better
Than false Mock-Passion, Speech, or Letter,
Or any Feat of Qualm or Swooning,
But Hanging of your self, or Drowning;

Your only Way with me to break
Your Mind, is breaking of your Neck:
For as when Merchants break, o'erthrown
Like Nine-pins, they strike others down:
So that would break my Heart, which done,

490 My tempting Fortune is your own.
These are but Trisles, ev'ry Lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater Matters undertake
For a less worthy Mistress sake:

Th' unfeign'd Realities of Love;
For he that hangs or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This Way's too rough

Joo For mere Experiment, and Proof;
It is no jesting, trivial Matter,
To swing i' th' Air, or douce in Water,
And, like a Water-witch, try Love;
That's to destroy, and not to prove:

To find what Part is disaffected;
Your better Way is to make over
In Trust, your Fortune to your Lover;

Truft,

affirms a Strab

75 Bu

525 Give but your felf one gentle Sawing For Trial, and I'll cut the String: Or give that rev'rend Head a Mall, Or two, or three, against a Wall; To show you are a Man of Mettle,

144

530 And I'll engage my felf to fettle. Quoth he, My Head's not made of Brass, As Friar Bacon's Noddle was;

532 As Friar Bacon's Noddle was, &c.] The Tradition of Friar Bacon and the Brazen Head, is very commonly known and, considering the Times he liv'd in, is not much more strange than what another great Philosopher, of his Name has fince deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a String and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it felf, and tell exactly against the Sides of the Divining Cup, the same Thing with, Time is, Time was, &c.

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Not (like the Indian's Skull) so tough, That, Authors say, 'twas Musquet-proof:

As it had need to be to enter
As yet on any new Adventure:
You see what Bangs it has endur'd,
That would before new Feat be cur'd:
But if that's all you stand upon,

Quoth she, the Matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, Two Words t' a Bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright Proof;

And yet 'tis no Fantastick Pique
I have to Love, nor coy Dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice Aversion
T' your Conversation, Mein, or Person,
But a just Fear, lest you should prove

For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, my Faith as Adamantine, As Chains or Destiny, I'll maintain;

or Oracle from Heart of Oak;
And if you'll give my Flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other Pig sneye,

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&c.

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33 American Indians, among whom (the same Authors afm) there are others, whose Skulls are so soft, to use heir Words, Ut Digito perforari possunt.

516 00 Oracle, &c.] Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City Dadona, Vbi Nemus er at Jovi sacrum, Querneum totum, in quo un Dodonai templum suisse narratur.

The

And what Men fay of her, they mean

No more than on the thing they lean.

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So

595 Some with Arabian Spices strive
T'embalm her cruelly alive;
Or Season her, as French Cooks use
Their Haut-gousts, Bouillon, or Ragousts;
Use her so barbarously ill,

On To grind her Lips upon a Mill,
Until the Facet Doublet doth
Fit their Rhymes rather than her Mouth;
Her Mouth compar'd t' an Oyster's, with
A Row of Pearl instead of Teeth;

Where Red and Whitest Colours mix; In which the Lilly, and the Rose, For Indian Lake, and Ceruse goes. The Sun and Moon by her bright Eyes

Are but black Patches that she wears,
Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars:
By which Astrologers as well
As those in Heav'n above, can tell

Unto her Under-World below.

Her Voice, the Musick of the Spheres,
So loud, it deafens Mortals Ears;
As wife Philosophers have thought,

20 And that's the Cause we hear it not.

This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in Rhyme, would kick in Prose;
And in those Ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung:

Of those still that deserve it least; It matters not how false, or forc'd, So the best Things be said o' th' worst;

66

630 Only the Arrow's drawn to th' Head, Whether it be a Swan or Goofe They level at: So Shepherds use To set the same Mark on the Hip Both of their sound and rotten Sheep:

148

635 For Wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The Mark, which else they ne'er come nigh
But when they take their Aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse

640 This Way t' attack me with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your Tricks on,
With Fulhams of Poetick Fiction:
I rather hop'd, I should no more
Hear from you o' th' Gallanting Score:

645 For hard Dry-bastings us'd to prove
The readiest Remedies of Love;
Next a Dry-diet: But if those fail,
Yet this uneasy Loop-hol'd Gaol,
In which y're hamper'd by the Fet-lock,

650 Cannot but put y' in mind of Wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worse than any Hole here,
If that may serve you for a Cooler;
T' allay your Mettle, all a-gog
Upon a Wife, the heavier Clog:

That, for a bruis'd or broken Pate,
Has freed you from those Knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd Brow:
But if no Dread can cool your Courage,

660 From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage; Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance To nobler Aims your Puissance:

Level at Beauty, and at Wit, The fairest Mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand 665 In that already, with your Command; For where does Beauty and high Wit But in your Conftellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a Match imply,

670 But Likeness and Equality? I know you cannot think me fit To be th' Yoke-Fellow of your Wit: Nor take one of fo mean Deferts, To be the Partner of your Parts;

675 A Grace, which if I cou'd believe, I've not the Conscience to receive. That Conscience, quoth Hudibras, Is mis-inform'd; I'll state the Case:

A Man may be a legal Donor

680 Of any thing whereof he's Owner; And may confer it where he lifts, I' th' Judgment of all Cafuists: Then Wit, and Parts, and Valour may Be ali'nate, and made away

68; By those that are Proprietors, As I may give, or fell my Horse. Quoth she, I grant the Case is true, And proper, 'twixt your Horse and you; But whether I may take, as well

90 As you may give away, or fell? Buyers you know are bid beware; And worse than Thieves Receivers are. How shall I answer Hue and Cry, For a Roan-Gelding twelve Hands high,

9; All spurr'd and switch'd, a Lock on's Hoof, A forrel Mane? Can I bring Proof,

Where,

Where, when, by whom, and what y'were fold for, And in the open Market toll'd for? Or should I take you for a Stray,

- 700 You must be kept a Year and Day
 (E're I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
 Where, if y' are fought, you may be found:
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your Provender and Hay.
- Quoth he, It stands me much upon T' enerwate this Objection,
 And prove my felf, by Topick clear,
 No Gelding, as you would infer.
 Loss of Virility's averr'd
- 710 To be the Cause of Loss of Beard,
 That does (like Embrio in the Womb)
 Abortive on the Chin become,
 This first a Woman did invent,
 In Envy of Man's Ornament.
- 715 Semiramis of Babylon,
 Who first of all cut Men o' th' Stone,
 To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation
 Of Sow-geldering Operation:
 Look on this Beard, and tell me whether
- Next it appears, I am no Horse,
 That I can argue and discourse;
 Have but two Legs, and ne'er a Tail:
 Quoth she, that nothing will avail;

719 Semiramis, Queen of Asyria, is faid to be the first that invented Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima. Am. Marcel. L. 34. p. 12. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horse into her Embraces (as another Queen did a Bull) but that psthaps may be the Reason why she after thought Men not worth the while.

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PART II.

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725 For some *Philosophers* of late here
Write, Men have four Legs by *Nature*,
And that 'tis Custom makes them go
Erroniously upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good

And growing down t'a Man, was wont With Wolves upon all four to hunt.

As for your Reasons drawn from Tails, We cannot say they're true or false,

735 Till you explain your felf, and show B' Experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, if you'll join Issue on't, I'll give you satisfact'ry Account; So you will promise, if you lose,

740 To fettle all, and be my Spouse.

That never shall be done (quoth she)

To one that wants a Tail, by me:

For Tails by Nature sure were meant,

As well as Beards for Ornament:

745 And the Yulgar count them homely, In Men or Beaft they are so comely, So Jantee, Alamode, and handsome, I'll never marry Man that wants one:

And till you can demonstrate plain,

I'll be torn Piece-meal by a Horse, E're I'll take you for better or worse.

725 For some Philosophers, &c.] Sir K. D. in his Book of Badins, who has this Story of the German Boy, which he endeavours to make good, by several natural Reasons, by which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the Probability of it.

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The Prince of Cambay's daily Food I Is Asps, and Basilisk, and Toad;

755 Which makes him have so strong a Breath,
Each Night he stinks a Queen to Death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's Arms
Than yours, on any other Terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford

760 I shall produce, upon my Word;
And if she ever gave that Boon
To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean by postulate Illation,

When you shall offer just Occasion.

765 But fince y' have yet deny'd to give
My Heart, your Pris'ner, a Reprieve,
But made it fink down to my Heel,
Let that at least your Pity feel;
And for the Sufferings of your Martyr,

770 Give its poor Entertainer Quarter;
And by Discharge, or Main Prize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base Restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg

Stuck in a Hole here like a Peg, And if I knew which Way to do't,

(Your Honour fase) I'd let you out.

That Dames by Goal-Delivery

Of Errant-Knights have been set free,

When by Enchantment they have been,

780 And sometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which Knights are bound to do
By Order, Oath, and Honour too:
For what are they renown'd, and fam'us else,
But aiding of distressed Damosels!

785 But for a Lady, no ways Errant, To free a Knight, we have no Warrant

In

80

In any Authentical Romance, Or Classick Author yet of France; And I'd be loth to have you break

700 An ancient Custom for a Freak, Or Innovation introduce In place of Things of Antique Use; To free your Heels by any Course, That might b'unwholfome to your Spurs:

795 Which if I should consent unto, It is not in my Pow'r to do; For 'tis a Service must be done ye, With folemn previous Ceremony; Which always has been us'd to untie

800 The Charms of those who here do lie For as the Ancients beretofore To Honour's Temple had no Door, But that which thorough Virtue's lay; So from this Dungeon there's no Way

805 To honour'd Freedom, but by paffing That other virtuous School of Lashing, Where Knights are kept in narrow Lifts, With wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrists ; In which they for a While are Tenants,

810 And for their Ladies suffer Penance: Whipping, that's Virtue's Governess, Tutress of Arts and Sciences; That mends the gross Mistakes of Nature, And puts new Life into dull Matter;

815 That lays Foundation for Renown, And all the Honours of the Gown. This fuffer'd, they are fet at large, And freed with hon'rable Discharge: Then in their Robes, the Penitentials

In

820 Are streight presented with Credentials,

86

875

And in their Way attended on By Magistrates of ev'ry Town: And all Respect and Charges paid, They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.

825 Now if you'll venture, for my Sake,
To try the Toughness of your Back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a Whipping on;
(And may you prosper in your Suit,

I here engage my felf to loofe ye,
And free your Heels from Caperdewsie.
But fince our Sex's Modesty
Will not allow I should be by,

835 Bring me on Oath, a fair Account,
And Honour too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the Place
You claim as due in my good Grace.
If Matrimony and Hanging go

840 By Dest'ny, why not Whipping too?

What Med'cine else can cure the Fits

Of Lovers, when they lose their Wits?

Love is a Boy, by Poets stil'd,

Then Spare the Rod, and spoil the Child.

A Persian Emp'ror whipt his Grannam
The Sea, his Mother Venus came on;
And hence some Rev'rend Men approve
Of Rosemary in making Love.
As skilful Coopers hoop their Tubs

850 With Lydian and with Phrysian Dubs;

835 A Persian Emp'ror, &c.] Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Wind. In Corum atque Eurum solitus savire Flagellis. Ju-

ven. Sat. 10. Why

Why may not Whipping have as good A Grace perform'd in Time and Mood, With comely Movement, and by Art, Raife Passion in a Lady's Heart?

855 It is an easier Way to make
Love by, than that which many take:
Who would not rather suffer Whipping,
Than swallow Toasts of Bits of Ribbon?
Make wicked Verses, Treats, and Faces,

Mo And spell Names over with Beer-Glasses?

Be under Vows to hang and die
Love's Sacrifice, and all a Lye?

With China-Oranges and Tarts,

And winning Plays, lay Baits for Hearts?

865 Bribe Chamber-Maids with Love and Money
To break no roguish Jests upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on Cheeks, and Roses,
With painted Perfumes, hazard Noses?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,

870 Do Penance in a Paper Lanthorn?
All this you may compound for now,
By fuffering what I offer you,
Which is no more than has been done
By Knights for Ladies long agone:

875 Did not the Great La Mancha do so
For the Infanta Del Toboso?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a Slave for Misse's sake?
And with Bull's Pizzle, for her Love,

Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not young Florio fent (to cool
His Flame for Biancafore) to School,
Where Pedant made his Pathick Bum
For her fake fuffer Martyrdom?

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Of late her Husband's own Lordship?
And tho' a Grandee of the House,
Claw'd him with Fundamental Blows;
Ty'd him stark naked to a Bed-post,

And firk'd his Hide, as if sh' had rid Post:
And after in the Sessions-Court,
Where Whipping's judg'd, had Honour for't?
This fwear you will perform, and then
I'll free you from th' Inchanted Den,

895 And the Magician's Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, (quoth fhe) then turn'd about,

900 And bid her Squire let him out.

But e're an Artist could be found
T'undo the Charms, another bound,
The Sun grew low, and lest the Skies,
Put down (some write) by Ladies Eyes;

The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face by Day from Sight,
(Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,
That's both her Lustre and her Shade)
And in the Lanthorn of the Night,

910 With shining Horns hung out her Light;
For Darkness is the proper Sphere,
Where all false Glories use to appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd Lustre:

915 While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
Our Vo'try thought it best to adjourn
- His whipping Penance till the Morn,

And not to carry on a Work

920 Of such Importance in the Dark,
With erring Haste, but rather stay,
And do't in th' open Face of Day;
And in the mean Time, go in quest
Of next Retreat to take his Rest,



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The ARGUMENT of

The SECOND CANTO.

The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute, Within an Ace of falling out, Are parted with a sudden Fright Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight; With which adventuring to stickle, They're sent away in nasty Pickle.

CANTO II.

'I I S strange how some Mens Tempers suit

(Like Bawd and Brandy) with Dispute,

That for their own Opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast;

That keep their Consciences in Cases,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for Argument:
Make true and fasse, unjust and just,
Of no Use but to be discust;
Dispute and set a Paradox,
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,

Than Helmont, Montaign, White or Lully.

30

- 15 So th' ancient Stoicks in their Porch,
 With fierce Dispute maintain'd their Church,
 Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
 To prove that Virtue is a Body;
 That Bonum is an Animal,
- 20 Made good with flout Polemick Brawl:
 In which, some Hundreds on the Place
 Were slain out-right, and many a Face
 Retrench'd of Nose, and Eyes, and Beards.
 To maintain what their Sest averr'd.
- 25 All which the Knight and Squire in Wrath:
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their Faith,
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the Sequel shall be shown.
 The Sun had long since in the Lap.
 - 30 Of Thetis taken out his Nap,
 And like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
 From black to red began to turn:
 When Hudibras, whom Thoughts and Aking,
 'Twixt sleeping kept all Night, and waking,
 - 35 Began to rub his drowfy Eyes, And from his Couch prepar'd to rife, Refolving to dispatch the Deed: He vow'd to do with trusty Speed.

15 So th' Ancient Stoicks, &C.] In Porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenia) Discipulorum seditionibus mille Quadr ngenti triginta Cives intersectism. Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Those old Virtuoso's were better Proficients in those Exercises, than modern, who skidom improve higher than Custing and Kicking.

19 Bonum is fuch a kind of Animal, as our modern Virtuofi from Don Quixot will have Windmills under Sail to be. The same Authors are of Opinion, that all Ships are Fishes while they are a float; but when they are run on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

And, after many Circumstances,

Which vulgar Authors in Romances

Do use to spend their Time and Wits on,

To make impertinent Description,

178

And to the Castle bent their Course,
In which he to the Dame before
To suffer Whipping duly swore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,

To carry on the Work, in earnest,
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious Forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;

An Oath, if I should wave this favinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' Equivocation swear;
Or whether't be a lesser Sin

60 To be for fworn, than act the Thing,
Are c'esp and fubtil Points, which must,
T' inform my Conscience, be discust;
In which to err a Tittle may
To Errors infinite make Way:

65 And therefore I defire to know
Thy Judgment, e're we farther go.
Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin't,
I shall enlarge upon the Point;
And for my own Part, do not doubt

70 Th' Affirmative may be made out.

But first, to state the Case aright,
For best Advantage of our Light;

And

And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a Sin To claw and curry your own Skin, Greater, or less, than to forbear, in the

And that you are forfworn, forfwear. But first o' th' first : The Inward Man, And Outward, like a Clan and Clan, Have always been at Daggers-drawing,

80 And one another Clapper-clawing: Not that they really cuff, or fence, But in a spiritual Mystick Sense; Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble, In literal Fray's abominable: ония чен воУ

85 'Tis heathenish, in frequent Use With Pagans, and Apostate Jews, To offer Sacrifice of Bridewells, Like modern Indians to their Idols: And mungril Christians of our Times,

90 That exp'ate less with greater Crimes, 19 110 And call the foul Abomination Contrition, and Mortification. Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked With finful Members of the Wicked;

9; Our Vessels that are fanctify'd, Prophan'd and curry'd Back and Side; But we must claw our selves with shameful And Heathen Stripes, by their Example? Which (were there nothing to forbid it)

100 Is Impious, because they did it; This therefore may be justly reckon'd A beinous Sin. Now to the fecond. That Saints may claim a Dispensation To fwear and for fwear, on Occasion,

105 I doubt not, but it will appear With pregnant Light. The Point is clear. Oaths Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind;
Too feeble Implements to bind;
And hold with Deeds Proportion, so

Then when they strive for Place, 'tis sit
The weaker Vessel should submit:
Altho' your Church be opposite
To ours, as Black-Fryars are to White,

You are a Reformado Saint;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:
But Saints, whom Oaths and Vows oblige,

Farther (I mean) than carrying on Some Self-advantage of their own:

For if the Dev'l to ferve his Turn

Can tell Truth, why the Saints should scorn,

I think there's little Reason why:

Else he has a greater Pow'r than they,

Which 'twere Impiety to say;

W' are not commanded to forbear

130 Indef'nitely at all to fwear;
But to fwear idly, and in vain,
Without Self-interest or Gain;
For breaking of an Oath and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying,

135 A Saint-like Virtue, and from hence Some have broke Oaths by Providence: Some, to the Glory of the Lord, Perjur'd themselves, and broke their Word: And this the constant Rule and Practice

140 Of all our late Apostles Acts is.

Was

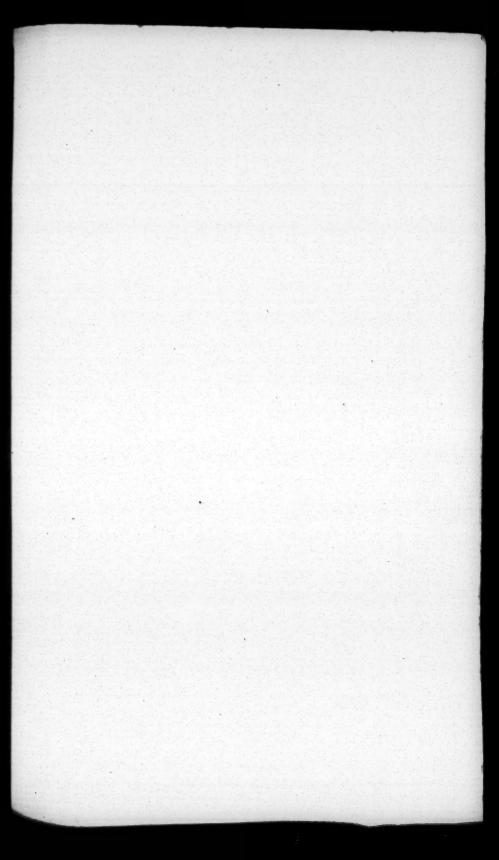
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Was not the Cause at first begun
With Perjury, and carried on?
Was there an Oath the Godly took,
But in due Time and Place they broke?

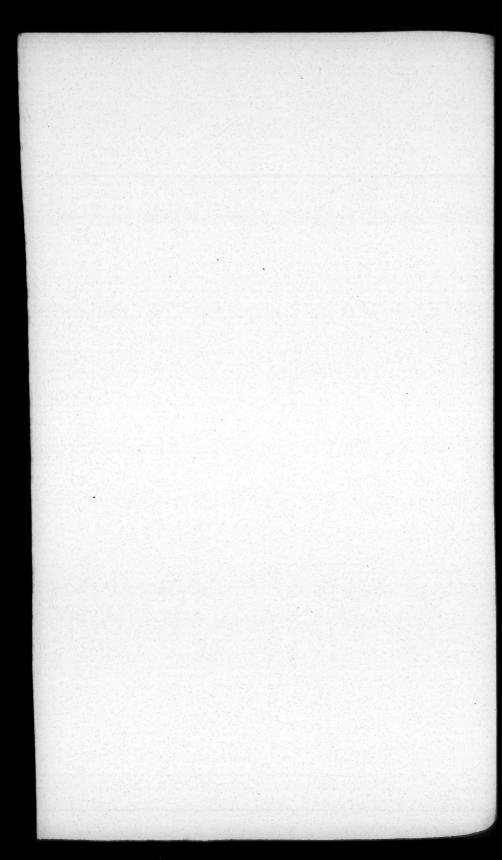
- Did we not bring our Oaths in first,
 Before our Plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter Models for
 The present Use of Church and War?
 Did not our Worthies of the House
- For having freed us, first from both
 Th' Allegiance and Supremac' Oath:
 Did they not next compel the Nation
 To take and break the Protestation?
- The Solemn League and Covenant?
 The Solemn League and Covenant?
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
 Did they not swear at first to fight
- 160 For the King's Safety, and his Right:
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with Horse and Foot;
 But yet still had the Confidence
 To swear, it was in his Defence?
- 165 Did they not swear to live and die
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all, for some have swore
 As false as they, if th' did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
- 170 In which that fwearing made a Flaw?
 For Protestant Religion vow,
 That did that Vowing disallow?
 For Privilege of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a Rent?

- 175 And fince of all the three, not one Is left in Reing, 'tis well known. Did they not fwear in express Words, To prop and back the House of Lords? And after turn'd out the whole House-full
- 180 Of Peers as dang'rous, and unuseful? So Cromwell, with deep Oaths and Vows, Swore all the Commons out o' th' House, Vow'd that the Red-Coats would disband, Ay marry wou'd they, at their Command.
- 185 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, Till th' Army turn'd them out of Door: This tells us plainly what they thought, That Oaths and Swearing go for nought, And that by them th' were only meant
- 190 To serve for an Expedient: What was the Publick Faith found out for, But to flur Men of what they fought for? The Publick Faith, which ev'ry one Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
- 195 And if that go for nothing, why Should Private Faith have fuch a Tie? Oaths were not purpos'd, more than Law, To keep the Good and Juft in Awe, But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
- 200 Like Moral Cattle in a Pinfold. A Saint's o' th' Heav'nly Realm a Peer; And as no Peer is bound to fwear But on the Gospel of his Honour, Of which he may dispose, as Owner;
- 205 It follows, tho' the Thing be Forg'ry, And false, th' affirm, it is no Perj'ry, But a mere Cer'mony, and a-Breach Of nothing, but a Form of Speech; And









And goes for no more when 'tis took,

Than mere faluting of the Book.

Suppose the Scriptures are of Force,
They're but Commissions of Course,
And Saints have Freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please,

Instructions, to all Aims they drive at.

Then why should we our selves abridge,
And curtail our own Privilege?

Quakers (that, like to Lantborns, bear

Their Light within 'em) will not fivear;
Their Gospel is an Accidence,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no Sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's Head.

That flirring Hat's held worfe than Murder.)

These thinking th' are oblig'd to Troth

In fwearing, will not take an Oath:

Like Mules, who if th' have not their Will

30 To keep their own Pace, stand stock-still;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free born Cansciences may do.
'Tis the Temptation of the Devil,
That makes all human Actions evil:

The Spirit, in Sincerity,
Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's Instance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,

O Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.

For as on Land there is no Beast,

But in some Fish at Sea's express;

Those Mysteries and Revelations;
And therefore Topical Evasions
Of subtle Turns and Shifts of Sense,
Serve best with th' Wicked for Pretence,
Such as the learned Jesuits use,

And Presbyterians, for Excuse
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus: A Breach of Oath is Duple,

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And either Way admits a Scruple,
And may be ex parte o' th' Maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd Taker;
For he that strains too far a Vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent Bow:

275 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it:
Not he that for Convenience took it:

PART II. CANTO II.

A broken Oath is, quat'nus Oath, As found t' all Purposes of Troth, As broken Laws are ne'er the worse,

Nay, till th'are broken have no Force.

What's Justice to a Man, or Laws,

That never comes within their Claws?

They have no Pow'r, but to admonish,

Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,

285 Until they're broken, and then touch Those only that do make 'em such. Beside, n' Engagement is allow'd By Men in Prison made for Good; For when they're set at Liberty,

They're from th' Engagement too fet free.

The Rabbins write, when any Jew

Did make to God or Man a Vow,

Which afterwards he found untoward,

And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;

Might free other Jews o' th' Nation
Might free him from the Obligation:
And have not two Saints Pow'r to use
A greater Privilege than three Jews?
The Court of Conscience, which in Man

Should be Supreme and Sovereign,
Is't fit should be Subordinate
To ev'ry petty Court i' th' State,
And have less Power than the lesser,
To deal with Perjury at Pleasure?

of Have its Proceedings difallow'd, or Allow'd, at Fancy of Py-Powder?

Tell all it does, or does not know, For Swearing ex Officio?

Be forc'd to impeach a broken Hedge,

of And Pigs unring'd at Vif. Franc. Pleage?

Dif.

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Discover Thieves, Bawds, and Recusants, Priests, Witches, Eve-droppers, and Nusance; Tell who did play at Games unlawful, And who fill'd Pots of Ale but half-full;

- 315 And have no Pow'r at all, nor Shift,
 To help it felf at a dead Lift?
 Why should not Conscience have Vacation
 As well as other Courts o' th' Nation;
 Have equal Power to adjourn,
- 320 Appoint Appearance and Return;
 And make as nice Diffinction ferve
 To fplit a Case, as those that carve,
 Invoking Cuckolds Names, hit Joints?
 Why should not Tricks as slight, do Points?
- 325 Is not th' High-Court of Justice fworn
 To judge that Law that serves their Turn?
 Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
 Cannot the Learned Council there
- Mold 'em as Witches do their Clay,
 When they make Pictures to destroy?
 And vex 'em into any Form
 That fits their Purpose to do Harm?
- 335 Rack 'em until they do confess,
 Impeach of Treason whom they please,
 And most persidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their Lives for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own Sense,
- 340 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience.

 Can they not juggle, and with slight

 Conveyance play with Wrong and Right;

 And sell their Blasts of Wind as dear

 As Lapland Witches bottled Air?

Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe and Grudge,
The fame Case several Ways adjudge?
As Seamen with the self-same Gale,
Will sev'ral diff'rent Courses sail:
As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,

Those Banks and Damms, that like a Screen

Did keep it out, now keep it in:

So when Tyrannick Usurpation

Invades the Freedom of a Nation,

The Laws o' th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.

Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry Man fwear
What makes best for him in his Answer?

Is not the winding up Witnesses

For Witnesses, like Watches go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in Conscience they're streight-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that Side is cast.

As if they felt the Cause, not heard it?

And as they please, make Matter of Fact:

Run all on one Side, as they're pack'd?

Nature has made Man's Breast no Windores,

Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash Folly blab it.

If Oaths can do a Man no Good
In his own Bus'ness, why they shou'd

75 In other Matters do him Hurt,
I think there's little Reason for't.
He that imposes an Oath, makes it;
Not he that for Convenience takes it:

Then

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Tho' nice and dark the Point appear, (Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear. 405 That Sinners may supply the Place

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Of fuff'ring Saints, is a plain Case. Justice gives Sentence many times On one Man for another's Crimes. Our Brethren of New England use

410 Choice Malefactors to excuse, And bang the Guiltless in their Stead, Of whom the Churches have less Need: As lately 't happen'd: In a Town There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,

- And mend Mens Lives as well as Shoes.

 This precious Brother having flain,
 In Times of Peace, an Indian
 (Not out of Malice, but mere Zeal,
- The mighty Tottipottymoy
 Sent to our Elders an Enwoy;
 Complaining forely of the Breach
 Of League held forth by Brother Patch,
- Against the Articles in Force
 Between both Churches, his and ours,
 For which he crav'd the Saints to render
 Into his Hands, or hang th' Offender:
 But they maturely having weigh'd
- (A Man that ferv'd them in a double Capacity, to Teach and Cobble) Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too
- Impartial Justice, in his Stead did
 Hang an old Weaver that was Bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
 And in your Room another whipp'd?
 For all Philosophers, but the Sceptick,
- It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,

 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the Case;

413 In a Town, &c. 7 The History of the Cobler has been then the Place when it was done.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the Grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to

- 480 What they're averse themselves to do:

 For when Disputes are weary'd out,

 'Tis Int'rest that resolves the Doubt:

 But since no Reason can consute ye,

 I'll try to sorce ye to your Duty;
- As e're we part I shall evince it;
 And Curry (if you stand out) whether
 You will or no, your stabborn Leather.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy Part
- To higgle thus for a few Blows,
 To gain thy Knight an op'lent Spouse;
 Whose Wealth his Bowels yearn to purchase,
 Merely for th' Interest of the Churches?
- 495 And when he has it in his Claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the Cause;
 Nor shalt thou find him a Curmudgin,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging:
 If not, resolve before we go,
 - Y' had best (quoth Ralpho) as the Ancients Say wisely, Have a Care o' th' main Chance, And look before you e're you leap;

 For as you Sow, y' are like to Reap:
 - I shall make bold to turn agen;
 Nor am I doubtful of the Issue
 In a just Quarrel, and mine is so.
 Is't sitting for a Man of Honour
 To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?

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From hence to spring a Variance; And raise among themselves new Scruples, Whom common Danger hardly couples. Remember how in Arms and Politicks,

But for your own Sake) to forbear;

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Trepann'd your Party with Intrigue,
And took your Grandees down a Peg;
New modell'd th' Army, and Cashier'd
All that to Legion S M E C adher'd;

Made a mere Utenfil of your Church,
And after left it in the Lurch;
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,

Grave Synod-Men, that were rever'd
For folid Face and Depth of Beard)
Their Classick Model prov'd a Maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian Pagod,

On which they'd been so long a sitting;
Decry'd it as a Holy Cheat
Grown out of Date, and obselete,
And all the Saints of the first Grass,

As Castling Foals of Bal'am's Ass.

At this the Knight grew high in Chase,

And staring sur'ously on Ralph,

He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,

Like Ashes first, then red as Fire.

Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in Fight,
And for so many Moons lain by't?
And when all other Means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale?
Not but they thought me worth a Ransome,

But for their own Sakes, and for Fear They were not safe when I was there; Now to be baffled by a Scoundrel, An upftart Seef'ry, and a Mungrell;

555 Such as breed out of peccant Humours
Of our own Church, like Wens, or Tumours,
And like a Magget in a Sore,
Wou'd that which gave it Life devour;
It never shall be done or faid:

560 With that he seiz'd upon his Blade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his Basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal Readiness prepar'd
To draw and stand upon his Guard:

565 When both were parted on the fudden, With hideous Clamour, and a loud-one, As if all forts of Noise had bin Contracted into one loud Din:

Or that some Member to be chosen.

And by the Greatness of his Noise
Prov'd fittest for his Country's Choice.
This strange Surprizal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a Fright;

148 Have been exchang'd, &cc.] The Knight was kept Prisoner Exerter, and after several Exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often ad upon all Occasions to declare.

605 So when this Triumph drew fo nigh, They might Particulars descry, They never faw two Things fo pat, In all Respects, as This and That.

194

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First

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First, He that led the Cavalcade,

- On which he blew as strong a Levet,
 As well-feed Lawyer on his Breviate;
 When over one another's Heads
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like Sweeds.
- From Trebles down to double Base.
 And after them, upon a Nag,
 That might pass for a forehand Stag,
 A Cornet rode, and on his Staff
- 620 A Smock display'd did proudly wave: Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones, With snuffling broken-winded Tones, Whose Blasts of Air in Pockets shut, Sound silthier than from the Gut,
- In windy Weather when they whine.

 Next one upon a Pair of Panniers,

 Full fraught with that which for good Manners

 Shall here be nameless, mixt with Grains,
- 630 Which he dispens'd amongst the Swains, And busily upon the Crowd At Random round about bestow'd. Then mounted on a horned Horse, One bore a Gauntlet and Gilt Spurs,
- He held reverst, the Point turn'd downward.

 Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,

 The Conqu'ror's Standard-bearer rid,

 And bore alost before the Champion
- 640 A Petticoat display'd, and rampant; Near whom the Amazon triumphant Bestrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't

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First

645 Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distass,
Which as he rode she made him twist off:
And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chastis'd the Reformado Soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,

650 March'd Whifflers, and Staffiers on Foot,
With Lackies, Grooms, Valets and Pages,
In fit and proper Equipages;
Of whom, some Torches bore, some Links,
Before the proud Virago-Minx,

655 That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire,

And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder,
On fuch Sights, with judicious Wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His An' madver fions, for his Heart.

I ne'er saw so prophane a Show,
It is a Paganish Invention,
Which Heathen Writers often mention:
And he who made it had read Godwin,

670 Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodigine,
With all the Grecians, Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient Shows;
And has observ'd all fit Decorums
We find describ'd by old Histor'ans:

675 For as the Roman Conqueror, That put an End to foreign War,

Ent'ring

Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it, Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot; So this infulting Female brave

- 680 Carries behind her here a Slave;
 And as the Ancients long ago,
 When they in Field defy'd the Foe,
 Hung out their Mantles Della Guerre,
 So her proud Standard-bearer here
- 685 Waves on his Spear, in dreadful Manner, A Tyrian-Petticoat for Banner. Next Links, and Torches, heretofore Still born before the Emperor. And as in Antick Triumphs, Eggs
- There's one with Truncheon, like a Ladle, That carries Eggs too, fresh or addle; And still at Random, as he goes, Among the Rabble-rout bestows.
- For all th' Antiquity you mistake the Matter;

 For all th' Antiquity you smatter,

 Is but a Riding, us'd of Course,

 When the Grey Mare's the better Horse;

 When o'er the Breeches greedy Women

 700 Fight, to extend their vast Dominion;
 - 678 Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot, &c.]

 —Et sibi Consul

 Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.

ing

Juven. Sat. 10.
783 Hung out, &C.] Tunica Coec'nea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra pratorium poni, quasi admonitio, & indicium sutura
pugna. Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

687 Next Links, &c.] That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches bore before them (by Day) in publick, appears by Herodian in Pertinace. Lip. in Tacit. p. 16.

And

For Conquest purchas'd without Blood;

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So

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- 735 So Men decree those lesser Shows,
 For Vi&ry gotten without Blows,
 By dint of sharp hard Words, which some
 Give Battle with, and overcome;
 These mounted in a Chair-Curule,
- 740 Which Moderns call a Cucking-Stool, March proudly to the River's Side, And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride; Like Dukes of Venice, who are faid The Adriatick Sea to wed;
- 745 And have a gentler Wife than those
 For whom the State decrees those Shows.
 But both are Heathenish, and come
 From th' Whores of Babylon, and Rome;
 And by the Saints should be withstood,
- 750 As Antichristian and Lewd;
 And we as such, should now contribute
 Our utmost struggling to prohibit.
 This said, they both advanc'd, and rode

A Dig-Trot through the bawling Crowd,

- 755 T'attack the Leader, and still prest,
 Till they approach'd him Breast to Breast:
 Then Hudibras, with Face and Hand,
 Made Signs for Silence; which obtain'd,
 What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's Procession.
- 760 With Men of Orthodox Profession?

 'Tis Ethnick and Idolatrous,
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.

 Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
 Upon her horned Beast astride,
- 765 Like this proud Dame, who either is A Type of her, or she of this? Are Things of superstitious Function, Fit to be us'd in Gospel Sun-spine?

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780 To purchase Swords, Carbines, and Piftols: Their Husbands, Cullies, and Sweet-hearts, To take the Saints and Church's Parts; Drew fev'ral gifted Bretbren in, That for the Bishops wou'd have been,

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785 And fix'd'em constant to the Party, With Motives powerful and hearty: Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard Shifts T' administer unto their Gifts All they cou'd rap, and rend, and pilfer,

790 To Scraps and Ends of Gold and Silver; Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent With holding forth for Parl'ament; Pamper'd and edify'd their Zeal With Marrow-puddings many a Meal;

795 Enabled them with store of Meat, On controverted Points to eat; And cram'd 'em till their Guts did ake, With Cawdle, Cuftard, and Plum-cake. What have they done, or what left undone,

800 That might advance the Caufe at London? March'd Rank and File, with Drum and Enfign, Rais' T' intrench the City for Defence in?

Rais

Rais'd Rampiers with their own foft Hands, To put the Enemy to Stands;

Sos From Ladies down to Oyster-Wenches
Labour'd like Pioneers in Trenches,
Fell to their Pick-Axes and Tools,

And help'd the Men to dig like Moles?
Have not the Handmaids of the City

For raifing of a Common Purse

Out of their Wages, to raise Horse?

And do they not as Triers sit,

To judge what Officers are sit?

815 Have they—? At that an Egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,
And running down his Cheek, befmear'd
With Orange tawny-flime his Beard;
But Beard and Slime b'ing of one Hue,

Then he that on the Panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other Side a Load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In Ralpho's Face another Volley.

And for his Sword began to feel:
And Ralpho, smother'd with the Stink,
Grasp'd his; when one that bore a Link,
O'th' sudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,

830 Like Linstock, to the Horse's Touch-hole's

And streight another with his Flambeaux,
Gave Ralpho's o'er the Eyes a damn'd Blow.
The Beast's began to kick and sling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring;

835 Thro' which they quickly broke their Way, And brought them off from farther Fray.

And

For the' the Law of Arms doth bar The Use of venom'd Shot in War; Yet by the naufeous Smell, and noifome, Their Case-shot savours strong of Poison; And doubtless has been chew'd with Teeth

302

860 Of some that had a stinking Breath: Elfe when we put it to the Push, They had not giv'n us fuch a Brush: But as those Pultroons that fling Dirt, Do but defile, but cannot hurt;

865 So all the Honour they have won, Or we have loft, is much at one. 'Twas well we made so resolute A brave Retreat, without Pursuit; For if we had not, we had sped

870 Much worfe, to be in Triumph led;

Than

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88

Than which the Ancients held no State
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.
But if this bold Adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's Ear,

875 It may, being destin'd to assert
Her Sex's Honour, reach her Heart.
And as such homely Treats (they say)
Portend good Fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with Dirt,

880 Was destin'd to the Empire for't;
And from a Scavenger did come
To be a mighty Prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul Address
Presage in Love the same Success?

Advance in quest of nearest Ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)

Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

879 Vespasian being daub'd, &c.] C. Cæsar succensens, propter curam verrendis viis non adh bitam, Luto jussift appleri, congesto per milites in pratenta sinum. Sueton. in Vespas. C. 5.

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THE



The ARGUMENT of

The THIRD CANTO.

The Knight, with various Doubts possest,
To win the Lady goes in Quest
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,
To know the Dest'nies Resolution;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop Logick,
About the Science Astrologick;
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,
The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

CANTO III.

Oubtless the Pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat:
As Lookers-on feel most Delight,
That least perceive a Jugler's Slight;
5 And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his Slight of Hand.
Some with a Noise, and greasy Light,
Are snapt, as Men-catch Larks by Night,
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,
10 As Nooses by the Legs catch Fowl.

Some

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Some with a Med'cine, and Receipt, Are drawn to nibble at the Bait; And tho' it be a two-foot Trout, 'Tis with a fingle Hair pull'd out.

- So fweet as Lawyer's in his Bar-gown;
 Until with fubtle Cobweb-cheats,
 Th' are catch'd in knotted Law, like Nets:
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
- 20 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
 And while their Purfes can dispute,
 There's no End of th' immortal Suit.
 Others still gape t' anticipate
 The Cabinet-Designs of Fate,
 - 25 Apply to Wizards, to fore-fee
 What shall, and what shall never be.
 And as those Vultures do forbode,
 Believe Events prove bad or good.
 A Flam more senseless than the Rog'ry
 - 30 Of old Aruspicy and Aug'ry,
 That out of Garbages of Cattle
 Presag'd th' Events of Truce, or Battle;
 From Flight of Birds, or Chickens-pecking,
 Success of great's Attempts would reckon:
 - Tho' Cheats, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the Stars do fribble.
 This Hudibras by Proof found true,
 As in due Time and Place we'll shew:
 For he with Beard and Face made clean,
 - 40 B'ing mounted on his Steed agen;
 (And Ralpho got a Cock-Horse too
 Upon his Beast, with much ado)
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's House,
 T'acquit himself, and pay his Vows;

ome

When

For some Offence, by chance breaks loose,

206

70 He still draws after him his Chain; So tho' my Ankle she has quitted, My Heart continues still committed; And like a bail'd and main-priz'd Lover, Altho' at large, I am bound over.

75 And when I shall appear in Court, To plead my Cause, and answer for't, Unless the Judge do partial prove, What will become of Me and Love?

For if in our Account we vary,

PART II.

- 80 Or but in Circumstance miscarry;
 Or if she put me to strict Proof,
 And make me pull my Doublet off,
 To shew, by evident Record
 Writ on my Skin, I've kept my Word,
- 85 How can I e'er expect to have her,
 Having demurr'd unto her Favour;
 But Faith, and Love, and Honour lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
- 90 What I'm to prove by Argument;
 And justify I have a Tail,
 And that Way too, my Proof may fail.
 Oh! that I cou'd enucleate,
 And solve the Problems of my Fate;
- 95 Or find by Necromantick Art,

 How far the Dest'nies take my Part;

 For if I were not more than certain

 To win, and wear her, and her Fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this Courtship,
- To hazard Soul, Estate, and Worship;
 For tho' an Oath obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got,
 (As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
 And sinful, when Men swear in wain.
- Ouoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell A cunning Man, hight Sidrophel,
 That deals in Destiny's dark Counsels,
 And sage Opinions of the Moon sells;
 To whom all People, far and near,
- When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,
 And Linen slinks out of the Way:

For

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115 When Cattle feel Indisposition,
And need th' Opinion of Physician;
When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,
And Chickens languish of the Pip;
When Yeast and outward Means do fail,

208

When Butter does refuse to come,
And Love proves cross and humour some;
To him with Questions, and with Urine,
They for Discov'ry flock, or Curing.

I've heard of, and shou'd like it well;
If thou canst prove the Saints have Freedom
To go to Sorc'rers when they need 'em.
Says Ralpho, there's no Doubt of that;

Prove that the Godly may alledge
For any thing their Privilege:
And to the Dev'l himself may go,
If they have Motives thereumo.

The Dev I and them, it is no Sin,
If they by fubtil Stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parl'ament

140 A Ledger to the Devil fent,

140 A Ledger, &c.] The Witch finder in Suffolk, who in the Presbyterian Times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the Compass of one Year; and among the rest, the old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted Witches out?
And has not he, within a Year,
Hang'd threefcore of 'em in one Shire?

- 145 And some for fitting above Ground
 Some only for not being drown'd,
 Whole Days and Nights upon their Breeches,
 And seeling Pain, were hang'd for Witches.
 And some for putting Knavish Tricks
- Or Pigs, that fuddenly deceaft
 Of Griefs unnat'ral, as he gueft;
 Who after prov'd himfelf a Witch,
 And made a Rod for his own Breech.
- Did not the Devil appear to Martin

 Luther in Germany, for certain?

 And wou'd have gull'd him with a Trick,

 But Mart. was too too politick.

 Did he not help the Dutch to purge
- Sing Catches to the Saints at Mascon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?
 Appear in divers Shapes to Kelly,
 And speak i' th' Nun at Loudon's Belly?

159 Did he not help the Dutch, &c. In the Beginning of the Civil Wars of Flanders, the common People of Antwerp in a Tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolifh Images and Shrines; and did so much Mischief in a small Time, that wada writes, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161 Sing Catches, &c.] This Devil at Mascon deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Foresathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tenes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugeness, and freto'd them many Things which asterwards came to pass;

18 may be seen in his Memoirs, written in French.
163 Appear in divers, &c.] The History of Dr. Dee,
264 the Devil, publish'd by Mer. Casanbon, Isaac Fil. Pre-

bendary ..

in the ches, of hin the inister,

Fully

At Woodstock on a Pers' nal Treaty?

At Sarum take a Cavalier

I' th' Cause's Service Prisoner?

As Withers in immortal Rhime

Did not our great Reformers use
This Sidrophel to forebode News;
To write of Victories next Year,
And Castles taken yet i'th' Air?

175 Of Battles fought at Sea, and Ships
Sunk two Years hence, the last Eclipse?
A total Overthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, Horse and Foot, next Spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold

Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
The Moon for fundamental Laws:
The Ram, and Bull, and Goat declare
Against the Book of Common-Pray'r?

185 The Scorpion take the Protestation, And Bear engage for Reformation;

bendary of Camerbury, has a large Account of all those Passages; in which the Style of the true and salse Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same Person. The Nun of London in France, and all her Tricks have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Observations upon the French Book, written upon that Occasion.

165 Meet with, &c.] A Committee of the Long Parliament fitting in the King's House in Voodsteck-Park, were terrived with several Apparitions, the Particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Prifoner at Salie bury, and drinking a Health to the Devil uoon his Knees, was carried away by him through a fingle Pain of Glass.

Made

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19

Made all the Royal Stars recant,

Compound and take the Covenant?

Quoth Hudibras, the Case is clear,

The Saints may employ a Conjurer;

As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice;
No Argument like Matter of Fact is.
And we are best of all led to
Men's Principles by what they do:

Of this profound Gymnosaphist,
And as the Fates and he advise,
Pursue, or wave this Enterprize.

This faid, he turn'd about his Steed,

200 And eftsoons on th' Adventure rid;
Where leave we Him and Ralph a While,
And to the Conj'rer turn our Stile,
To let our Reader understand
What's useful of him, before-hand.

205 He had been long t'wards Mathematicks,
Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,
Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,
And was old Dog at Physiology:

But, as a Dog that turns the Spit,

To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again:
And still he's in the self-same Place
Where at his setting out he was:

Did he advance his Nat'ral Parts;

Till falling back still for Retreat,

He fell to Juggle, Cant, and Cheat:

For as those Fowls that live in Water

220 Are never wet, he did but smatter;

What-

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oggerel, at Salin ees, was

Made

Whate'er he labour'd to appear, His Understanding still was clear. Yet none a deeper Knowledge boasted, Since old *Hodg Bacon* and *Bob Grosted*.

- 225 Th' Intelligible World he knew,
 And all Men dreamt on't to be true:
 That in this World there's not a Wart
 That has not there a Counterpart;
 Nor can there on the Face of Ground
- 230 An individual Beard be found,
 That has not in that Foreign Nation
 A Fellow of the felf-fame Fashion;
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in th' Inferior World,
- The Dev'l and Euclid o'er and o'er;
 And all th' Intrigue 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lescus and th' Emperor wou'd tell ye;
 But with the Moon was more familiar
- 240 Than e er was Almanack well-willer; Her Secrets understood so clear, That some believ'd he had been there;

224 Since old Hodg Bacon, &c.] Roger Bacon, commonly called Fryar Bacon, liv'd in the Reign of our Edward I. and for some little Skill he had in the Mathematicks, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjurer, and had the sottish Story of the Brazen Head sather'd upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those Days. Robert Grosshead was Bishop of Lincoln in the Reign of Hen. III. He was a learned Man for those Times, and for that Reason suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjurer; for which Crime being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and summon'd to appear at Rome, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Christ; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a Tramunire, for offering to in a foreign Court.

Knew

Knew when she was in fittest Mood, For cutting Corns, or letting Blood;

- 245 When for anointing Scabs or Itches, Or to the Bum applying Leeches; When Sows and Bitches may be spay'd, And in what Sign best Cyder's made; Whether the Wane be, or Increase,
- 30 Best to set Garlick, or sow Pease: Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon. That to the Ancients was unknown: How many Dukes, and Earls, and Peers, Are in the Planetary Spheres;
- Their Airy Empire, and Command, Their fev'ral Strengths by Sea and Land; What Factions th' have, and what they drive at In publick Vogue, or what in private; With what Defigns and Interests
- 60 Each Party manages Contests. He made an Instrument to know If the Moon shine at Full or no: That wou'd, as foon as e'er she shone, straight Whether 'twere Day or Night demonstrate;
 - 65 Tell what her D'meter t' an Inch is, And prove that she's not made of Green-Cheese. It wou'd demonstrate, that the Man in The Moon's a Sea Mediterranean; And that it is no Dog or Bitch,
 - 70 That stands behind him at his Breech; But a huge Caspian Sea, or Lake With Arms, which Men for Legs mistake; How large a Gulph his Tail composes, And what a goodly Bay his Nose is;
 - 75 How many German Leagues by th' Scale Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.

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305 Whether a Pulse beat in the black List of a dapled Louse's Back: If Syftole or Diaftole move Quickest when he's in Wrath or Love: When two of them do run a Race,

310 Whether they Gallop, Trot, or Pace:

How many Scores a Flea will jump,
Of his own Length, from Head to Rump;
Which Socrates and Charephon
In vain affay'd fo long agone;

315 Whether his Snout a perfect Nose is, And not an Elephant's Proboscis; How many different Species Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheese; And which are next of Kin to those

Or those not seen, but understood, That live in Vinegar and Wood.

A paltry Wretch he had half-starv'd, That him in Place of Zany serv'd,

325 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholsome Law:
To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gaps,
Wide as Meridians in Maps;
To squander Paper, and spare Ink,

330 Or cheat Men of their Words, some think. From this, by merited Degrees, He'd to more high Advancement rise:

To be an under-Conjurer,

Or Journeyman-Astrologer;

335 His Bus'ness was to pump and wheedle, And Men with their own Keys unriddle, To make them to themselves give Answers, For which they pay the Necromancers;

313 Which Socrates, &c.] Aristophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in Secrates and Charepton, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

365 When Men may eat and drink their Filt, And when be temp'rate if they will; When use, and when abstain from Vice, Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice. And as in Prisons mean Rogues beat

370 Hemp for the Service of the Great;

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So Whachum beat his dirty Brains
T' advance his Master's Fame and Gains;
And like the Devil's Oracles,
Put into Dogg'rell Rhymes his Spells,

- 375 Which over ev'ry Month's Blank-page
 I' th' Almanack strange Bilks presage.
 He would an Elegy compose
 On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;
 In Lyrick Numbers write an Ode on
- 380 His Mistress, eating a Black-pudden:
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
 It pust him with Poetick Rapture.
 His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,
- 385 That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests, Like Orpheus look'd, among the Beasts; A Carman's House could not pass by, But stood ty'd up to Poetry; No Porter's Burthen pass'd along,
- But ferv'd for Burthen to his Song.

 Each Window, like a Pill'ry appears,
 With Heads thrust thro' nail'd by the Ears.

 All Trades run in as to the Sight
 Of Monsters, or their dear Delight
- 395 The Gallows-Tree, when cutting Purse
 Breeds Bus'ness for Heroick Verse,
 Which none does hear, but wou'd have hung
 T' have been the Theme of such a Song.
 Those two together long had liv'd,
- 400 In Mansion prudently contriv'd; Where neither Tree, nor House could bar The free Detection of a Star;

And nigh an Ancient Obelisk

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,

- On which was written, not in Words,
 But Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds,
 Many rare pithy Saws concerning
 The Worth of Aftrologick Learning:
 From top of this there hung a Rope,
- To which he fasten'd Telescope;
 The Spectacles with which the Stars
 He reads in smallest Characters.
 It happen'd as a Boy, one Night,
 Did fly his Tarsel of a Kite;
- The strangest long-wing'd Hawk that slies,
 That, like a Bird of Paradise,
 Or Herald's Martlet, has no Legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays Eggs:
 His Train was fix Yards long, Milk-white,
- 420 At th' End of which there hung a Light,
 Inclos'd in Lanthorn made of Paper,
 That far off like a Star did appear.
 This Sidrophel by Chance espy'd,
 And with Amusement staring wide,
- 125 Bless us! quoth he, what dreadful Wonder
 Is that appears in Heaven yonder?
 A Comet, and without a Beard,
 Or Star that ne'er before appear'd?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the Scrowl
- 430 Of all those Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,

404 Waszais'd by him, &c.] This Fisk was a late famous Aftrologer, who flourith a about the Time of Sutile, and Face, and was equally celebrated by Ben Johnson.

With which, like Indian Plantations,
The learned stock the Constellations;
Nor those that drawn for Signs have been,
To th' Houses where the Planets inn.

- Unless it be the Cannon-Ball
 That shot i' th' Air point blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious Height,
 That learn'd Philosophers maintain,
- Hangs like the Body of Mahomet:
 For if it be above the Shade
 That by the Earth's round Bulk is made,
- Appear no Bullet, but a Star.

 This faid, he to his Engine flew,
 Plac'd near at Hand in open View,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
- Against the Glow-worm Tail of Kite.

 Then peeping thro', Bless us! (quoth he)

 It is a Planet now I see;

 And, if I err not, by his proper

 Figure, that's like Tobacco-stopper,
- 455 It should be Saturn; yes, 'tis clear 'Tis Saturn: But what makes him there?

436 Unless it be, &c.] This Experiment was try'd by some foreign Virtuoso's, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank against the Zenith, and having sir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it sticks in the Mark: But Des Cartes was of Opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

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He's got between the Dragon's Tail, And farther Leg behind o' th' Whale; Pray Heav'n divert the fatal Omen,

- 460 For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common:
 And can no less than the *World*'s End,
 Or *Nature*'s Funeral portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Thro' *Perspective* more wistfully,
- 465 When by Mischance the satal String,
 That kept the tow ring Forel on Wing,
 Breaking, down sell the Star: Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
- 470 But Sidrophel, more subtil-witted, Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful Portent is this, to see a Star fall; It threatens Nature, and the Doom Will not be long before it come!
- 475 When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The Day of Judgment's not far off:
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And fome of us find out by Magick.
 Then fince the time we have to live
- 480 In this World's shorten'd, let us strive To make our best Advantage of it, And pay our Losses with our Profit.

477 As late'y 'twas, &c.] This Sedgwick had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the Name of Dooms Sedgwick.

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This Feat fell out not long before The Knight, upon the forenam'd Score,

485 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in Prospect of the Mansion:
Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his Glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, fome

- To try or use our Art are come:

 The one's the learned Knight; seek out,

 And pump'em what they come about.

 Whachum advanc'd with all Submissivess

 T' accost 'em, but much more their Bus'ness:
- From Leathern Bare-bones did alight;
 And taking from his Hand the Bridle,
 Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle:
 He gave him first the Time o' th' Day,
- Goo And welcom'd him, as he might fay:

 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither

 Their Bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, hither.

 Did you not lose?—Quoth Ralpho, nay;

 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your Way!
- Your Knight—Quoth Ralpho, is a Lover,
 And Pains intol'rable doth fuffer:
 For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,
 Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and fo forth downwards:
 What time?—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
- Quoth he, I mean what time o the Day 'tis; Quoth Ralpho, between feven and eight 'tis. Why then (quoth Whachum) my fmall Art Tells me the Dame has a hard Heart;

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S15 Or great Estate — Quoth Ralph, a Jointure, Which makes him have so hot a Mind t' her. Mean while the Knight was making Water, Before he fell upon the Matter; Which having done, the Wizard steps in,

520 To give him suitable Reception;
But kept his Bus'ness at a Bay,
Till Whachum put him in the Way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's Light,
Expounded th' Errand of the Knight;

To whisper in the Conj'rer's Ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these Gentlemen arriv'd?

In Opposition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly Stars
T' allay th Effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha? quoth Whachum, No:

One tenth of's Circle to a Minute,
'Tis well, quoth he. — Sir, you'll excuse
This Rudeness I am forc'd to use,
It is a Scheme and Face of Heaven,

I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd, but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, if I appear
Unfeafonable in coming here

545 At fuch a Time, to interrupt Your Speculations, which I hop'd

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Affiftance from, and come to use, 'Tis fit that I ask your Excuse.

By no Means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,

I did expect you here, and knew
Before you spake your Bus'ness too.

Quoth *Hudibras*, make that appear, And I shall credit whatsoe'er

You tell me after on your Word, Howe'er unlikely, or abfurd.

You are in Love, Sir, with a Widow, Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you, And for three Years sh' has rid your Wit

560 And Passion, without drawing Bit:
And now your Bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, you're in the right, But how the Devil you came by't

- I can't imagine; for the Stars
 I'm fure can tell no more than Horse;
 Nor can their Aspects (tho' ye pore
 Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
 Than th' Oracle of Sieve and Shears;
- 570 That turns as certain as the Spheres:
 But if the Devil's of your Council,
 Much may be done, by noble Donzel;
 And 'cis on his Account I come
 To know from you my fatal Doom.

575 Quoth Sidrophel, if you suppose, Sir Knight, that I am one of those, I might suspect, and take th' Alarm, Your Bus'ness is but to inform; But if it be 'tis ne'er the near, -

For I affure you, for my Part,
I only deal by Rules of Art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of Astrology:

But for the Dev'l, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your Metonymy:

Your Words of fecond-hand Intention,

The mystick Sense of all your Terms,
That are indeed but Magick Charms,
To raise the Devil, and mean one Thing,
And that is down-right Conjuring:

Than Cheat, or Canting to a Rabble,
Or putting Tricks upon the Moon,
Which by Confed'racy are done.
Your ancient Conjurers were wont

And to their Incantations stoop;
They scorn'd to pore thro' Telescope,
Or idly play at Bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair Weather,

605 Which ev'ry Almanack can tell
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you your felf—Then, Friend, I doubt
You go the farthest Way about:

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Your Modern Indian Magician

- And straight resolves all Questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.

 The Rosy-Crucian Way's more sure
 To bring the Devil to their Lure;
- To catch Intelligences in.
 Some by the Nose with Fumes trapan 'em,
 As Dunstan did the Devil's Grannum;
 Others with Character and Words
- 620 Catch 'em, as Men in Nets do Birds;
 And fome with Symbols, Signs, and Tricks,
 Engrav'd in Planetary Nicks,
 With their own Infl'ences will fetch 'em
 Down from their Orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
- 625 Make 'em depose and answer to
 All Questions, e're they let them go.
 Bumbastus kept a Devil's Bird
 Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
 That taught him all the cunning Pranks
 630 Of past and suture Mountebanks.

609 Your Modern Indian, &c. This compendious new Way of Magick is affirm'd by Monsieur Le Blanc (in his Travels) to be us'd in the East-Indies

627 Bumbaftus kept, &c.] Paracelfus is faid to have kept a small Devil Prisoner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the Reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink: Howsever, it was to better Purpose than Hamibal carried Poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprized in any great Extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Your

Kelly did all his Feats upon The Devil's Looking-Glass a Stone, Where playing with him at Bo-Peep, He solv'd all Problems ne'er so deep.

635 Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug I' th' Garb and Habit of a Dog, That was his Tutor, and the Cur Read to th' occult Philosopher, And taught him fubt'ly to maintain

640 All other Sciences are vain. To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh! Sir, Agrippa was no Conjurer, Nor Paracelsus, no nor Behmen; Nor was the Dog a Cacodæmon,

645 But a true Dog that would flew Tricks For th' Emperor, and leap o'er Sticks; Would fetch and carry, was more civil Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil; And whatfoe'er he's faid to do,

650 He went the felf-same Way we go. As for the Rofy-Crofs Philosophers, Whom you will have to be but Sorcerers, What they pretend to, is no more Than Trifinegiftus did before,

655 Pythagoras, old Zoroafter, And Apollonius their Master :

635 Agrippa kept, &c] Corne ins Agrippa had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some Tricks he was wont to do, teyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of Magia Adamica has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from the Aspersion; in which he has shewn a very great Respect and Kindness for them both.

To whom they do confess they owe All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't t'us,

- 660 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus, If it be Nonsense, false, or mystick, Or not intelligible, or fopbistick? 'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author, That makes Truth Truth, altho' Time's Daughter;
- 665 'Twas he that put her in the Pit, Before he pull'd her out of it; And as he eats his Sons, just fo He feeds upon his Daughters too: Nor does it follow, 'cause a Herald
- 670 Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old, To be descended of a Race Of ancient Kings, in a small Space; That we should all Opinions hold Authentick, that we can make old.
- Quoth Sidrophel, it is no Part 675 Of Prudence to cry down an Art; And what it may perform, deny Because you understand not why. (As Averrhoes play'd but a mean Trick,
- 680 To damn our whole Art for Eccentrick) For who knows all that Knowledge contains? Men dwell not on the Tops of Mountains, But on their Side, or rifing's Seat; So 'tis with Knowledge's vast Height.
- 685 Do not the Hist ries of all Ages Relate miraculous Prefages

679 As Averrhoes, &c 1 Averrhoes Astronomiam propter Excontricos contempsis. I hal Melancthon in Elem. Phil. p. 781.

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Of strange Turns in the World's Affairs Foreseen b' Astrologers, Soothsayers, Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,

- 690 And some that have writ Almanacks?

 The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter Had pist all Asia under Water,

 And that a Vine, sprung from her Hanches,

 O'erspread his Empire with its Branches:
- And did not Sooth fayers expound it,
 As after by th' Event he found it?
 When Cæ far in the Senate fell,
 Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
 And, in Resentment of his Slaughter,
- Augustus having b' Oversight
 Put on his lest Shoe 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that Day
 By Soldiers mutin'ing for Pay.
- 705 Are there not Myriads of this fort,
 Which Stories of all Times report?
 Is it not om'nous in all Countries,
 When Crows and Ravens croak upon Trees?

691 The Median Emp'ror dreams his Daughter, &c] Assassis, King of Media, had this Dream of his Daughter Mandane, and the Interpretation from the Magi; wherefore he married her to a Persian of a mean Quality, by whom she had Grus, who conquer'd all Asia, and translated the Empire from the Medes to the Persians. Herodot, 1.1.

697 When Cæsar, &c] Finnt aliquando predigiosi, & longiores Solis Desetlus, quales occiso Casare Dillatore & Antoniano Bello, totius An-

ni Palóre continuo. Plin.
701 Augustus having, &c.] Divus Augustus lavum sibi prodidit
calceum prapostere indusum, quo die seditione Militum prope affishus est.
Idem 4. 2.

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The Roman Senate, when within

- 710 The City Walls an Owl was feen,
 Did cause their Clergy, with Lustrations,
 (Our Synod calls Humiliations)
 The round-fac'd Prodigy t' avert,
 From doing Town and Country Hurt.
- 715 And if an Owl have so much Pow'r,
 Why should not Planets have much more;
 That in a Region far above
 Inserior Fowls of th' Air move,
 And should see farther, and foreknow
- 720 More than their Augury below?

 Tho' that once ferv'd the Polity

 Of mighty States to govern by;

 And this is what we take in Hand

 By pow'rful Art to understand;
- 725 Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages Can speak th' Events of our Presages; Have we not lately, in the Moon, Found a New World, to th' Old unknown? Discover'd Sea and Land, Columbus
- 730 And Magellan cou'd never compass?

 Made Mountains with our Tubes appear,
 And Cattle grazing on 'em there?

 Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
 That I, without a Telescope,

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735 Can find your Tricks out, and descry
Where you tell Truth, and where you Lie:

709 The Roman Senate, &c.] Romani Le Crasso & C. Mario Coss. Butone viso orbem lustrai ant.

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Saw Hills, as well as you, i' th' Moon:
And held the Sun was but a Piece

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740 Of Red-hot Iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the Heav'ns were made of Stone,
Because the Suu had voided one:
And, rather than he would recant
Th' Opinion, suffer'd Banishment.

745 But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i'th' Moon Men thus or thus
Do eat their Porridge, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?
What Trade from thence can you advance,

What can our Travellers bring Home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What Politicks, or strange Opinions,
That are not in our own Dominions?

755 What Science can be brought from thence, In which we do not here commence? What Revelations, or Religions, That are not in our native Regions? Are sweating Lanthorns, or Screen-Fans,

760 Made better there, than they're in France?
Or do they teach to fing and play
On the Gittar a newer Way?
Can they make Plays there that shall fit
The publick Humour with less Wit?

737 For Anaxagoras, &c.] Anaxagoras affirmal at Solem candens Ferrum esse, & Pel ponneso majorem: Lunam Habitacula in se kabere, & Colles, & Val'es Ferrur dixisse Colum omne ex Lapid bas esse compositum; Damaatus & in exilium pulsis est, quod impie Solem candentem luminam esse dixisset. Diogen. Lacrt. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

- 765 Write wittier Dances, quainter Shows,
 Or fight with more ingenious Blows?
 Or does the Man i' th' Moon look big,
 And wear a huger Perriwig,
 Shew in his Gaite, or Face, more Tricks
- Than our own Native Lunaticks?

 But if we out-do him here at Home,
 What Good of your Design can come?

 As Wind i' th' Hypocondries pent,
 Is but a Blast if downward sent;
- But if it upward chance to fly,
 Becomes new Light and Prophefy:
 So when your Speculations tend
 Above their just and useful End,
 Altho' they promise strange and great
- 780 Discoveries of things far fet,

 They are but idle Dreams and Fancies,
 And savour strongly of the Ganzas.

 Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cause,
 Why on a Sign no Painter draws
- 785 The Full-Moon ever, but the Half; Refolve that with your Jacob's Staff; Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her, And Dogs howl when she shines in Water; And I shall freely give my Vote,
- 790 You may know something more remote?

 At this, deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
 And staring round with Owl-like Eyes,
 He put his Face into a Posture
 Of Sapience, and began to bluster:
- 795 For having three times shook his Head To stir his Wit up, thus he said,

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820 And Lovers folacing behind Doors, Or giving one another Pledges Of Matrimony under Hedges? Or Witches fimpling, and on Gibbets Cutting from Malefactors Snippets?

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825 Or from the Pill ry Tips of Ears Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers? Only to stand by, and look on, But not know what is faid or done? Is there a Constellation there,

- 830 That was not born and bred up here?
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior Concern.
 Were they not, during all their Lives,
 Most of 'em Pyrates, Whores and Thieves?
- 835 And is it like they have not still
 In their old Practices some Skill?
 Is there a Planet that by Birth
 Does not derive its House from Earth?
 And therefore probably must know
- 840 What is, and hath been done below;
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
 Did not we here the Argo rig,
 Make Berenice's Perriswig?
- 845 Whose Liv'ry does the Coachman wear?
 Or who made Cassiopeia's Chair?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold Intelligence.
 Plate deny'd, the World can be
- 650 Govern'd without Geometry;
 (For Money b'ing the common Scale
 Of Things by Measure, Weight, and Tale;
 In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
 'Tis both the Balance and the Weight:)
- Divine Aftrology made out;
 That puts the other down in Worth,
 As far as Heav'n's above the Earth.

These Reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant

60 Are fomething more fignificant

Than any that the Learned use Upon this Subject to produce; And yet they're far from satisfactory, T' establish, and keep up your Factory.

Shifted his Setting and his Rife:

Twice has he rifen in the West,

As many times set in the East;

But whether that be true or no,

870 The Devil any of you know.

Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up;
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the Ground:

875 As fage Empedocles of old,
And from him Modern Authors hold.
Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.
Some Mercury, fome Venus feat

880 Above the Sun himself in Height. The learned Scaliger complain'd 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,

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365 Th' Egyptians say, &c.] Egyptii decem millia Annorum è amplius recensent; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata sa Loca Ortuum & Occasum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc ceciait bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. pag. 60.

871 Some Lold the Heavens, &c.] Causa quare Calum non cadit (se cundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui moins. Comment. in L.2 Aristot. de Cœlo.

877 Plato believ'd, &c.] Plato Solem & Lunam careris Thuni

inseriores esse putavit. G. Ginnin in Cotimog. L. 1. p. 11. 881 'The learned Scaliger, &c.] Copernicus in Libris Revals tionem, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici noble pessione That in twelve hundred Years and odd, The Sun had left its ancient Road,

- And nearer to the Earth is come
 'Bove fifty thousand Miles from Home:
 Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
 And he that had so little Shame
 'Γο vent such Fopperies abroad,
- Which Monfieur Bodin hearing, swore That he deserv'd the Rod much more, That durst upon a Truth give Doom, He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
- 895 Cardan believ'd great States depend
 Upon the Tip o' th' Bear's Tail's End;
 That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
 Strow'd mighty Empires up and down:
 Which others say must needs be false,
- goo Because your true Bears have no Tails.

 Some say the Zodiack Constellations

 Have long since chang'd their antique Stations

 Above a Sign, and prove the same

 In Taurus now, once in the Ram:
 - 705 Affirm the Trigons chop'd and chang'd, The Watry with the Fiery rang'd,

mpicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apsida Torris esse propiorem, nam Ptolem i atate duodecim partibus, i C. uno & triginta terra semiiumetris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

805 Cardan believ'd, &c. Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda blices seu Majoris Vrsa omne magnum Imperium pendere. Idem p.

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Then how can their Effects still hold To be the same they were of old? This, tho' the Art were true, would make

- Our modern Sooth Jayers mistake:
 And is one Cause they tell more Lies,
 In Figures and Nativities,
 Than th' old Chaldean Conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand Years;
- 915 Beside their Nonsense in translating,
 For want of Accidence and Latin,
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, Englisht
 The Quarter-Day by skilful Linguist:
 And yet with Canting, Slight and Cheat,
- 920 'Twill ferve their turn to do the Feat:

 Make Fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of Things before they are in Being;
 To swallow Gudgeons e're they're catch'd;
 And count their Chickens, e're they're hatch'd;
- 925 Make them the Constellations prompt,
 And give 'em back their own Accompt;
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best Price for't, or best believes.
 Some Towns, and Cities, some for Brevity
- 930 Have cast the 'versal World's Nativity;
 And made the Infant-Stars confess,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden Fates
 Of Monkeys, Puppy-Dogs, and Cats:

913 Than th' old Chaldean, &c.] Chaldai factant se quadringina septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque sucrosum Animis posuisse. Cicero.

Some Running-Nags, and Fighting-Cocks, Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox: Some take a Measure of the Lives Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives; Make Opposition, Trine and Quartile,

O40 Tell who is Barren, and who Fertile;
As if the Planet's first Aspect
The tender Infant did infect
In Soul and Body, and instil
All future Good, and future Ill:

945 Which in their dark Fatal'ties lurking,
At destin'd Periods fall a working;
And break out, like the hidden Seeds
Of long Diseases, into Deeds,
In Friendships, Enmitties, and Strife,

No fooner does he peep into
The World, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all Difeafes, took all Physick
That cures or kills a Man that is fick;

Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a Star
Between a Man of Peace and War;
A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,

A huffing Officer, and a Sluve;
A crafty Lawyer, and Pick-pocket,
A great Philosopher, and a Block-head;
A formal Preacher, and a Player,
A learn'd Physician, and Manslayer.

% As if Men from the Stars did suck Old Age, Diseases, and Ill-luck,

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Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice, Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice; And draw with the first Air they breathe,

970 Battle, and Murder, sudden Death.
Are not these fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here among the Rabble,
For staple Goods and warrantable?

975 Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd, In th' other *World* to be reftor'd?

Quoth *Sidrophel*, to let you know You wrong the *Art*, and *Artifts* too, Since Arguments are lost on those

980 That do our *Principles* oppose; I will (altho' I've done't before) Demonstrate to your Sense once more, And draw a *Figure* that shall tell you, What you, perhaps, forget besel you,

985 By way of *Horary* Inspection,
Which some account our worst *Erection*.
With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,
With *Cyphers*, *Astral Characters*;
Then looks'em o'er to understand 'em,

Ogo Altho' fet down Hab-nab, at random.

Quoth he, this Scheme o' th' Heavens fet,
Discovers how in Fight you met
At Kingston with a May-Pole Idol,
And that y' were bang'd both Back and Side well,

975 Like Money, &c.] Druida pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9. 995 And tho' you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;
Where sturdy Butchers broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a Fop Doodle.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive

That Palt'ry Story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat fuch Gulls as you.

Not true? quoth he, Howe'er you vapour,

I can what I affirm make appear;

And prove he was upon the Place:
He play'd the Saltinbancho's Part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my Art;
He stole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,

1010 Chous'd and caldees'd ye like a Blockhead,
And what you loft I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' House.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe

That Argument's demonstrative;

1015 Ralpho, bear Witness, and go fetch us
A Constable to seize the Wretches:
For tho' they're both false Knawes and Cheats,
Impostors, Jugglers, Counterfeits,

1001 That paltry Story, &c] There was a notorious I diot (that ishere describ'd by the Name and Character of VVhachum) who counterseited a Second Part of Hudibras, as untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made a Shift to stand on the Pillory, for forging other Mens Hands, as his Fellow VVhachum no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggel, this Story of Hudibras and a French Mountebank at Brentful Fair, is as properly described.

well.

it in po-

I'll make them ferve for Perpendic'lars,

They're guilty by their own Confessions
Of Felony, and at the Sessions
Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,
That the Vibration of this Pendulum

1025 Shall make all Taylors Yards of one Unanimous Opinion:

A Thing he long has vapour'd of, But now shall make it out by Proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt

Nor have I hazarded my Art,
And Neck, fo long on the State's Part,
To be expos'd i' th' End to fuffer,
By fuch a Braggadocio Huffer.

1035 Huffer, quoth Hudibras, this Sword
Shall down thy false Throat cram that Word.

of a Pendulum, was intended to fettle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by swinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating (by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any Part of Time compute the exact Length of any String that must necessarily vibrate into so much Space of Time: So that if a Man should ask in China for a Quarter of an Hour of Sattin, or Tasata, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all Mankind learn a new Way to measure Things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

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Ralpho, make Haste, and call an Officer, To apprehend this Stygian Sophister: Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,

Deft he and Whachum run away.

But Sidrophel, who from th' Affect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A Figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant Star,

To shun the Danger that might come on't, While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one:
This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by Chance,

That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass
To make his Way through Hudibras.

Whachum had got a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work.
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And ftoutly ftood upon his Guard:
He put by Sidrophelo's Thrust,

The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung, And laid him on the Earth along. Whachum his Sea-Coal Prong threw by, And basely turn'd his Back to sly;

As quick as Light'ning in the Breech;
Just in the Place where Honour's lodg'd,
As wise Philosophers have judg'd,

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Quoth Hudibras, the Stars determine
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretel?

That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Dispose,
To be redeem'd by Fine or Blows:
But who his Honour wou'd defile,

1080 To take, or fell, two Lives so vile?

I'll give you Quarter; but your Pillage,
The conqu'ring Warrior's Crop and Tillage,
Which with his Sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the Law of Arms allows.

This faid in Haste, in Haste he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel;
First, he expounded both his Pockets,
And found a Watch, with Rings and Lockets,
Which had been left with him t'erect

A Copper-Plate, with Almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And Black Schemes, to discover Nimmers;

And sev'ral Constellation Stones,
Engrav'd in Planetary Hours,
That over Mortals had strange Pow'rs,
To make 'em thrive in Law or Trade,

1100 And Stab or Poison to evade;

In Wit or Wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in Love.
Whachum had neither Gross nor Pile,
His Plunder was not worth the While;

- To pay for curing of his Rump.

 But Sidrophel, as full of Tricks
 As Rota-men of Politicks,

 Streight cast about to over-reach
- And make him glad (at least) to quit His Victory, and fly the Pit,

 Before the secular Prince of Darkness

 Arriv'd to seize upon his Carcass:
- Chas'd thro' Warren, casts about
 To save his Credit, and among
 Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung:
 And while the Dogs run underneath,
- Not out of Cunning; but a Train
 Of Atoms justling in his Brain,
 As learn'd Philosophers give out:
 So Sidrophelo cast about,
- To feign himself in earnest slain:
 First stretch'd out one Leg, then another,
 And seeming in his Breast to smother

1113 Before the Secular, &c.] As the Devil is the spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the secular, who governs in the Night with as great Authority as his Collegue; but far more imperiously.

A broken Sigh; quoth he, where am I,

- Thro' fo immense a Space so foon?

 But now I thought my self i' th' Moon;

 And that a Monster, with huge Whiskers,

 More formidable than a Switzer's,
- And Whachum by my Side had kill'd,
 Had cross examin'd both our Hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose;
 Look, there he is, I see him now,
- And feel the Place I am run through:
 And there lies Whachum by my Side
 Stone dead, and in his own Blood dy'd:
 Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a Groan,
 And fell again into a Swoon,
- And to the Life out-acted Death;
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as Herring.
 He held it now no longer safe,
- 1150 To tarry the Return of Ralph,

 But rather leave him in the Lurch:

 Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,

 Refus'd to give himself one Firk,

 To carry on the Publick Work;
- 1155 Despis'd our Synod-Men, like Dirt, And made their Discipline his Sport;

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Divulg'd the Secrets of their Classes, And their Conventions prov'd high Places; Disparag'd their Tythe-Pigs, as Pagan,

- Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend Parfons, to my Beard:
 For all which Scandals, to be quit
 At once, this Juncture falls out fit.
- 1165 I'll make him henceforth to beware,
 And tempt my Fury if he dare:
 He must at least hold up his Hand,
 By twelve Free-holders to be scann'd;
 Who by their Skill in Palmistry,
- And make him glad to read his Leffon,
 Or take a Turn for 't at the Seffion:
 Unless his Light and Gifts prove truer
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
- 'Tis more than he can hope to do:
 And that will disengage my Conscience
 O' th' Obligation, in his own Sense:
 I'll make him now by Force abide
- To give my Honour Satisfaction,
 And right the Brethren in the Action.
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed
 And Conduct, he approach'd his Steed,

Affay'd the lofty Beast to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his Palfry,
To get from th' Enemy, and Ralph, free:
Lest Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
1190 And beat, at least three Lengths, the Wind.





An Heroical

EPISTLE

OF

Hudibras to Sidrophel.

Ecce iterum Crispinus-

WELL, Sidrophel, the 'tis in vain To tamper with your crazy Brain, Without trepanning of your Skuil As often as the Moon's at Full;

- 5 'Tis not amiss, e're y'are giv'n o'er, To try one desp'rate Med'eine more; For where your Case can be no worse, The desp'ratest is the wisest Course. Is't possible that you, whose Ears
- 10 Are of the Tribe of Iffachar's, And might (with equal Reason) either For Merit, or Extent of Leather,

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When Folly, as it grows in Years,
30 The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be possess.
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That neither all Mens Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,

25 Nor bray'd fo often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholesome Sense and Nurture;
But (like a Reprobate) what Course
Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no Transsussion of the Blood,

Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a Way, at least,
To make your self a better Beast?

45 Can all your critical Intrigues, Of trying found for rotten Eggs;

Your

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Your sev'ral new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds and Scabs in Trees;
Your Arts of Fluxing them for Claps,

And purging their infected Saps;
Recov'ring Shankers, Crystallines,
And Nodes and Botches in the Rinds,
Have no Effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate?

To tempt your own due Punishment;
And, like your whimfy'd Chariots draw
The Boys to course you without Law;
As if the Art you have so long

60 Profest of making old Dogs young, In you, had Virtue to renew Not only Youth, but Childhood too. Can you, that understand all Books, By judging only with your Looks,

As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With folid bending of your Brows;
All Arts and Sciences advance,

70 With fcrewing of your Countenance;
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry;
Know more of any Trade by a Hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't;

75 And yet have no Art, true or false,
To help your own bad Naturals?
But still the more you strive t'appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For Fools are known by looking wise,

80 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.

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And put among his Wants but Shame, To all the World may lay his Claim: Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born

With greater Ease than publick Scorn,

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PART II. of Hudibras to Sidrophel.

That all Affronts do still give Place
To your impenetrable Face;
That makes your Way through all Affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and Brass,

120 You must not think 'twill always pass;
For all Impostors, when they're known,
Are past their Labour, and undone.
And all the best that can besal
An artisicial Natural.

125 Is that which Mad-men find, as foon
As once they're broke loose from the Moon,
And Proof against her Influence,
Relapse to e'er so little Sense,
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects sit
130 For Sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.



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HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last PART.

By the Author of the FIRST and SECOND.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIX.'

The Third believes be Surveyed Bune books MITTING SMOJEKTOWN

A A 3 F



HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last PART.

The ARGUMENT of
The FIRST CANTO.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce,
They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.

CANTO I.

T IS true, no Lover has that Pow'r T' enforce a desperate Amour,

As he that has two Strings to's Bow,

And burns for Lowe and Money too;

For then he's brave and resolute,

Disdains to render in his Suit,

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Has all his Flames and Raptures double, And hang or drown with half the trouble; While those that fillily pursue

Make as unlucky Applications,
And steer against the Streams their Passions:
Some forge their Mistresses of Stars;
And when the Ladies prove averse,

Than by Caligula the Moon,

Cry out upon the Stars for doing

Ill Offices, to cross their woing;

When only by themselves they're hindred,

And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
The Damsels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd
To gain a soft and gentle Bride?

25 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In purling Streams or Hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elyfium,
'Thro' th' Windows of a dazling Room?
But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,

This to the Knight could be no News,
With all Mankind so much in use;
Who therefore took the wifer Course,
To make the most of his Amours,

Rome, Son of Germanicus and Agripp na. He would needs pass for a God, and had the Heads of the ancient Statues of the Gods taken off, and his own placed on in their Stead, and used to stand between the Statues of Castor and Pollux to be worshipped; and often bragg'd of lying with the Moon.

Resolv'd

35 Resolv'd to try all forts of Ways, As follows in due Time and Place.

No fooner was the bloody Fight,
Between the Wizzard and the Knight,
With all th' Appurtenances over

With all th' Appurtenances, over,

As he was always wont to do
When h' had difcomfited a Foe;
And us'd the only Antique Philters
Deriv'd from old Heroic Tilters.

But now triumphant and victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For fuch a Conqueror to meddle
With Petty Constable, or Beadle;
Or fly for Refuge to the Hosels,

of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, Justice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
To th' Ordeal Tryal of the Laws;
Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot Irons have past bare-banded;

And if they cannot read one Verse

I' th' Pfalms, must fing it, and that's worse.

He therefore judging it below him,

To tempt a Shame the Devil might own him,

Resolv'd to leave the 'Squire for Bail

60 And Maintrize for him, to the Gaol,

43 And us'd, &c.] Philters were Love Potions reported to be much in Request in former Ages; but our true Knight-Errant Hero made use of no other, but what his noble Archievements by his Sword produced.

52 To th' Ordeal, &c.] Ordeal Tribes were, when supposed fiminals, to discover their Innocence, went over several redhot Coulter Irons. These were generally such whose Chastity

was fuspected, as the Vestal Virgins, &c.

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80 Demand Deliv'ry of her Heart, Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces, And Person, up to his Embraces. Thought he, the ancient Errant Knights Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights:

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85 And cut whole Giants into Fritters, To put them into am'rous Twitters; Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield, Until their Gallants were half kill'd: But when their Bones were drub'd fo fore,

90 They durft not woo one Combat more, The Ladies Hearts began to melt, Subdu'd by Blows their Lovers felt.

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So Spanish Heroes with their Lances,
At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies:

- Of And he acquires the noblest Spouse

 That widows greatest Herds of Cows;

 Then what may I expect to do,

 Who've quell'd so vast a Buffalo?

 Mean while the Squire was on his Way,
- The Knight's late Orders to obey:

 Who fent him for a ftrong Detachment
 Of Beadle, Conftable, and Watchmen,
 T'attack the Cunning-man, for Plunder
 Committed falfly on his Lumber;
- The Enemy, had done the Fact,
 Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
 Of Gimeracks, Whims, and Jiggumbobs,
 Which he by Hook or Crook had gather'd,
- And for his own Inventions father'd:
 And when they shou'd, at Gaol Deliv'ry,
 Unriddle one another's Thiev'ry,
 Both might have Evidence enough,
 To render either Halter-proof:
- And venture to be accessary:

 But rather wisely slip his Fetters,

 And leave them for the Knight, his Betters.

 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul Play
 - 120 He would have offer'd him that Day.
 - 93 So Spanish Heroes, &c.] The young Spaniards fignalized their Valour before the Spanish Ladies at Bull Feasts, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild Bull, kept up on purpose, and let loose at the Combatant, and he that kills most carries the Laurel, and dwells high an the Ladies Favour.

But e're the Knight could do his Part, The Squire had got so much the Start, H' had to the Lady done his Errand, And told her all his Tricks afore-hand. Just as he finish'd his Report,

150 The Knight alighted in the Court;

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137 To pawn, &c.] His exterior Ears were gone before, and fo out of Danger; but by inward Ears is here meant his Confcience. And

And having ty'd his Beaft t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to Stale,
He put his Band and Beard in Order,
The fprucer to accost and board her,

- 155 And now began t' approach the Door,
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' Informer out of Sight,
 And went to entertain the Knight;
 With whom encount'ring after Longees
- 160 Of humble and submissive Congees,
 And all due Ceremonies paid,
 He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said:
 Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
 Honour the Shadow of your Shooe-tye:
- And now am come, to bring your Ear
 A Present you'll be glad to hear;
 At least I hope so. The Thing's done,
 Or may I never see the Sun;
 For which I humbly now demand
- And that you'd please to do your Part,
 As I have done mine to my Smart.

 With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,
 As if he selt his Shoulders ake.
- 175 But she who well enough knew what (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The Mystery of what he mean'd:
 And therefore wish'd him to expound
- 180 His dark Expressions less profound.

 Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your Love,
 Which (like your Votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd Skin:

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And when they pawn and damn their Souls,

They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.

For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,

They may b' accountable in all.

For when there is that Intercourse

Between divine and human Pow'rs.

- 225 That all that we determine here
 Commands Obedience ev'ry where;
 When Penalties may be commuted
 For Fines, or Ears, and executed;
 It follows, nothing binds fo fast
- 230 As Souls in Pawn, or Mortgage past:

 For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales

 Of right and wrong, and true and false:

 And there's no other Way to try

 The Doubts of Law and Justice by.
- 235 (Quoth she) what is it you wou'd swear?
 There's no believing till I hear:
 For till they're understood, all Tales
 (Like Nonsense) are not true nor false.
 (Quoth be) When I resolv'd t' obey
- 240 What you commanded t' other Day,
 And to perform my Exercise,
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes:
 T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
 I went to do't upon the Place.
- But as the Castle is inchanted
 By Sidrophel the Witch, and haunted
 With evil Spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two;
 Before I'd hardly Time to lay

250 My Weapons by, and difarray,

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252 Loud as, &c.] A Speaking Trum et, by which the Voice may be heard at a very great Diffance, very useful at Sea.
276 As if th' had, &c.] This alludes to some abject Letchers, who used to be disciplined with amorous Lastes by their Mistresses.

In Raptures of *Platonick* Lashing, And chaste contemplative Bardashing:

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When facing hastily about,

- 280 To stand upon my Guard and Scout, I found th' infernal Cunning-man, And th' Under-witch, his Caliban, With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd, That on my outward Quarters storm'd.
- 285 In Haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,
 And gave the hellish Rage a Stop;
 Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
 Couragiously on Sidrophel:
 Who now transform'd himself t'a Bear,
- 290 Began to roar aloud, and tear;
 When I was furiously press'd on,
 My Weapon down his Throat to run,
 Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a Goose,
- 295 Div'd under Water in a Pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I fought him; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,
- 300 His Under-Sorcerer t' engage.
 But bravely fcorning to defile
 My Sword with feeble Blood and vile;
 I judg'd it better from a QuickSet Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
- Till in a harsh and doleful Tone
 It roar d, O hold for Pity, Sir:
 I am too great a Sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,
- 310 But conjur'd int' a worfe Caprich: Who fends me out on many a Jaunt, Old Houses in the Night to haunt,

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y their When For Opportunities t' improve Defigns of Thievery or Love;

- 315 With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat, All Feats of Witches counterfeit. Kill Pigs and Geefe with powder'd Glass, And make it for Inchantment pass; With Cow-Itch meazle like a Leper,
- 320 And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper; Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry Commit fantastical Advowtry; Bewitch Hermetick-men to run Stark staring mad with Manicon;
- 325 Believe mechanick Virtuofi Can raise 'em Mountains in Potofi; And fillier than the antique Fools, Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals: Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
- 330 To quack of universal Cures; With Figures ground on Panes of Glass, Make People on their Heads to pass: And mighty Heaps of Coin increase, Reflected from a fingle Piece:

323 Tewitch Hermetick-men, &c.] Hermes Trismegistus, an Ægyptian Philosopher, and said to have liv'd Anno Mundi 2076. in the Reign o Ninus, after Mofes. He was a wonderful Philoto, her, and proved that there was but one God, the Cfeator of all Things; and was the Author o feveral most excellent and useful inventions; but those Hermetick-men here mention'd, tho' the pretended Sectators of this great Man, are nothing elfe but a wild an ! extravagant fort o. Enthufiafts, who make a Hodge-podge o' Feligion and Philipply, and produce nothing but what is the Object of every confidering Person's Contempt.

326 Po. of Potofi is a City of Teru, the Mountains whereof afford great Quantities of the finest Silver in all the Indies.

360

Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When lefs Delinquents have been fcourg'd,

340 And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd, Which others for Cravats have worn About their Necks, and took a Turn.

I pity'd the sad Punishment The wretched Caitiff underwent,

Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they flash, and cut to Pieces,

Their Horses never give a Blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him
About the Witch with many a Question.

A kind of Broking-trade in Love.
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust,
Of feeble, speculative Lust;
Procurer to th' Extravagancy

360 And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,
By those the Devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b'ing a Virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,

365 He held his Talent most Adroit
For any mystical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prices three to one.

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CANTO I. PART III. 250 For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds 370 Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bawds But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet) Is not fo flight a thing to get; For those that do his Bus'ness best, In Hell are us'd the ruggedest; 375 Before so meriting a Person Cou'd get a Grant, but in Reversion, He ferv'd two Prenticeships, and longer, I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-monger. For (as some write) a Witch's Ghost, 380 As foon as from the Body loos'd, Becomes a Puny-Imp it felf, And is another's Witch's Elf. He after fearthing far and near, At length found out in Lancasbire. 385 With whom he bargain'd before-hand, And, after hanging, entertain'd. Since which h' has play'd a thousand Feats, And practis'd all mechanick Cheats: Transform'd himfelf to th' ugly Shapes 390 Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes; Which he has vary'd more than Witches, Or Pharaoh's Wizards cou'd their Switches; And all with whom h' has had to do, Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too. 395 Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd, And to this beaftly Shape reduc'd, By feeding me on Beans and Peafe, He crams in nasty Crevices, And turns to Comforts by his Arts, 400 To make me Relish for Disserts, And one by one with Shame and Fear Befides Lick up the candy'd Provender.

Befides—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,

- And told him now 'twas time to hear;
 If half those things (faid she) be true,
 (They're all (quoth he) I swear by you)
 Why then (said she) that Sidrophel
- Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag And Hackney of a Lapland Hag, In quest of you came hither Post, Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most;
- Who told me all you swear and say,
 Quite contrary another Way;
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know
 If you shou'd carry me or no;
 And would have hir'd him and his Imps
- To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
 T' engage the Devil on your Side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your Bride.
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a Design and base,
- And drew upon him like a Ruffin;
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before h' had time to mount the Guard;
 And left him dead upon the Ground,
- 430 With many a Bruise and desp'rate Wound: Swore you had broke, and robb'd his House, And stole his *Talismanique* Louse, And all his new-found old Inventions, With slat felonious Intentions,
- 435 Which he could bring out, where he had, And what he brought them for, and paid;

His

His Flea, his Morpion, and Punese, H' had gotten for his proper Ease, And all in perfect Minutes made,

- 440 By th' ablest Artist of the Trade;
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost;
 And altogether might amount
 To many Hundreds on Account:
- To feize the Malefactors Errant,
 Without Capacity of Bail,
 But of a Cart's or Horfe's Tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
- Which modern Virtuoso's fay,
 Incline to Hanging ev'ry Way.
 Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true
 That e're he went in quest of you,
- 455 He fet a Figure to discover

 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;

 And found it clear, that, to betray

 Your selves and me, you fled this Way;

 And that he was upon Pursuit,
- 450 To take you fomewhere hereabout.

 He vow'd he had Intelligence

 Of all that past before and fince:

 And found, that e're you came to him,

 Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,
- 465 About a Case of tender Conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own Sense;
 Till Ralpho, by his Light and Grace,
 Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case;
 And prov'd that you might swear and own
 470 Whatever's by the Wicked done.

For

For which, most basely to requite The Service of his Gift and Light, You strove t' oblige him by main Force, To scourge his Ribs instead of yours;

And all your Vapouring out-dar'd;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight

480 Turn'd th' Outside of his Eyes to white,
(As Men of inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:

485 Held up his Affidavit-Hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Cast towards the Door a ghastly Look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke.
Madam, if but one Word be true

of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one fingle Circumstance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
This Vessel, that is all your own;

These Reliques of your constant Lover.
You have provided well, quoth she,
(I thank you) for your self and me;
And shewn your Presbyterian Wits

A most compendious Way, and civil,
At once to cheat the World and Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your selves and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.

Why

Your plighted Faith (quoth be) and Word

You past in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd.
And if 'tis counted Treason here
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.

Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n,
And that's the Reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two things that naturally press

Too narrowly, to be at Ease.
Their Bus'ness there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too gen'rous to abide
To be against its Nature ty'd:

For where 'tis of it felf inclin'd,
It breaks loofe when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, its Harbourer,
Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,
Disdains against its Will to stay,

And therefore never can comply
T'endure the Matrimonial Tie,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;

565 Like Roman Gaolers, when they flept, Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept. Of which the true and faithfull'st Lover Gives best Security, to suffer. Marriage is but a Beast, some say,

570 That carries double in foul Way; And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd It should so suddenly be tir'd:

Your

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A Bargain

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630

- She is not bound to justify,

 Nor at her proper Cost and Charge

 Maintain the Feats he does at large.

 Such hideous Sots were those obedient
- To give the Cheats the eldest Hand
 In foul Play, by the Laws o' th' Land;
 For which so many a legal Cuckold
 Has been run down in Courts and truckl'd.
- 615 A Law that most unjustly yokes
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noaks,
 Without Distinction of Degree,
 Condition, Age, or Quality;
 Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
- 620 Nor valuable Confideration,
 Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
 Of Judgment past for better or worse;
 Will not allow the Privileges
 That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
- 625 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead Horses
 Their spiritual Judges of Divorces;
 While nothing else but Rem in Re
 Can set the proudest Wretches free;
 A Slavery beyond enduring,
- 630 But that 'tis of their own procuring:
 As Spiders never feek the Fly,
 But leave him, of himfelf, t' apply;
 So Men are by themfelves betray'd,
 To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
- 635 And run their Necks into a Noose, They'd break 'em after, to break loose.

As fome whom Death would not depart, Have done the Feat themselves by Art. Like *Indian* Widows, gone to Bed

- And Men as often dangled for't

 And yet will never leave the Sport.

 Nor do the Ladies want Excuse

 For all the Stratagems they use.
- 645 To gain th' Advantage of the Set,
 And lurch the am'rous Rook and Cheat.
 For as the Pythagorean Soul
 Runs through all Beafts, and Fish, and Fowl,
 And has a Smack of ev'ry one;
- 650 So Love does, and has ever done.

 And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er fo fond,
 Takes strangely to the Vagabond.

 'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
 Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,
- As Ir'n in Greenland does the Touch;
 Melts in the Furnace of Defire,
 Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
 And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
- 660 Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

639 Like Indian Widows, &c.] The Indian Women richly attir'd, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral Pile, where the Bodies of their deceased Husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as resuse, their Virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the urmost Contempt.

647 For as the Pythagorean, &c.] It was the Opinion of Tythagoras and his Followers, that the Soul transmigrated (as they term'd it) into all the diverse Species of Animals, and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their

different Natures and Constitutions.

For

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For when he's with Love-Powder laden, And prim'd and cock'd by Mifs, or Madam, The smallest Sparkle of an Eye Gives Fire to his Artillery;

- And off the loud Oaths go, but while
 They're in the very Act, recoil.
 Hence 'tis, fo few dare take their Chance
 Without a fep'rate Maintenance:
 And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
- Or if they do, before they marry,
 The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry;
 And e're they venture on a Stream,
 Know how to size themselves and them.
- 675 Whence witti'st Ladies always chuse
 To undertake the heaviest Goose.
 For now the World is grown so wary,
 That sew of either Sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on Tick t' Amours,
- 680 The Cross and Pile for Bett'r or Worse:
 A Mode that is held honourable
 As well as French, and fashionable.
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
- 685 In Soul and Body to unite, To make up one Hermaphrodite: Still amorous, and fond, and billing, Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling, Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
- 690 Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
 More petulant Extravagances,
 Than Poets make 'em in Romances,
 Tho' when their Heroes 'fpouse their Dames,
 We hear no more of Charms and Flames:

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Poets, Name

- And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
 And all their Catterwauling Tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous Piques:
 Which th' Ancients wifely signify'd,
- 700 By th' yellow Mantles of the Bride;
 For Jealoufy is but a kind
 Of Clap and Crincum of the Mind,
 The natural Effects of Love,
 As other Flames and Aches prove:
- 705 But all the Mischief is, the Doubt
 On whose Account they first broke out.
 For tho' Chineses go to Bed,
 And lie in, in their Ladies Stead,
 And for the Pains they took before,
- 710 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more;
 Our Green-men do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in Labour of a Clap;
 Both lay the Child to one another:
 But who's the Father, who the Mother,
- 715 'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
 Or who imported the French Goods.
 But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,
 Which both before engag'd to own,
 And are not with their Bodies bound
- 720 To worship only when they're found, Both give and take their equal Shares. Of all they suffer by false Wares:

707 For the' Chineses, &c.] The Chinese Men of Quality, when their Wives are brought to Bed, are nurs'd and tended with as much Care as Women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing Diet, in order to qualify them for suture Services.

A Fate

CANTO I PART III.

A Fate no Lover can divert With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.

- 725 For 'tis in vain to think to guess At Women by Appearances; That paint and patch their Imperfections Of intellectual Complexions: And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes
- 730 As artificial as their Faces; Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents And Mother-wits before their Gallants; Until they're hamper'd in the Noofe, Too fast to dream of breaking loose:
- 735 When all the Flaws they strove to hide Are made unready, with the Bride, That with her Wedding-Clothes undresses Her Complaifance and Gentilesses: Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
- 740 The Government from th' easy Owner: Until the Wretch is glad to wave His lawful Right, and turn her Slave; Find all his Having and his Holding, Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding;
- 745 The conjugal Petard, that tears Down all Portcullis's of Ears. And makes the Volley of one Tongue For all their leathern Shields too ftrong; When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,
- 750 The Female Silk-worms ride the Males. Transform 'em into Rams and Goats, Like Sirens with their charming Notes,

Sweet

751 Transform them into Rams, &c.] 'The Sirens according to the Poets, were three Sea-monsters, half Women and hal. Fish, their Names were Parthenope, Ligea, and Leucosia. Their utual Residence

ality, ended hthe

ualify

Fate

Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Serenade, Or those enchanting Murmurs made

- By th' Husband Mandrake and the Wife. Both bury'd (like themselves) alive. Quoth he, these Reasons are but Strains Of wanton, over-heated Brains, Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink,
- 760 Do rather wheedle with, than think. Man was not Man in Paradife, Until he was created twice, And had his better Half, his Bride, Carv'd from th' Original, his Side,
- 765 T' amend his natural Defects, And perfect his recruited Sex; Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen The Pains and Labour of increasing, By charging them for other Cares
- 770 As by his dry'd-up Paps appears; His Body, that flupendous Frame, Of all the World the Anagram, Is of two equal Parts compact, In Shape and Symmetry exact,
- 775 Of which the Left and Female Side Is to the manly Right a Bride, Both join'd together with fuch Art, That nothing else but Death can part.

dence was about the Island of Sicily, where by the charming melody of their Voices, they us'd to detain those that heard them, and then transform'd them into some fort of bruteAnimals.

755 By th' Husband Mandrake, &c.] Naturalists report, that if a Male and Female Mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a fort of mumuring Noise.

Thole

Those heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,

- 780 And Face, that all the World furprize,
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,
 And fcorch all other Ladies tawny;
 Those ravishing and charming Graces,
 All are made up of two half Faces,
- 785 That in a mathematick Line,
 Like those in other Heavens, join,
 Of which, if either grew alone,
 'Twould fright as much to look upon.
 And so would that sweet Bud your Lip,
- 790 Without the other's Fellowship.
 Our noblest Senses act by Pairs,
 Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears;
 Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
 To wait upon the Soul design'd;
- 795 But those that serve the Body alone,
 Are single, and confin'd to one.
 The World is but two Parts, that meet,
 And close at th' Equinoctial sit;
 And so are all the Works of Nature
- 800 Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter:
 Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
 Or smallest Blade of Grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,
- In all the Wonders she produces.

 And those that take their Rules from her,

 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.

797 The World is but two Parts, &c.] The Equino Hial divides the Globe into North and South.

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Those

For

For what secures the civil Life

810 But Pawns of Children, and a Wife?
That lie, like Hostages, at Stake,
To pay for all Men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry.

815 So universal, all Mankind
In nothing else is of one Mind.
For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion;
Unless among the Amazons,

Or cloister'd Friars, and Vestal Nuns;
Or Stoicks, who, to bar the Freaks
And loose Excesses of the Sex,
Prepost'rously wou'd have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.

Tho' Men would find fuch mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
'Twou'd put them to more Charge of Lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by Wives;
Until they gaze, and wear their Clothes,

830 As Beasts do, of their native Growths:
For simple wearing of their Horns,
Will not suffice to serve their Turns.

819 Unless among the Amazons, &c] The Amazons were Women of Scythia, of heroick and great Atchievements; they suffer'd no Men to live among them; but once every Year used to have Conversation with Men'of the neighbouring Countries, by which if they had a male Child, they presently either kill'd or crippled it; but if a Female, they brought tup to the Use of Arms, and burnt off one Breast, leaving the other to suckle Girls.

For

For what can we pretend t' inherit, Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?

- \$15 Could claim no Right to Land or Rents. But for our Parents Settlements. Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth. Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth. What Honours, or Estates of Peers
- 840 Cou'd be preferv'd, but by their Heirs: And what Security maintains Their Right and Title, but the Banes? What Crowns could be hereditary, If greatest Monarchs did not marry,
- 845 And with their Conforts confummate Their weightiest Interests of State? For all th' Amours of Princes are But Guarantees of Peace or War. Or what but Marriage has a Charm.
- 850 The Rage of Empires to disarm? Make Blood and Defolation cease. And Fire and Sword unite in Peace. When all their fierce Contests for Forage Conclude in Articles of Marriage?
- 855 Nor does the Genial Bed provide Less for the Int'rests of the Bride: Who elfe had not the least Pretence T' as much as due Benevolence; Could no more Title take upon her

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For

860 To Virtue, Quality, and Honour, Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd, And Feme-Coverts t' all Mankind. All Women would be of one Piece, The virtuous Matron, and the Miss;

The

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915

- 865 The Nymphs of chafte Diana's Train. The fame with those in Lewkner's Lane, But for the Difference Marriage makes 'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes. Befides, the Joys of Place and Birth.
- 870 The Sex's Paradife on Earth; A Privilege so sacred held, That none will to their Mothers yield; But rather than not go before, Abandon Heaven at the Door.
- 875 And if th' indulgent Law allows A greater Freedom to the Spouse; The Reason is, because the Wife Runs greater Hazard of her Life; Is trusted with the Form and Matter
- 880 Of all Mankind, by careful Nature. Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff She frames the wond'rous Fabrick of: Who therefore, in a Streight, may freely Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
- 885 And make it fave her the fame Way. It feldom misses to betray. Unless both Parties wisely enter Into the Liturgy Indenture. And tho' fome Fit of small Contest
- 800 Sometimes fall out among the best;

865 The Nymph of chafte Diana's, &c.] Diana's Nymphs, all of them vowed perpetual Virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact Observation of their Vow.

866 Lewkner's Lane, | Some Years ago, fwarm'd with noto-

riously lascivious and profligate Strumpets.

877 The Reason of it is, &c.] Demanding the Clergy of Ler Bely, which, for the Reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in excuse by those who take the Liberty to oblige themselves and Friends.

That

That is no more than ev'ry Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady fuffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (fometimes) ferves t' improve.

- Is but between two Legs a Race,
 In which both do their uttermost
 To get before, and win the Post;
 Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,
- And to relieve their Wearines,

 By turns give one another Ease:

 So all those false Alarms of Strife,

 Between the Husband and the Wife,
- 905 And little Quarrels, often prove
 To be but new Recruits of Love:
 When those whi are always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are their loudest Clamours more,
- Other as they're relish'd, Sweet or Sour:
 Like Musick, that proves bad or good,
 According as 'tis understood.
 In all Amours a Lover burns,
 With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
- And Hearts have been as oft with fullen,
 As charming Looks, furpriz'd and stolen.
 Then why should more bewitching Clamour
 Some Lovers not as much enamour?
 For Discords make the sweetest Airs,
- 920 And Curses are a kind of Pray'rs;
 Too slight Alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
 For nothing else has Pow'r to settle
 The Interests of Love perpetual,

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That

Of all their Extafies and Flames.

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97

(The

For when the Money's on the Book,

of And, All my Worldly Goods—but spoke;

(The Formal Livery and Seisin
That puts a Lover in Possession)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's superseded.

And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.

For when we once resign our Pow'rs,

W' have nothing left we can call ours;

Our Money's now become the Miss,

970 Of all your Lives and Services; And we forfaken, and postpon'd, But Bawds to what before we own'd; Which as it made y' at first Gallant us, So now hires others to supplant us,

975 Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours.
For what did ever Heiress yet
By being born to Lordships, get?
When the more Lady sh' is of Manors,

980 She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects and Defigns,
And for her own Destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her Riches;
To use her as the Devil does Witches;

985 Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a Space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vassals;
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,

990 Betrays her felf, and all sh' inherits;
Is bought and fold, like stolen Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds,

(The

Until

Which others Influences long fince Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins; For which the Surgeon is unpaid,

1030 And like to be, without our Aid.

Lord! what an am'rous thing is Want!

How Debts and Mortgages inchant!

What Graces must that Lady have,

That can from Execution save!

What Charms, that can traverse Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent:
What magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire facias!
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,

These are the highest Excellencies
Of all your true or false Pretences.
And you would damn your selves, and swear
As much t' an Hostess Downger,

Of Pots of Beer, and bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your Turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would foon take Fire,

And like a Candle in the Socket,
Diffolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late, When they heard a knocking at the Gate,

The Blows grew louder still and louder.
Which Hudibras, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his inward Light,

1060 Or rather more prophetick Fright,

110

II

111

And therefore beat, and laid about, To find a Cranny to creep out. But she who saw in what a taking The Knight was by his furious quaking,

1075 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight, Know, I'm refolv'd to break no Right Of Hospitality t' a Stranger, But to fecure you out of Danger, Will here my felf stand Centinel,

272

1080 To guard this Pass 'gainst Sidrophel. Women, you know, do feldom fail, To make the floutest Men turn tail: And bravely fcorn to turn their Backs Upon the desp'ratest Attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute 1085 As Ironside, or Hardiknute; His Fortitude began to rally, And out he cry'd aloud to fally. But fhe befought him to convey 1000 His Courage rather out o' th' Way.

1086 As Ironfide or Hardiknute, &c.] Two famous and valiant Princes of this Country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane. And And lodge in Ambush on the Floor, Or fortify'd behind a Door: That if the Enemy shou'd enter, He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

- Mean while they knock'd against the Door,
 As sierce as at the Gate before;
 Which made the Renegado Knight
 Relapse again t' his former Fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay
- Till th' Enemy had forc'd his Way,
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The Lady for a fresh Reserve.
 His Duty was not to dispute,
 But what sh' had order'd execute:
- Mhich he refolv'd in Haste t' obey,
 And therefore stoutly march'd away;
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Tho' in the Dark, and all alone.
 Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,
- Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms, Had drawn him up before a Pass,
 To stand upon his Guard, and face:
 This he couragiously invaded,
 And having enter'd, Barricado'd.
- Infconc'd himfelf as formidable
 As could be underneath a Table;
 Where he lay down in Ambush close,
 T' expect th' Arrival of his Foes.
 Few Minutes he had lain perdue,
- To guard his desp'rate Avenue,
 Before he heard a dreadful Shout,
 As loud as putting to the Rout;
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fancy'd th' Enemy had storm'd.

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Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore fent out all his Senfes,
To bring him in Intelligences;
Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,

But those that trade in Geomancy,
Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy:
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.

And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortress.

And as another of the same

Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the same Cause had engag'd,

By vent'ring only but to thrust
His Head a Span beyond his Post,
B' a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a Window by th' Ears;

1145 So he was ferv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other End pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd fcorn'd to trade or barter,

They stoutly on his Quarters laid, Until his Scouts came in t' his Aid.

The Laplanders are an idolatrous Pe pie, far North; and it is very credibly reported by Au hors and Persons that have travelled in their Country, that they do persons things incredible by what is vulgarly call'd Magick.

For when a Man is past his Sense, There's no Way to reduce him thence.

- 1155 But twinging him by th' Ears and Nofe. Or laying on of beavy Blows: And if that will not do the Deed. To burning with Hot Ir'ns proceed. No fooner was he come t' himfelf.
- 1160 But on his Neck a sturdy Elf Clapp'd in a Trice his cloven Hoof. And thus attack'd him with Reproof. Mortal, thou art betray'd to us

B' our Friend, thy Evil Genius,

- 1165 Who for thy horrid Perjuries, Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lies, The Brethren's Privilege (against The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints, Has here thy wretched Carcass fent,
- 1170 For just Revenge and Punishment; Which thou hast now no Way to lessen, But by an open free Confession; For if we catch thee failing once, 'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
- What made thee venture to betray 1175 And filch the Lady's Heart away? To spirit her to Matrimony?-That which contracts all Matches, Money. It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
- 1180 That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches; That in Return wou'd pay th' Expence, The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience:

1158 To burning with, &c] An Allusion to cauterizing in Apoplexies, &c.

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CANTO I. PART III. 276 Which I cou'd have patch'd up, and turn'd For th' hundredth Part of what I earn'd. Didft thou not love her then? Speak true. 1185 No more (quoth he) than I love you. How would'ft th' have us'd her and her Money? First turn'd her up to Alimony; And laid her Dowry out in Law, To null her Jointure with a Flaw, Which I before-hand had agreed T' have put, on purpose, in the Deed; And bar her Widow's making over T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover. What made thee pick and chuse her out 1195 T' employ their Sorceries about? That which makes Gamesters play with those Who have least Wit, and most to lose. But didft thou scourge thy Vessel thus, 1200 As thou hast damn'd thy felf to us? I see you take me for an Ass: 'Tis true, I thought the Trick wou'd pass Upon a Woman well enough, As 't has been often found by Proof; 1205 Whose Humours are not to be won But when they are impos'd upon. For Love approves of all they do That stand for Candidates, and woo. Why didst thou forge those shameful Lies, Of Bears and Witches in Difguise? That is no more than Authors give The Rabble Credit to believe; A Trick of following their Leaders, To entertain their gentle Readers. And we have now no other Way Which Of paffing all we do or fay;

Which when 'tis natural and true, Will be believ'd b' a very few. Beside the Danger of Offence,

1220 The fatal Enemy of Sense.

Why didft thou chuse that cursed

Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,

Hypocrify, to set up in?

Because it is the thriving'st Calling, The only Saints-Bell that rings all in;

In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no Degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.
A Gift that is not only able

1230 To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws empower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out,
Which few hold forth against, for Fear
Their Hands should slip, and come too near;

For no Sin else among the Saints Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a House,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before

240 Endure the Plague of being poor.

2uoth he, I fee you have more Tricks
Than all our doating Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
Compar'd with your New Reformation:

That we must come to School to you, To learn your more Resin'd, and New. Quoth he, if you will give me Leave

To tell you what I now perceive, You'll find your felf an arrant Chouse,

1250 If y' were but at a Meeting-House.

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And that which was prov'd true before,

1280 Prove false again? —— Two Hundred more.

What makes the breaking of all Oaths

A holy Duty? —— Food and Cloaths.

What Laws and Freedom, Persecution? ——

B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution. What

And what would ferve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox?——Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,

1290 The most notorious of the Time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out against?
'Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:

1295 And therefore no true Saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For Saints can need no Conscience,
That with Morality dispense;
As Virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted,

But why the Wicked should do so,
We neither know, or care to do.

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What's Liberty of Conscience, I' th' natural and genuine Sense?

Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Christian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
For a large Conscience is all one,

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,
(Tho' he gives Name to our Old Nick,

That pass i' th' World for Holiness.
This said, the Furies and the Light
In th' Instant vanish'd out of Sight;

And

With Stinks of Brimstone and his own.

Rules all the Sea, and half the Land, And over moift and crazy Brains. In high Spring-tides, at Midnight reigns,

Was now declining to the West. To go to Bed, and take her Rest; When Hudibras, whose stubborn Blows Deny'd his Bones that foft Repose, Lay still expecting worse and more,

1330 Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor: And tho' he shut his Eyes as fast, As if h' had been to fleep his last, Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards Do make the Devil wear for Vizards,

And pricking up his Ears, to hark 1335 If he cou'd hear too in the Dark; Was first invaded with a Groan, And after, in a feeble Tone, These trembling Words, Unhappy Wretch,

1340 What haft thou gotten by this Fetch; Or all thy Tricks in this new Trade, Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?. By fauntring still on some Adventure, And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,

1321 The Queen of Night, &c.] The Moon influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies; and Persons

distemper'd in Mind are call'd Lunaticks.

1344 And growing to thy H.rfe. &c.] The Centaurs were a People of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first managers of Horses, and the neighbouring Inhabitants never having seen any fuch Thing before, fabulously reported them Monsters, half Men and half Horses.

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- To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
 Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
 For still th' hast had the worst on't yet;
 As well in Conquest as Defeat,
 Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
 - To rest the Body and the Mind;
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
 The Knight, who heard the Words, explain'd,
 As meant to him this Reprimand,
 - Point-blank upon his Case so fit;
 Believ'd it was some drolling Spright
 That staid upon the Guard that Night,
 And one of those h' had seen and selt
 - 1360 The Drubs he had fo freely dealt. When, after a fhort Pause or Groan, The doleful Spirit thus went on.

This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears Pell-mell together by the Ears,

- To lie in Limbo in the Stocks,
 And from the Pinacle of Glory
 Fall headlong into Purgatory:

 (Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,
 - 1370 That on my late Disasters rallies)

 Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,

 By being more Heroick-minded;

 And at a Riding handled worse,

 With Treats more slovenly and coarse:
 - 1375 Engag'd with Friends in stubborn Wars, And hot Disputes with Conjurers;

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Without the raifing of which Sum, You dare not be fo troublesome, To pinch the Slatterns black and blue, For leaving you their Work to do.

- 1415 This is your Bus'ness, good Pug-Robin, And your Diversion dull dry Bobbing, T' entice Fanaticks in the Dirt, And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't. Of which Conceit you are so proud,
- As now you wou'd have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your Raillery.
 Sir, quo' the Voice, y' are no fuch Sophi,
 As you wou'd have the World judge of ye.
 - 1425 If you defign to weigh our Talents,
 I' th' Standard of your own false Ballance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us Ghosts, as well as we do you:
 We who have been the everlasting
 - 1430 Companions of your Drubs and Basting, And never left you in Contest, With Male or Female, Man or Beast, But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire, In all Adventures, as your Squire.
 - By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew. For none cou'd have betray'd us worse 'Than those Allies of ours and yours.

1423 Sir (quoth the Voice,) &c] Sophi is at present the name of the Kings of Persia, not superadded as Pharaoh was to the Kings of Egypt; but the Name of the Family it self, and Religion of Hali, whose Descendants by Fasimas, Mahomer's Daughter, took the Name of Sophi.

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CANTO I. PART III.

For all the Independants do, Is only what you forc'd 'em to, You, who are not content alone

1470 With Tricks to put the Devil down, But must have Armies rais'd to back The Gospel-work you undertake: As if Artillery, and Edge-tools, Were th' only Engines to fave Souls.

1475 While he, poor Devil, has no Pow'r By Force to run down and devour; Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance; Is ty'd up only to defign

1480 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine: In which you all his Arts out-do, And prove your felves his Betters too. Hence 'tis Possessions do less Evil Than mere Temptations of the Devil,

Which all the horrid'ft Actions done, 1485 Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon; Because, unless they help the Elf, He can do little of himself; And therefore where he's best posses'd,

1490 Acts most against his Interest; Surprizes none but those wh' have Priests To turn him out, and Exorcifts, Supply with fpiritual Provision, And Magazines of Ammunition,

1495 With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes, Beads, Pictures, Rofaries, and Pixes,

1483 Hence 'tis Possessions, &c] Criminals in their Indictments, are charged with not having the Fear of God before their eyes, lutteing led by the Infligation of the Devil.

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The Tools of working our Salvation By mere mechanick Operation, With holy Water, like a Sluice,

- But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
 T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offer'd to surprize,
 Altho' his falsest Enemies:
- And on their Errands gladly trudge;
 For where are all your Forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe Hands, but ours?
 Who have but Jailors of your Holes
- Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
 T' your Mittimus Anathema's,
 And never boggle to restore
 The Members you deliver o'er
- Than all your covenanting Trustees;
 Unless to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,
 And pass their Souls, as some demise
- The same Estate in Mortgage twice,
 When to a legal Utlegation
 You turn your Excommunication,
 And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
 Distrain on Soul and Body too.

the Excommunication into the Chancery, there is issued out 3. Writ against the Person.

1524 Distrain on Soul, &c.] Excommunication which deprives Men from being Members of the visible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

Thought

PART III.

State Prudence, to cajole the Devil;
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven Hoof.
'Tis true, quoth he, that Intercourse

That as you trust us, in our Way,
To raise your Members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,

To leap down headlong many a Story;
Have us'd all Means to propagate
Your mighty Interests of State,
Laid out our spiritual Gifts to further

For if the Saints are nam'd from Flood,
We only have made that Title good.
And if it were but in our Pow'r,
We should not scruple to do more,

Of all Differences of Mankind.

Right, quoth the Voice, and as I fcorn To be ungrateful, in Return Of all those kind good Offices,

1550 I'll free you out of this Diftres,
And set you down in Safety, where
It is no Time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone:

You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about,

To find th' inchanted Hero out,

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And try'd with Hafte to lift him up; 1560 But found his forlorn Hope, his Crup,

Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted Foes.

He thought to drag him by the Heels, Like Gresham Carts, with Legs for Wheels;

1565 But Fear, that foonest cures those Sores, In Danger of Relapse, to worse, Came in t'affift him with his Aid. And up his finking Veffel weigh'd.

No fooner was he fit to trudge,

1570 But both made ready to dislodge; The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack, Upon the Vehicle, his Back, And bore him headlong into th' Hall, With fome few Rubs against the Wall.

1575 Where finding th' outer Postern lock'd, And th' Avenues as strongly block'd, H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass, And in a Moment gain'd the Pass; Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's

1580 Fore-quarters by the Head and Shoulders; And cautiously began to fcout, To find their Fellow-cattle out. Nor was in half a Minute's Queft, E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,

Ty'd to a Pale, instead of Rack, 1585 But ne'er a Saddle on his Back, Nor Piftols at the Saddle Bow. Convey'd away the Lord knows how. He thought it was no time to stay,

1590 And let the Night to steal away; But in a trice advanc'd the Knight Upon the bare Ridge bolt upright. 1595

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And

And groping out for Ralpho's Jade,
He found the Saddle too was stray'd,
1595 And in the Place a Lump of Soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While Hudibras, with equal Haste,

On both Sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as Jockies use, to break,
Or Padders to secure, a Neck.
Where let us leave 'em for a Time,
And to their Churches turn our Rhyme;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.



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All the Alexander Comments in the



The ARGUMENT of

The SECOND CANTO.

The Saints engage in fierce Contests,
About their Carnal Interests;
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to reform,
When Cromwel left them in a Storm:
Till in th' Effigy of Rumps, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, An Infect Breeze Is but the mungrel Prince of Bees, That falls before a Storm, on Cows, And stings the Founders of his House;

along with them great Quantities of Infects, which fome are of Opinion are generated from viscous Exhalations in the Air; but our Author makes them proceed from a Cow's Dung, and afterwards become a Plague to that whence it receiv'd its Original.

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From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed Of Vermin did at first proceed. So, e're the Storm of War broke out, Religion spawn'd a various Rout; Of petulant capricious Sects,

The Maggots of corrupted Texts, That first run all Religion down, And after ev'ry Swarm its own. For as the Persian Magionce Upon their Mothers got their Sons,

Who were incapable t'enjoy
That Empire any other Way:
So Presbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cause, his Mother,
Then bore them like the Devil's Dam,

Mhose Son and Husband are the same.

And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,

Nor Int'rest for their common Good,

Cou'd, when their Profits interfer'd,

Get Quarter for each other's Beard.

For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that fnarl about a Bone,
And play together when they've none.

13 For as the Persian, &c.] The Magi were Priests and Phinosphers among the Persians, entrusted with the Government oth Civil and Ecclesiastick, much addicted to the Obsertation of the Stars. Zoroaster is reported to be their first Auhor. They had this Custom amongst them to preserve and ontinue their Families, by incestuous Copulation with their was Mothers. Some are of Opinion, that the three wise then that came out of the East to worship our Saviour were offe of these.

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Their constant Actions, plainl' appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of Zeal and Plunder, to grow slack;
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
And Providence be out of Season:

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35 For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's Revenue, and the Church's:
But all divided, shar'd and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.
Which forc'd the stubborn'st, for the Cause,

To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd;
Like Thieves, that in a Hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-Cry,

Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant,
Laid out their Apostolick Functions,
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces

50 On Outlawries and Scire facias; At Michael's Term had many a Trial, Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael, Where thousands fell, in Shapes of Fees, Into the bottomless Abyss.

For when, like Brethren, and like Friends,
They came to share their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to possess
His Church and State Joint-Purchases,

51 At Michael's Term, &c.] St. Michael, an Archangel, met tion'd in St. Jude's Epiftles, Verse 9. In which the ablest Saint, and best,

- 60 Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest, To pay their Money; and, instead Of ev'ry Brother, pass the Deed; He strait converted all his Gifts To pious Frauds, and holy Shifts;
- 65 And fettled all the other Shares
 Upon his outward Man and 's Heirs:
 Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
 Deliver'd up into his Hands,
 And pass'd upon his Conscience,
- 70 By Pre-intail of Providence;
 Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
 That had no Title to Estates,
 But by their spiritual Attaints
 Degraded from the Right of Saints.
- 75 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun With Law and Conscience to fall on: And laid about as hot and brain-sick As th' Utter Barrister of Swanswick; Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold
- 80 As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
 That brought the Lawyers in more Fees
 Than all unfanctify'd Trustees:
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' Cause, receiv'd the Overthrow;
 - 85 Or both Sides having had the worst, They parted as they met at first.

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⁷⁸ And laid about, &c.] VVilliam Prynne of Lincoln's Inn. Efq; born at Swanswick, who stiled himself Utter Barrister, a very warm Person, and voluminous Writer; and after the Restoration Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

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And

Turn'd out, and excommunicate

90 From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To strole and teach from Town to Town,
And those he had taught up teach down.

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95 And make those Uses serve again Against the new enlighten'd Men; As fit as when at first they were Reveal'd against the Cavalier; Damn Anabaptist and Fanatick.

And with as little Variation,
To ferve for any Sect i' th' Nation.
The Good Old Cause, which some believe
To be the Dev'l that tempted Eve

The World to Mischief with New Light,
Had Store of Money in her Purse,
When he took her for bett'r or worse;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,

The Independants (whose first Station Was in the Rear of Reformation,

A Mungrel Kind of Church-Dragoons,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,

The Saracen and Christian rid:
Were free of ev'ry spiritual Order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murther:)
No sooner got the Start to lurch

20 Both Disciplines, of War and Church,

And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the War against
The common Enemy o' th' Saints,

125 And in a While prevail'd fo far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more
T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,

T' unite their Factions with Alarms,

But all reduc'd and overcome,

Except their worst, themselves at Home,

Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,

And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,

And all things but their Laws and Hate.
But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the Spoil of all th' had ransack'd,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,

140 Religion and the Government,
They met no fooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.

145 For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin, As Dutch Boors are t'a Sooterkin, Both Parties join'd to do their best, To damn the Publick Interest;

146 As Dutch Boors, &c. It is reported of the Dutch Women, that making so great use of Stoves, and often putting them under their Petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly Monster which is called a Soverkin.

Whether it win or lose the Game;

175 True as the Dial to the Sun. Altho' it be not fhin'd upon. But when these Bretheren in Evil. Their Adversaries and the Devil,

151 T' out-cant the Babylonian, &c.] At the Building of the Tower of Batel, when God made the Confusion of Languages.

Began once more to flew them Play,

- 180 And hopes, at least, to have a Day;
 They rally'd in Parades of Woods,
 And unfrequented Solitudes,
 Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
 T'appoint New-Rising Rendezvouzes,
- For new Recruits of Danger watch'd.
 No fooner was one Blow diverted,
 But up another Party started,
 And, as if Nature too in Haste
 - 190 To furnish our Supplies as fast,
 Before her Time had turn'd Destruction
 T' a new and numerous Production;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their Room,
 - That, like the Christian Faith, increas'd The more, the more they were suppress'd: Whom neither Chains, nor Transportation, Proscription, Sale, or Confiscation, Nor all the desperate Events
 - 200 Of former try'd Experiments,
 Nor Wounds, cou'd terrify, nor Mangling,
 To leave off Loyalty and Dangling,
 Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
 - Gainst all together, for the Crown,
 But kept the Title of their Cause
 From Forfeiture, like Claims in Laws:
 And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
 - 210 Can ever settle on the Nation, Until, in spight of Force and Treason, They put their Loy'lty in Possession;

of the ages.

Began

And by their Constancy and Faith, Destroy'd the mighty Men of Gath.

- Did Oliver give up his Reign;
 And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
 As mortal Men and Miscreants,
 To founder in the Stygian Ferry:
- 220 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
 Who in a false erroneous Dream
 Mistook the New Jerusalem,
 Prophanely for th' Apocryphal
 False Heaven at the End o' th' Hall;
- Whither it was decreed by Fate
 His precious Reliques to translate.
 So Romulus was seen before
 B' as Orthodox a Senator;

215 Tofs'd in a furious Hurricane, &c.] At Oliver's Death was a most furious Tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of Man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this Nation.

This Sterry reported fomething ridiculously fabulous concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of Romulus.

224 False Heaven, &c.] After the Restoration Oliver's Body was dug up, and his Head set up at the farther End of West-minster-Hall, near which Place there is an House of Entertainment, which is commonly known by the Name of Heaven.

ment, which is commonly known by the Name of Heaven.

227 So Romulus, &c.] A Roman Senator, whose Name was Proceeding, and much beloved by Romulus, made Oath before the Senate, that this Prince appeared to him after his Death, and predicted the future Grandeur of that City, promising to be Protector of it; and expresly charged him, that he should be adored there under the Name of Quirinus; and he had his Temple on Mount Quirinale.

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From whose divine Illumination 230 He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and Heir apparent Succeeded, tho' a lame Vicegerent, Who first laid by the Parliament, The only Crutch on which he leant;

235 And then funk underneath the State, That rode him above Horseman's Weight.

And now the Saints began their Reign, For which th' had yearn'd fo long in vain, And felt fuch Bowel-Hankerings,

240 To fee an Empire all of Kings, Deliver'd from th' Egyptian Awe Of Juffice, Government, and Law, And free t'erect what spiritual Cantons Should be reveal'd, or Gospel Hans-Towns,

245 To edify upon the Ruins Of John of Leyden's old Out-goings;

Who

231 Next him his Son, &c.] Oliver's eldest Son Richard was, by him before his Death, declared his Successor; and, by Order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the Compliments of Congratulation and Condolence, at the fame Time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and Addreffes were presented to him from all Parts of the Nation, promifing to stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. He summoned a Parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Deslorow, and their Partisans, managed Affairs so, that he was oblig'd to re-

245 To edify upon the Ruins, &c.] John of Leyden, whose Name was Buckhold, was a Burcher of the same Place, but a crafty, eloquent, and feditious Fellow, and one of those call'd Anatapists: He went and set up at Munster, where with Knipperdoling, and others of the same Faction, they spread their abominable Errors, and ran about the Streets in enthufialtical Raptures, crying, Repent, and be baptized, pronouncing difinal

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Who for a Weather cock hung up, Upon their Mother Church's Top; Was made a Type, by Providence,

250 Of all their Revelation fince;
And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures:
For when they came to shape the Model,
Not one could fit another's Noddle;

255 But found their Light and Gifts more wide From Fadging, than th' Unfanctify'd; While ev'ry individual Brother Strove Hand to Fist against another, And still the maddest, and most crack'd,

260 Were found the busiest to transact;
For the most Hands dispatch apace,
And make light Work (the Proverb says;)
Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;

And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
As slowest Insects have most Legs.
Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesus: Others tamper'd

270 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;

Wes against all those that would not embrace their Tenets. About the Year 1533, they broke out into an open Insurection, and seiz'd the Palace and Magazines, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their Persuasion to dwell in Munster, but at length he and his Associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at Munster, had his Flesh pull'd off by two Executioners with redhot Pincers for the Space of an Hour, and then run through with a Sword.

Some

Some for the Rump, and some more crafty, For Agitators and the Safety; Some for the Gospel, and Massacres Of Spiritual Affidavit-makers,

275 That fwore to any human Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance;
Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' High-places

280 Of Synods and Provincial Classes,
That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for sulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Excise;

Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage: Some for the cutting down of Groves, And rectifying Baker's Loaves; And fome for finding out Expedients

290 Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.

Some were for Gospel Ministers,
And some for Red-coat Seculars,
As Men most sit t' hold forth the Word,
And weild the one and th' other's Sword.

295 Some were for carrying on the Work Against the Pope, and some the Turk; Some for engaging to suppress The Camisado of Surplices, That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,

More proper for the cloudy Night
Of Popery, than Gospel Light.
Others were for abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, a Ring,

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Confider'd timely how t' withdraw,

- 340 And fave their Wind-pipes from the Law; For one Rencounter at the Bar Was worse than all they'd scap'd in War; And therefore met in Consultation To Cant and Quack upon the Nation;
- Not for the fickly Patient's Sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take;
 To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
 More wise than fumbling Arteries;
 Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
- 'Mong these there was a Politician,
 With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,
 And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
 Than all the Whores of Babylon;
- 355 So Politick, as if one Eye
 Upon the other were a Spy,
 That to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink:
 And in his dark pragmatick Way
- 360 As bufy as a Child at Play.

 H' had feen three Governments run down,
 And had a Hand in ev'ry one;

 Was for 'em and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall:
- 365 For by trepanning th' old to Ruin, He made his Int'rest with the new one; Play'd true and faithful, tho' against His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.

mous E. of S who was endued with a particular Faculty of undermining and subverting all forts of Government.

Our State-Artificer foresaw Which Way the World began to draw.

- 405 For as old Sinners have all Points
 O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints;
 Can by their Pangs and Aches find
 All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
 And better than by Napier's Bones,
- So guilty Sinners in a State,
 Can by their Crimes prognosticate,
 And in their Consciences feel Pain
 Some Days before a Show'r of Rain.
- All Ways he cou'd, t' insure his Throat; And hither came t' observe and smoak What Courses other Riskers took; And to the utmost do his best
- To fave himself, and hang the rest.

 To match this Saint, there was another,
 As busy and perverse a Brother,
 An Haberdasher of Small Wares
 In Politicks and State-Affairs;
- 425 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, And better gifted to rebel:

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409 And better than by Napier's Bones, &c.] The famous Lord Napier of Scotland, the first Inventor of Logarithms, contrived also a Set of square Pieces, with Numbers on them, made generally of Ivory, (which performs Arithmetical and Geometrical Calculations) and are commonly call'd Napier's Bones.

42: To match this Saint, &c.] The great Colonel John Lilbourn, whose Trial is so remarkable, and well known at this Time.

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As Bones of Hectors, when they differ, The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer. Yet when his Profit moderated, The Fury of his Heat abated:

- 465 For nothing but his Interest Cou'd lay his Devil of Contest:

 It was his Choice, or Chance, or Curse,

 T'espouse the Cause for bett'r or worse,

 And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
- And Soul, and Body, worshipp'd it:
 But when he found the sullen Trapes,
 Posses'd with th' Devil, Worms, and Claps;
 The Trojan Mare in Foal with Greeks,
 Not half so sull of Jadish Tricks,
- 475 Tho' fqueamish in her outward Woman, As loose and rampant as Dol Common; He still resolv'd to mend the Matter, T' adhere and cleave the obstinater: And still the skittisher and looser
- 480 Her Freaks appear'd, to fit the closer. For Fools are flubborn in their Way, As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay; And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff, As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

473 The Trojan Mare, &c.] After the Grecians had spent ten Years in the Siege of Troy without the least Prospect of Success, they bethought of a Stratagem, and made a wooden Horse capable of containing a considerable Number of armed Men; this they filled with the choicest of their Army, and then pretended to raise the Siege; upon which the credulous Irojans made a Breach in the Walls of the City to bring in this satal Plunder; but when it was brought in, the inclosed Heroes soon appeared, and surprizing the City, the rest entered in at the Breach.

| 308 | CANTO II. PART | II. |
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| | These two, with others, being met, | |
| • | And close in Consultation set; | |
| | After a discontented Pause, | |
| | And not without fufficient Caufe, | |
| | The Orator we nam'd of late, | |
| 400 | Less troubled with the Pangs of State, | |
| TJ | Than with his own Impatience, | |
| | To give himself first Audience, | |
| | After he had a While look'd wife, | |
| | At last broke Silence, and the Ice. | |
| 495 | Quoth he, there's nothing makes me doubt | |
| | Our last Outgoing's brought about, | |
| | More than to fee the Characters | |
| | Of real Jealoufies and Fears | |
| | Not feign'd, as once, but fadly horrid, | |
| 500 | Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead: | |
| | Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together, | |
| | And threaten sudden Change of Weather, | |
| | Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns, | |
| | And Revolutions in their Corns; | |
| 505 | And, fince our Workings-out are cross'd, | |
| | Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost. | |
| | Was it to run away, we meant, | |
| | When, taking of the Covenant, | |
| | The lamest Cripples of the Brothers | |
| 510 | Took Oaths, to run before all others; | |
| 2.5 | But in their own Sense, only swore | |
| | To strive to run away before; | |
| | And now would prove, that Words and Oath | |
| | Engage us to renounce them both? | |
| 515 | 'Tis true, the Cause is in the Lurch, | |
| | Between a Right and Mungrel Church, | |
| | The Presbyter and Independant, | |
| | That stickle which shall make an End on't, | And |

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have as is And 'twas made out to us the laft

- When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What Answer was to be return'd.
 Else why should Tumults fright us now,
 We have so many Times gone through,
- As when they ferve our turns, t' inflame?

 Have prov'd how inconfiderable

 Are all Engagements of the Rabble,

 Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd
- 530 With Drums and Rattles, like a Child;
 But never prov'd fo prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us:
 For all our scouring of Religion
 Began with Tumults and Sedition;
- When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
 Became strong Motives to Devotion;
 (As carnal Seamen, in a Storm,
 Turn pious Converts, and reform)
 When rusty Weapons, with chalk'd Edges,
- 540 Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
 And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,
 Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee;
 When Zeal, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,
 Gave Chase to Rochets, and White Sleeves,
- Submit t' Old Iron, and the Cause.

 And as we thriv'd by Tumult then,
 So we might better now again,

520 (I mean Marg'ret's Fast) &c.] That Parliament used to have publick Fasts kept in St Margaret's Church, Westminster, 48 is done to this present Time.

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Who, when our Fate can be no worse, Are fitted for the bravest Course;

- Our last and best Desence, Despair:
 Despair, by which the gallantest Feats
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest Straits,
 And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
- As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd, And Poisons by themselves expell'd; And so they might be now again, If we were, what we shou'd be, Men;
- To fide against our selves with Fate:
 As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking Covenants,
- 600 And fetting up Exauns of Saints,
 That fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
 To be excus'd the Efficace.
 For fpiritual Men are too transcendant,
 That mount their Banks for Independant,
- 605 To hang like Mahomet in th' Air, Or St. Ignatius at his Pray'r.

the great Impostor, that having built a Mosque, the Roof whercos was a Loadstone, and ordering his Corps, when he was dead, to be put into an Iron Cossin, and brought into that Place, the Loadstone soon attracted it near the Top, where it still hangs in the Air.

No less tabulous is what the Legend says of Ignatius Leyela, that his Zeal and Devotion transported him so, that at his Prayers he has been seen to be raised from the Ground for some

confiderable time together.

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Interpret all the Spleen reveals, 620 As Whittington explain'd the Bells; And bid themselves turn back again Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem. But look fo big, and over-grown, They fcorn their Edifiers t'own,

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625 Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons, Their Tones, and fanctify'd Expressions; Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint, Like Charity on those that want; And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots'

630 T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes; For which they fcorn and hate them, worse Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders. For who first bred them up to pray, And teach, the House of Commons Way?

635 Where had they all their gifted Phrases, But from our Calamies and Cases ? Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing, Who had e er heard of Nye or Owen? Their Dispensations had been stifled,

640 But for our Adoniram Byfield.

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And had they not begun the War, Th' had ne'er been Sainted as they are. For Saints in Peace degenerate, And dwindle down to Reprobate;

- out Their Zeal corrupts, like standing Water, In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter;
 Abates the Sharpness of its Edge,
 Without the Pow'r of Sacrilege.
 And tho' they've Tricks to cast their Sins,
- 650 As easy as Serpents do the Skins
 That in a While grow out again,
 In Peace they turn mere carnal Men,
 And from the most refin'd of Saints,
 As nat'rally grow Miscreants,
- 655 As Barnacles turn Solan Geese
 I' th' Islands of the Orcades.
 Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
 For their conforming to the Wicked;
 With whom the greatest Difference
- 660 Lies more in Words and Shews, than Sense.

 For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate

 Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State;

 So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,

 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three Heads as well:

650 As easy as Serpents, &c.] Naturalists report, that Snakes, Soments, &c. cast their Skinsevery Year.

655 As Barnacles turn Solan Geese, &c.] It is said, that in the Islands of the Orcades in Scotland, there are Trees which bear those Barnacles, which dropping off into the Water, receive Life, and become those Birds call'd Solan Geese.

663 So he that keeps the Gates of Hell, &c. | The Poets feign the Dog Cerberus, that is, the Porter of Hell, to have three Heads.

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wasted it about the Year 1130.

- 695 For tho' endur'd with Resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
 Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward Bones,
 And eat the Flesh of Bretheren,
- 700 Instead of Kings and mighty Men?
 When Fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater Elves?
 When Bell's at Union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-peor Friends with Dagon;
- 705 When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
 Shall fecret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
 And not attone their fatal Wrath,
 When common Danger threatens both?
 Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull d.
- 710 Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold?
 And Saints whose Necks are pawn'd at Stake,
 No Notice of the Danger take?
 But tho' no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell
 Can pacify fanatick Zeal;
- 715 Who wou'd not guess there might be Hopes,
 The Fear of Gallowses and Ropes,
 Before their Eyes might reconcile
 Their Animosities a While?
 At least until th' had a clear Stage,
- 720 And equal Freedom to engage,
 Without the Danger of Surprize
 By both our common Enemies?
 This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
 Who understand their Workings out;
 - 725 And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience, Giv'n up t' as reprobate a Nonsense As spiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r Of Miracle cannot restore.

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CANTO II. PART III. 316 We, whom at first they set up under, 730 In Revelation only of Plunder, Who fince have had fo many Trials Of their encroaching Self-denials, That rook'd upon us with Defign To out-reform and undermine: 735 Took all our Interests and Commands Perfidiously out of our Hands; Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood. Without the Motive Gains allow'd. And made us ferve as ministerial. 740 Like younger Sons of Father Belial. And yet for all th' inhuman Wrong Th' had done us, and the Caufe fo long, We never fail'd to carry on The Work still, as we had begun: 745 But true and faithfully obey'd, And neither preach'd them Hurt, nor pray'd; Nor troubled them to crop our Ears, Nor hang us like the Cavaliers; Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols, 750 To find us Pillories and Cart-Tails, Or Hang-man's Wages, which the State Was forc'd (before them) to be at; That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps, Our Ears for keeping true Accompts, 755 And burn our Vessels, like a new Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for being true; But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers, Held for the Cause against all others, Disdaining equally to yield 795 760 One Syllable of what we held. And tho' we differ now and then Bout outward Things, and outward Men;

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Our inward Man, and constant Frame Of Spirit, still were near the same.

And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had Call in any Place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually

770 Against the common Enemy.
Altho' it was our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a Rimmon.
And yet for all this Gospel-Union,
And outward Shew of Church-Communion,

775 They'll ne'er admit us to our Shares,
Of ruling Church or State-Affairs;
Nor give us Leave t' absolve, or sentence
'T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown,

780 We had so painfully preach'd down;
And forc'd us, tho' against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but Justice to restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before;

785 And when 'twas held forth in our Way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our temporal Salvation,
And put our Vessels in a Way

790 Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this Providence about;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:

795 What would our Actions not have done, Had we been fuffer'd to go on?

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Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down, With Plots and Projects of our own: And if we did fuch Feats at first, What can we now we're better vers'd;

- 835 Who have a freer Latitude
 Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd?
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest Terms, our Discipline;
 To which it was reveal'd long since,
- 840 We were ordain'd by Providence:
 When three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,
 The Cause's primitive Confessors,
 B'ing crucify'd, the Nation stood
 In just so many Years of Blood,
- That, multiply'd by Six, express'd
 The perfect Number of the Beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the Men,
 To bring this Work about again;
 And those who laid the first Foundation,
- 850 Compleat the thorow Reformation:
 For who have Gifts to carry on
 So great a Work, but we alone?
 What Churches have such able Pastors,
 And precious, pow'rful, preaching Masters?
- O'er Brethren's Purses and Opinions?
 And trusted with the double Keys
 Of Heaven, and their Ware-houses;
 Who when the Cause is in Distress,
 - 860 Can furnish out what Sums they please,

841 When three Saints Ears, &c.] Burton, Prynn, and Baftwick, three notorious Ringleaders of the Factions, just at the Beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

P 2

That

That Brooding lie in Banker's Hands, To be dispos'd at their Commands: And daily increase and multiply, With Doctrine, Use, and Usury:

- 865 Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
 All other Heads of Cattle are;)
 From th' Enemy of all Religions,
 As well as high and low Conditions,
 And share them, from blue Ribbands, down
- 870 To all blue Aprons in the Town:
 From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
 With Cor'nets at their Footmen's Breeches,
 To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab;
 All Guts and Belly, like a Crab.
- 875 Our Party's great, and better ty'd
 With Oaths, and Trade, than any Side:
 Has one confiderable Improvement,
 To double fortify the Cov'nant:
 I mean our Covenants, to purchase
 - 880 Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
 That pass in Sale, from Hand to Hand,
 Among our selves, for current Land;
 And rise or fall, like Indian Actions,
 According to the Rate of Factions.
 - 885 Our best Reserve for Reformation,
 When new Out-goings give Occasion:
 That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their Creed) t'affert:
 And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
 - 890 Will once more try th' Expedient:
 Who can already muster Friends,
 To serve for Members, to our Ends,

That

PART III.

That represent no Part o' th' Nation, But Fisher's-Folly Congregation;

- And fit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,
 Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-fit,
 Can order Matters under-hand.
- 200 To put all Bus'ness to a Stand:
 Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,
 And make 'em one another drive out;
 Divert the Great and Necessary,
 With Trisles to contest and vary;
- 905 And make the Nation represent
 And serve for us in Parliament;
 Cut out more Work than can be done
 In Plate's Year, but finish none;
 Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
- 910 That always pass'd for fundamental; Cou'd set up Grandee against Grandee, To squander time away, and bandy; Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges To one another's Privileges;
- Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
 And Consolation of our Hope:
 Who, tho' we do not play the Game,

920 Affift as much by giving Aim.

894 But Fisher's Folly, &c.] Fisher's Folly was where Devonfore-Square now stands, and was a great Place of Consultation in those Days.

907 Cut out more Work, &c.] Tluto's Year, or the grand Revolution of the entire Machine of the World, was accounted

4000 Years.

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Can introduce our ancient Arts, For Heads of Factions t'act their Parts; Know what a leading Voice is worth, A feconding, a third, or fourth;

- 925 How much a casting Voice comes to, That turns up Trump of Ay, or No; And by adjusting all at th' End, Share ev'ry one his Dividend. An Art that so much Study cost,
- 930 And now's in Danger to be lost,
 Unless our ancient Virtuoso's,
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.
 These are the Courses that we took
 To carry things by Hook or Crook;
- 935 And practis'd down from Forty-four,
 Until they turn'd us out of Door:
 Befides the Herds of Boutefeus,
 We fet on Work without the House;
 When ev'ry Knight and Citizen
- 940 Kept legislative Journey-men,
 To bring them in Intelligence
 From all Points of the Rabble Sense;
 And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
 With politick important Buzzes:
- 945 Set up Committees of Cabals,
 To pack Defigns without the Walls;
 Examine, and draw up all News,
 And fit it to our prefent Use.
 Agree upon the Plot o' th' Farce,
- 950 And ev'ry one his Part rehearse.

 Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
 What th' other Party's like to say:
 What Repartees, and smart Resections,
 Shall be return'd to all Objections:

And

and

- 955 And who shall break the Master-Jest, And what, and how, upon the rest: Help Pamphlets out, with false Editions, Of proper Slanders and Seditions: And Treason for a token send.
- 960 By Letter to a Country Friend; Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit That Men, like Burglary, commit; Wit falfer than a Padder's Face. That all its Owner does, betrays;
- 965 Who therefore dares not truft it, when He's in his Calling to be feen. Disperse the Dung on barren Earth, To bring new Weeds of Discord forth; Be fure to keep up Congregations,
- 970 In spight of Laws and Proclamations: For Charlaitans can do no Good, Until they're mounted in a Crowd; And when they're punish'd, all the Hurt Is but to fare the better for't;
- 975 As long as Confessors are sure Of double Pay for all th' endure; And what they earn in Persecution, Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution. Whence fome Tub-Holders-forth have made
- 980 In Powd ring Tubs their richest Trade; And, while they kept their Shops in Prison, Have found their Prices strangely risen. Disdain to own the least Regret. For all the Christian Blood w' have let;
- 985 'Twill fave our Credit, and maintain Our Title to do so again: That needs not cost one Drop of Sense, But pertinacious Impudence.

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Unless, because you drove him out, (And that was never made a Doubt)

1025 No Pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your Uses.
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oil is said

And Weapons dress'd with Salves, restore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good Nature as the Salve,

Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis Pity you should miss
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' eternal Obligation

1040 Y'have laid upon th' ungrateful Nation,
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just Reward,
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but not further:

To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher:
For vent'ring to affaffinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:
And not be allow'd the fittest Men

1050 To take the Charge of both again,
Especially that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
Who when your Projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-Head,

On those you painfully trepann'd, And sprinkled in at second Hand; 1070 And fancy only, on the By;
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty Poles;
And rescu'd all your outward Traitors
From hanging up, like Aligators:

Your Presbyterian Gratitude;
Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Those were your Motives to divide,

To turn your zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conscience and Remorse:
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:

Than Maggots when they turn to Flies:
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal, and false,
To charge us with the Consequences

1090 Of all your native Infolences;

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That to your own imperious Wills Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels; Corrupted the Old Testament, To ferve the New for Precedent:

1095 T'amend its Errors and Defects. With Murther and Rebellion-texts; Of which there is not any one In all the Book to fow upon; And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews

1100 Held Christian Doctrine forth in Use; As Mahomet (your Chief) began To mix them in the Alcoran; Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion, And bended Elbows on the Cushion;

1105 Stole from the Beggars all your Tones, And gifted mortifying Groans; Had Lights where better Eyes were blind, As Pigs are faid to fee the Wind: Fill'd Redlam with Predestination,

1110 And Knight's-bridge with Illumination: Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't, As bad as Bloody-Bones or Lunsford. While Women, great with Child, miscarry'd, For being to Malignants marry'd.

Transform'd all Wives to Dalilabs, Whose Husbands are not for the Cause; And turn'd the Men to ten-horn'd Cattle, Because they came not out to Battle: Made Taylor's 'Prentices turn Heroes,

1120 For Fear of b'ing transform'd to Meroz; And rather forfeit their Indentures, Than not espouse the Saints Adventures. Could transubstantiate, metamorphose, And charm whole Herds of Beafts, like Orpheus:

Inchant:

Like better Bowlers, in your Places; All which you bore, with Refolution,

Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution;

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118:

And

And tho' most righteously oppress'd,

Against your Wills, still acquiesc'd;
And never humm'd and hau'd Sedition,
Nor snussed Treason, nor Misprisson.
That is, because you never durst;
For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worst,

1165 Alas! you were no longer able
To raise your Posse of the Rabble:
One single Red-Coat Centinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And, with his Squirt-fire, could disperse

We know too well those tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Pow'rs;
Or trust our Saseties, or Undoings,
To your disposing of Out-goings:

Or to your ord'ring Providence
One Farthing's-worth of Consequence.
For had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Design,
Or Correspondence to trepan,

There's nothing else that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to use the Means;
And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:

That cou'd not keep your selves in Pow'r;
T' advance the Int'rests of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.
'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth

To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;

nd

For

For 'twas your zealous Want of Sense, And sanctify'd Impertinence;

That forc'd our Rulers to New-model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,

Your great Croysado General.
Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r,
That sprung the Game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:

Divided into other Hands,
And all your facrilegious Ventures
Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be sprinkled down,

1210 By Under Churches in the Town;
And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independant's spreading Growths.
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you:

The Midnight Junto's, and feal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your zealous Piques,
Than all their own rash Politicks.
And this Way you may claim a Share

1220 In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair.

who was foon laid afide, after he had done fome of their Drudgery for them.

1

Else Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the Jews From Pharaoh, and his Brick-kilns, loose; And Flies and Mange, that set them free From Task-Masters, and Slavery,

- 1225 Were likelier to do the Feat, In an indiff'rent Man's Conceit:
 - For who e'er heard of Restoration, Until your thorough Resormation? That is, the King's and Church's Lands
- For only then, and not before,
 Your Eyes were open'd to restore.
 And when the Work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it, but your selves alone?
- As by a World of Hints appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
 But first, o'th' first: The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny't;
 Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,
- 1240 Were fent to cap Texts, and put Cafes:
 To pass for deep and learned Scholars,
 Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers:
 As if th' unseasonable Fools
 Had been a Coursing in the Schools;
- 1245 Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
 O' th' Covenant, and th' Cause his Daughter.
 For when they charg'd him with the Guilt
 Of all the Blood that had been spilt;

1241 To pass for deep and learned Scholars, &c.] Two ridiculous Scriblers, that were o'ten pestering the World with Nonsense.

their

CANTO II. PART III. 332 They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion 1250 In Person like Sir Pride, or Hughson: But only those who first begun The Quarrel, were by him fet on. And who could those be but the Saints. Those Reformation Termagants? But e're this pass'd, the wise Debate 1255 Spent so much time, it grew too late; For Oliver had gotten Ground, T' inclose him with his Warriors round: Had brought his Providence about, 129 1260 And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out. Nor had the Uxbridge Bus'ness less Of Nonsense in't, or Sottishness; When from a Scoundrel Holder-Forth. The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth, 129 1265 Your mighty Senators took Law, At his Command were forc'd t' withdraw, And facrifice the Peace o' th' Nation To Doctrine, Use, and Application. So when the Scots, your conftant Cronies, 1270 Th' Espousers of your Cause and Monies, Who had fo often, in your Aid, So many Ways been foundly paid: Came in at last for better Ends, 1305 To prove themselves your trusty Friends; 1275 You basely left them, and the Church They train'd you up to, in the Lurch, And fuffer'd your own tribe of Christians To fall before, as true Philistines. 1310 1250 Like Sir Pride, &c.? The one a Brewer, the other a Shoemaker, and both Colonels in the Rebels Army. This

This shews what Utenfils y' have been,

1280 To bring the King's Concernments in:
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you,
And if he take you into Trust,
Will find you most exactly just:

1285 Such as will punctually repay With double Int'reft, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes, Who vary Action with the Times, Are less ingenious in their Art,

Or those who duly act one Part;
Or those who turn from Side to Side,
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,

That Statesmen use in breaking Leagues:
While others in old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd, as in out-of-fashion'd Cloaths:
And nastier in an old Opinion,

Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which Way soever the Game goes:
And whether Parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.

Is more bewitching than the right, And when the times begin to alter, None rife so high as from the Halter.

And so may we, if w' have but Sense

1310 To use the necessary Mean's.

And not your usual Stratagems

On one another, Lights and Dreams.

his

To

And by th' unfortunate Events, Can mend our own Experiments: For when w' are taken into Trust,

- 1350 How easy are the Wisest chous't?

 Who see but th' Outsides of our Feats,
 And not their secret Springs and Weights:
 And while they're busy at their Ease,
 Can carry what Designs we please:
- To profecute our own Engagements?
 To keep the Good Old Caufe on Foot,
 And prevent Pow'r from taking Root;
 Inflame them both with false Alarms
- 1360 Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms;
 To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
 From healing up of Side to Side.
 Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
 For both their Interests, by Turns.
- By dealing faithfully with none;

 (As Bowls run true, by being made

 On Purpose false, and to be sway'd)

 For if we should be true to either.
- 1370 'Twould turn us out of both together;
 And therefore have no other Means
 To stand upon our own Defence,
 But keeping up our ancient Party
 In Vigour, consident and hearty:
- Our Brethren, tho' by other Venters;
 Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
 As long and short Sticks are in Faggots.
 And make them join against us close,

And 1380 As when they first began t'espouse;

Erect

1415

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Mean while be better arm'd to fence
Against Revolts of Providence:
By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind Sides of it, as they happen:
For, if Success could make us Saints.

Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants:
A Scandal that wou'd fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run, Spite of our Hearts, or be undone:

1425 And not to stand on Terms and Freaks, Before we have secur'd our Necks.

> But do our Work, as out of Sight, As Stars by Day, and Sun by Night: All Licence of the *People* own,

- And for the Crown as fiercely fide,
 The Head and Body to divide.
 The End of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind:
- On all Emergencies that happen;
 For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority, as Men in Want:
 As some of us, in Trust, have made
 - Gain'd vastly by their joint Endeavour,
 The Right a Thief, the Lest Receiver;
 And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.
 - 1445 For Gain has wonderful Effects
 T' improve the Factory of Sects:
 The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians:

Mean

Whence

1490

The least Miscarriage aggravate, And charge it all upon the State;

- 1485 Express the horrid'st Detestation, And pity the distracted Nation. Tell Stories scandalous and false, I'th' proper Language of Cabals, Where all a subtle Statesman says,
- 1490 Is half in Words, and half in Face;
 (As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
 Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
 Intrust it under solemn Vows
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
- 195 To be retail'd again in Whispers, For th' easy Credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman—When a Shout, Heard at a Distance, put him out; And strait another, all agast,

- Who star'd about, as pale as Death,
 And, for a While, as out of Breath:
 Till having gather'd up his Wits,
 He thus began his Tale by Fits:
- That beaftly Rabble, that came down From all the Garrets in the Town, And Stalls, and Shop-boards, in vast Swarms, With new-chalk'd Bills, and rusty Arms, To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,

10 And bawl the BISHOPS -- out of Door;

1505 The Beaftly Rabble that came down, &c.] This is an unate Description of the Mob's burning Rumps upon the dmission of the secluded Members, in Contempt of the ump Parliament.

1540 Is chosen for a Fifth again;
1534 Be ready listed under Don.] The Hangman's Name that Time was Don.

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Found

(For fince the State has made a Quint Of Generals, he's lifted in 't)
This Worthy, as the World will fay,
Is paid in Specie, his own Way;

Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills thereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A cropp'd malignant Baker gave him;
And to the largest Bone-fire riding,

On whom, in Equipage and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow-members wait,
And march in Order, two and two,
As at Thankfgivings th' us'd to do;

1555 Each in a tatter'd Talisman, Like Vermin in Effigy slain.

> But, what's more dreadful than the rest, Those Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beast, Set up by Popish Engineers,

For none but Jesuits have a Mission
To preach the Faith with Ammunition,
And propagate the Church with Powder;
Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.

1550 They've roafted Cook already, and Pride in.] Cook acted as Solicitor-General against King Charles I. at his Trial; and afterwards receiv'd his just Reward for the same. Pride, a Colonel in the Parliament's Army.

1564 Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.] Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was a Gentleman of Biscay in Spain, and bred a So'dier, was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French in the Year 1521, and was so very lame in both Feet, by the Damage he sustain'd there, that he was forced to keep his Bed:

(F

Those

Found out this mystick Way to jeer us.

For, as th' Ægyptians us'd by Bees

T' express their antique Ptolomies;

1585 And from their Coptick Priest, Kircherus.] Athanasus. Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Agyptian mystical Learning.

represented their Kings (many of whose Names were Ptolomy) under the Hieroglyphick of a Bee, dispensing Honey to the Good and Virtuous, and having a Sting for the Wicked and Dissolute.

And

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And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,

- 1590 Held forth Authority and Pow'r: Because these subtle Animals Bear all their Int'rest in their Tails; And when they're once impair'd in that, Are banish'd their well-order'd State:
- 1595 They thought all Governments were best By Hieroglyphick Rumps exprest. For, as in Bodies Natural, The Rump's the Fundament of all; So, in a Common-wealth, or Realm.
- 1600 The Government is call'd the Helm: With which, like Vessels under Sail, They're turn'd and winded by the Tail, The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer Their Courses with, thro' Sea and Air:
- 1605 To whom the Rudder of the Rump is The same thing with the Stern and Compass. This shews how perfectly the Rump And Common-wealth in Nature jump. For as a Fly that goes to Bed,
- 1610 Rests with his Tail above his Head: So, in this Mungrel State of ours, The Rabble are the Supreme Pow'rs; That hors'd us on their Backs, to show us A jadish Trick at last, and throw us.
 - 1615 The learned Rabbins of the Jews Write there's a Bone, which they call Luez, I' th' Rump of Man, of fuch a Vertue. No Force in Nature can do Hurt to: And therefore at the last great Day

1620 All th' other Members shall, they fay.

And

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Spring

Spring out of this, as from a Seed All forts of Vegetables proceed; From whence the learned Sons of Art, Os Sacrum, justly stile that Part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump Bone, the Parliament;
That, after sev'ral rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Resurrections,
With new Reversions of nine Lives,

But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as Members, fir'd;
Consum'd in Kennels by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:

1635 Condemn'd t' ungoverning Distress,
And paultry, private Wretchedness;
Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all Hopes of Restauration:
And parted like the Body and Soul,

1640 From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who cou'd lately with a Look
Enact, establish, or revoke;

Whose arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe;

1645 Before the Bluster of whose Huff, All Hats, as in a Storm, slew off; Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great, Down to the Foot-man and Valet: Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,

1650 And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats; Shall now be fcorn'd as wretchedly, For Ruin's just as low as high;

Which

16

Which might be fuffer'd, were it all The Horror that attends our Fall:

- Than Heads and Quarters can discharge;
 And others, who, by restless scraping,
 With publick Frauds, and private Rapine,
 Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amas'd,
- 1660 Wou'd gladly lay down all at last:
 And to be but undone, entail
 Their Vessels on perpetual Jail;
 And bless the Dev'l to let them Farms
 Of forseit Souls, on no worse terms.
- 1665 This faid, a near and louder Shout
 Put all th' Affembly to the Rout,
 Who now begun t' out-run their Fear,
 As Horses do, from those they bear:
 But crowded on with so much Haste,
- 1670 Until th' had block'd the Passage fast,
 And barricado'd it with Haunches
 Of outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,
 That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a crippled Piece
- 1675 Of all their crush'd and broken Members, Than have them Grilled on the Embers; Still pressing on with heavy Packs, Of one another, on their Backs: The Van-guard could no longer bear
- 1680 The Charges of the forlorn Rear;
 But, born down headlong by the Rout,
 Were trampled folely under Foot;
 Yet nothing prov'd fo formidable,
 As th' horrid Cookery of the Rabble:

Which

CANTO II. PART III.

346 1685 And Fear, that keeps all Feeling out, As leffer Pains are by the Gout, Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply Of rally'd Force, enough to fly, And beat a Tufcan Running-Horse 1690 Whose Jockey-Rider is all Spurs.



day so malery his

The



The ARGUMENT of

The THIRD CANTO.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight
To quit th' inchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Am'rous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute:
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the Enterprize;
But first resolves to try by Letter,
And one more fair Address, to get her.

CANTO-III.

Mankind creates it felf, of Fears,
That fpring, like Fern, that Infect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed?
And have no possible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination?

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And

he

And yet can do more dreadful Feats
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,

- Than all their Nurseries of Elves.

 For Fear does things so like a Witch,

 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;

 Sets up Communities of Senses,

 To chop and change Intelligences;
- 15 As Rosicrucian Virtuoso's
 Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses;
 And when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by Fear;
 That makes'em in the Dark see Visions,
- And hag themselves with Apparitions;
 And when their Eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtless Objects best;
 Do things, not contrary, alone,
 To th' Course of Nature, but its own;
- 25 The Courage of the bravest daunt,
 And turn Pultroons as valiant:
 For Men as resolute appear,
 Which too much, as too little fear;
 And when they're out of Hopes of slying,
- 30 Will run away from Death by dying;

8 Than Hags with all their Imps and Teats. Alluding to the vulgar Opinion that VVitches have their Imps, or Familiar Spirits, that are employ'd in their Diabolical Practices, and fuck private Teats they have about them.

15 As Rosicrucian Virtuoso's, &c.] The Resurvisians were a Sect that appear'd in Germany, in the Beginning of the xviith Age. They are also call'd the Inlightned, Immortal and Invisible; they are a very Embusiastical Sort of Men, and hold many wild and extravagant Opinions.

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for th

Or turn again to fland it out; And those they fled, like Lions, rout. This Hudibras had prov'd too true, Who, by the Furies, left perdue,

- 35 And haunted with Detachments, fent From Marshal Legions Regiment, Was by a Fiend, as Counterfeit. Reliev'd and rescu'd with a Cheat; When nothing but himself, and Fear,
- 40 Was both the Imps and Conjurer: As, by the Rules o' th' Virtuofi, It follows in due Form of Poefy. Difguis'd in all the Mask of Night,

We left our Champion on his Flight, 45 At Blindman's Buff to grope his Way, In equal Fear of Night and Day; Who took his dark and desp'rate Course,

He knew no better than his Horse; And by an unknown Devil led,

(0 (He knew as little whither) fled. He never was in greater Need, Nor less Capacity of Speed; Disabled, both in Man and Beast, To fly and run away, bis beft;

55 To keep the Enemy, and Fear, From equal falling on his Rear. And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd The further and the nearer Side:

36 From Marshal Legions Regiment.] He us'd to preach, as if they might expect Legions to drop down from Heaven, for the Propagation of the good Old Caufe.

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fille; wild

Or

(As Seamen ride with all their Force,

60 And tug as if they row'd the Horse;
And when the Hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
So tho' he posted e'er so fast,
His Fear was greater than his Haste:

65 For Fear, tho' fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began t'appear,
And shift t' another Scene his Fear;
He found his new officious Shade.

70 That came so timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,
Had turn'd it self to Ralpho's Shape,
So like in Person, Garb, and Pitch,
'Twas hard t'interpret which was which,

The Lady all he had to fooner told
The Lady all he had to unfold,
But she convey'd him out of Sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight:
And while he gave himself Diversion,

80 T' accommodate his Beast and Person,
And put his Beard into a Posture
At best Advantage to accost her;
She order'd th' Antimasquerade
(For his Reception) aforesaid;

But when the Ceremony was done,
The Lights put out, and Fairies gone;
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd;
The wretched Caitiff all alone,

90 (As he believ'd) began to moan, And tell his Story to himself; The Knight mistook him for an Elf:

And

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And did fo still, till he began To scruple at Ralph's Outward Man;

95 And thought, because they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's Stead,
And act the Saint's and Devil's Part,
With undistinguishable Art;
They might have done so now, perhaps,

And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the Doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold Spright

That took his Place and Shape to Night?

Retainer to his Synagogue:

Alas! quoth be, I'm none of those
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose;
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,

And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you;
And, tho' a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are;

Which you would gratefully repay,
Your constant Presbyterian Way.

That's stranger (quo' the Knight) and stranger:

Who gave the Notice of my Danger?

Quoth he, th' infernal Conjurer

Pursu'd and took me Prisoner;
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did.

125 And tho' they lay to him the Pageant, I did not fee him, nor his Agent;

And

Q'6

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Who play'd the Sorceries out of Sight, T'avoid a fiercer, second Fight.

But didst thou see no Devils then?

130 Not one, quoth be, but carnal Men,
A little worfe than Fiends in Hell,
And that She Devil Jezebel;
That laugh'd and teh-hed with Derision,
To see them take your Deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he,
That play'd the Devil t' examine me?
A rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted,

In which you told them all your Feats, Your conscientious Frauds and Cheats; Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd The naked truth of all the rest,

145 More plainly than the Rev'rend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgell'd me to under-write.

What made thee, when they all were gone,

To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish Fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
And Frame of Spirit, too obstinate,

145 More plainly than the Rev'rend Writer, &c.] A most Reverend Prelate, A. B. of T. who sided with the disaffected Party.

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To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any Motives of my own:
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit;
The Dev'l, that is your constant Crony,

160 That only can prevail upon ye:

Else we might still have been disputing,

And they with weighty Drubs consuting.

The Knight, who now began to find Th' had left the Enemy behind,

And faw no farther Harm remain,
But feeble Weariness and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,

They had, by Chance, their Rear made good;
He ventur'd to difmis his Fear,
That parting's wont to sent and tear,
And give the desperat'st Attack
To Danger still behind its Back.

175 For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past Success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how he came to fly,
And when no Devil had appear'd,

180 What else, it cou'd be said, he sear'd;
It put him in so sierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Toss'd like a Foot-ball back again,
With Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.

That made me from this Leaguer rife;
And when I'd half reduc'd the Place,
To quit it infamously base.

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To

Was

CANTO III. PART III. 354 Was better cover'd by the New 190 Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew : To flight my new Acquests, and run 225 Victoriously from Battles won; And reck'ning all I gain'd or loft. To fell them cheaper than they coft: 195 To make me put my felf to Flight. And, conqu'ring, run away by Night; To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe Durst never have presum'd to do. To mount me in the Dark by Force, 200 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse, Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage, 235 Without my Arms and Equipage; Left, if they ventur'd to pursue, I might th' unequal Fight renew; 205 And, to preferve thy outward Man, Assum'd my Place, and led the Van. All this, quo' Ralph, I did, 'tis true, Not to preserve my felf, but you. You, who were damn'd to bafer Drubs 210 Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs, To mount two-wheel'd Carroaches, worse Than managing a Wooden Horfe: Dragg'd out thro' ftraiter Holes by th' Ears, Eras'd or coup'd for Perjurers'. 215 Who, tho' th' Attempt had prov'd in vain, Had had no Reason to complain; But fince it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome To blame the Hand that paid your Ransom, And refcu'd your obnoxious Bones 220 From unavoidable Battoons. The Enemy was reinforc'd, And we disabled, and unhors'd, Disarm'd

Difarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight,
And no Way left but hafty Flight,

Which, the 'twas desp'rate in th' Attempt,
Has giv'n you Freedom to condemn't.
But were our Bones in fit Condition

To reinforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,

- No martial Project to surprize,
 Can ever be attempted twice;
 Nor cast Design serve afterwards,
 As Gamesters tear their Losing-Cards.
- 235 Besides, our Bangs of Man and Beast Are sit for nothing now but Rest, And for a While will not be able To rally, and prove serviceable; And therefore I, with Reason, chose
- This Stratagem, t' amuse our Foes,
 To make an hon'rable Retreat,
 And wave a total sure Defeat:
 For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
- Of Conduct in the Martial Art;
 By which some glorious Feats atchieve,
 As Citizens, by Breaking, thrive;
 And Cannons conquer Armies, while
- ²⁵⁰ They feem to draw off and recoil.

 'Tis held the gallant'ft Courfe, and bravest,
 To great Exploits, as well as safest,
 That spares th' Expence of Time and Pains,
 And dang'rous beating out of Brains;

255 And in the End prevails as certain
As those that never trust to Fortune;

n'd

261 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men, &c. The Romans highly honour'd and nobly rewarded those Persons that were instrumental in the Preservation of the Lives of their Citizens, either in Battle or otherwise.

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- 285 Yet, with religious Blasphemy, By flatt'ring Heaven with a Lie; And for their Beating giving Thanks, They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks; For those who run from th' Enemy,
- 290 Engage them equally to fly; And when the Fight becomes a Chace, Those win the Day, that win the Race; And that which wou'd not pass in Fights, Has done the Feat with easy Flights,
- 295 Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaigne; Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty With Brandy, Wine, and Aqua vitæ; And made 'em stoutly overcome
- 300 With Bacrach, Hoccamore, and Mum; Whom th' uncontroul'd Decrees of Fate To Victory necessitate; With which, altho' they run or burn, They unavoidably return:
- 305 Or else their Sultan Populaces Still strangle all their routed Bassa's. Quoth Hudibras, I understand What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land, And who those were that run away,
- 310 And yet gave out th' had won the Day; Altho' the Rabble fous'd them for 't, O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.

305 Or elfe their Sultan Populaces, &c.] The Author compares the arbitrary Actings of the ungovernable Mob, to the Sultan or Grand Seignior, who very feldom fails to facrifice any of his chief Commanders, call'd Baffa's, if they prove unfuccessful in Battle.

nans rere Citi-

Vet.

GANTO III. PART III. 358 'Tis true, our modern Way of War Is grown more politick by far, 315 But not fo resolute and bold, Nor ty'd to Honour, as the old. For now they laugh at giving Battle, Unless it be to Herds of Cattle; Or fighting Convoys of Provision, 320 The whole Defign o'th' Expedition; And not with downright Blows to rout The Enemy, but eat them out: As Fighting, in all Beafts of Prey, And Eating, are perform'd one Way; 325 To give Defiance to their Teeth, And fight their stubborn Guts to Death. And those atchieve the highest Renown, That bring the other's Stomach down. There's now no Fear of Wounds, nor Maiming, 330 All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine: And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Defign, Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine; But have no Need, nor Use of Courage, Unless it be for Glory, or Forage: 335 For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance, When one Side vent'ring to advance, And come uncivilly too near, Are charg'd unmercifulty i' th' Rear; And forc'd, with terrible Refistance, 340 To keep hereafter at a Diftance, To pick out Ground t' encamp upon, 375 Where Store of largest Rivers run, That serve, instead of peaceful Barriers, To part th' Engagements of their Warriors; Poem 345 Where both from Side to Side may skip, For And only encounter at Bo-peep:

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For Men are found the stouter-hearted, The certainer they're to be parted; And therefore post themselves in Bogs,

- As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
 And made their mortal Enemy,
 The Water-Rat, their strict Ally.
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?
 But who bears Hunger best, and Cold?
- 355 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at Starving:
 And he that routs most Pigs and Cows, is
 The formidablest Man at Prowess.
 So th' Emperor Caligula,
- That triumph'd o'er the British Sea;
 Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
 And Lobsters, 'stead of Cuirasiers;
 Engag'd his Legions in sierce Bustles,
 With Periwincles, Prawns, and Muscles;
- To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
 Not like their ancient Way of War,
 To wait on his triumphal Carr:
 But when he went to dine or sup,
- And left all War, by his Example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

 Quoth Ralph, By all that you have faid,

And twice as much that I cou'd add, 375 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worfe, Than take this out-of-fashion'd Course;

For

Poem of the War between the Mice and the Frogs.] Homer wrote a

Besides two more of her Retinue

400 To testify what pass'd between you;

More probable, and like to hold,

Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold;

For which so many, that renounc'd

Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd,

383 And flour Rinaldo gain'd his Bride, &c. A Story in Tallo, an Italian Poet, of a Hero that gain'd his Mistress by conquering her Party.

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- And Bills upon Record been found,
 That forc'd the Ladies to compound;
 And that, unless I miss the Matter,
 Is all the Bus'ness you look after:
 Besides, Encounters at the Bar
- Are braver now than those in War,
 In which the Law does Execution
 With less Disorder and Confusion:
 Has more of Honour in 't, some hold,
 Not like the New Way, but the Old;
 - When those the Pen had drawn together Decided Quarrels with the Feather, And winged Arrows kill'd as dead, Nay, more than Bullets now of Lead:
 So all the Combats now, as then.
 - Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;
 That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
 In Words at Length, as well as Figures;
 Is Judge of all the World performs
 In voluntary Feats of Arms;
 - And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
 Determines which is wrong or right:
 For whether you prevail or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the Close;
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 - The Law, that fettles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo;
 That makes the most perfidious Lover,
 A Lady, that's as false, recover:
 - 435 And if it judge upon your Side,
 Will foon extend her for your Bride,
 And put her Perfon, Goods, or Lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your Hands.

es by

CANTO III. 362 PART III. For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages, 440 And manag'd by the ablest Sages; Who, tho' their Bus'ness at the Bar Be but a kind of civil War. In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeons, Than e'er the Grecians did the Trojans; 445 They never manage the Contest T' impair their publick Interest; Or by their Controversies lessen The Dignity of their Profession: Not like us Brethren, who divide 450 Our Common-wealth, the Caufe, and Side; And tho' w' are all as near of Kindred As th' outward Man is to the inward: W'agree in nothing, but to wrangle About the flightest fingle-fangle; 455 While Lawyers have more fober Senfe. Than t' argue at their own Expence, But make their best Advantages Of others Quarrels, like the Swifs: And out of foreign Controversies, 460 By aiding both Sides, fill their Purses; But have no Int'rest in the Cause For which th' engage, and wage the Laws; Nor further Prospect than their Pay, Whether they lose or win the Day. 465 And tho' th' abounded in all Ages, With fundry learned Clerks and Sages; Tho' all their Bus'ness be Dispute, Which Way they canvas ev'ry Suit; Th' have no Disputes about their Art, 470 Nor in Polemicks controvert: While all Professions else are found With nothing but Disputes t' abound; Di-

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475 The Galenists and Paracelsian, Condemn the Way each other deals in: Anatomists dissect and mangle, To cut themselves out Work to wrangle; Aftrologers dispute their Dreams,

480 That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes; And Heralds flickle who got who, So many hundred Years ago. Addition of one But Lawyers are too wife a Nation,

T' expose their Trade to Disputation;

485 Or make the busy Rabble Judges Of all their fecret Piques and Grudges; In which whoever wins the Day, The whole Profession's fure to pay. Besides, no Mountebank, nor Cheats,

490 Dare undertake to do their Feats; When in all other Sciences They fwarm, like Infects, and increase. For what Bigot durst ever draw, By inward Light, a Deed in Law?

495 Or could hold forth, by Revelation, An Answer to a Declaration? For those that meddle with their Tools, Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools. And if you follow their Advice,

500 In Bills, and Answers, and Replies; They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery, Shall bring her upon Oath to answer ye, And fo reduce her to be your Wife, Or make her weary of her Life.

Di-

505 The Knight, who us'd with Tricks and Shifts To edify by Ralpho's Gifts, But

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But worst of all, to give her over, Till she's as desp'rate to recover. For bad Games are thrown up too soon, Until they're never to be won.

- And fince I have no other Course
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;
 He that complies against his Will,
 Is of his own Opinion still;
 Which he madhere to, yet disown,
- 550 For Reasons to himself best known:
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue;
 Whom I must answer, or begin
 Inevitably first with him.
- 555 For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
 By times, enough of his Intent;
 And knowing, he that first complains,
 Th' Advantage of the Bus'ness gains:
 For Courts of Justice understand
- 560 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand; Who what he pleases may aver, The other, nothing till he swear; Is freely admitted to all Grace, And lawful Favour, by his Place;
- 565 And for his bringing Custom in, Has all Advantages to win. I, who refolve to oversee No lucky Opportunity, Will go to Council to advise
- 370 Which Way t'encounter, or surprize,
 And after long Consideration,
 Have found out one to sit th' Occasion;
 Most apt for what I have to do,
 As Counsellor, and Justice too.

An old drill Set, who told the C

An old dull Sot, who told the Clock For many Years at Bridewell-dock, At Westminster and Hicks's-Hall,

580 And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all;
Where, in all Governments and Times,
H' had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,
And us'd to equal Ways of gaining,
By bind'ring Justice, or maintaining:

And whipp'd, for want of Quartertdge;

Cart-loads of Rawds to Prison sent,

For b'ing behind a Fortnight's Rent;

And many a trusty Pimp and Croney

To Puddle-dock, for want of Money.

Engag'd the Confiable to feize

All those that would not break the Peace;

Nor give him back his own foul Words,

Tho' sometimes Commoners, or Lords,

595 And kept, 'em Prisoners of Course,
For being fober at ill Hours,
That in the Morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.

frice of Peace, a very pragmatical busy Person, in those Times, and a mercenary and cruel Magistrate, infamous for the following Methods of getting Money, among many others.

589 And many a trusty Pimp and Croney, &c.] There was a Gaol for puny Offenders.

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PART III. - CANTO III.

Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-Plays,

For Leave to practife, in their Ways;
Farm'd'out all Cheats, and went a Share
With th' Headborough, and Scavenger;
And made the Dirt i' th' Streets compound
For taking up the publick Ground;

For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,
And Cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos da Tax on Baker's Ears,

610 And, for false Weights, on Chandelers;
Made Victuallers and Vintners fine
For arbitrary Ale and Wine;
But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that regularly offend:

615 As Residentiary Bawds,
And Brokers that receiv'd stol'n Goods;
That cheat in Lawful Mysteries,
And pay Church Duties, and his Fees:
But was implacable, and aukward,

To all that Interlop'd and Hawker'd.

To this brave Man the Knight repairs

For Counsel in his Law-Affairs;

And found him mounted, in his Pew,

With Books and Money plac'd, for Shew,

625 Like Nest-Eggs to make Clients lay,
And for his false Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Case:

599 Made Moniters fine, and Puppet-Plays, &c.] He extorted Money from those that kept Shows.

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a Juthose is for hers. was a

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May traverse th' Action : - Better still. Then there's a Lady too, - I marry, That's eafily prov'd accessary; A Widow, who, by folemn Vows 660 Contracted to me, for my Spouse, Combin'd with him to break her Word,

And has abetted all. - Good Lord!

Sub-

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Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel, To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell;

665 Who put me int' a horrid Fear,
Fear of my Life, — Make that appear.
Made an Affault with Fiends and Men'
Upon my Body.—— Good again.
And kept me in a deadly Fright,

670 And false Imprisonment, all Night:

Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horse,
And stole my Saddle.—Worse and worse.

And made me mount upon the bare Ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder Miscarriage.

You have as good and fair a Battery
As Heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest Man alive to claim.
For if they've us'd you, as you say;

680 Marry, quo' I, God give you Joy;
I wou'd it were my Cafe, I'd give
More than I'll fay, or you'll believe:
I would fo trounce her, and her Purfe,
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;

685 For Matrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by Destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and chuse,
As Cross I win, and Pile you lose:
And if I durst, I would advance

As much in ready Maintenance;
As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practise dare not own.
The Law severely contrabands
Our taking Bus'ness off Men's Hands;

695 'Tis common Barratry, that bears Point-blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,

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7:

And crops them till there is no Leather, To stick a Pin in, left of either; For which, some do the Summer-fault,

700 And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may fwear at any Rate,
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Justice here
A Witness is not said to swear,

705 But make Oath, that is, in plain Terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, quo' the Knight, for that,

710 Is to the weaker Side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else Right and Wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a Slight,
Convey Men's Interest, and Right,

715 From Stiles's Pocket, into Nokes's,
As easily as Hocus Pocus:
Plays fast and loose, makes Men obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.
Then whether you wou'd take her Life,

Or but recover her for your Wife;
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other Matters pass,
The Bus'ness to the Law's all one,
'The Proof is all it looks upon;

715 From Stiles's Focket into Nokes's, & 7 John a Nokes and John a Stiles, are two fictitious Names made use of instauing Cases of Law only.

And

725 And you can want no Witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labour of their Consciences;
Or letting out to hire their Ears

730 To Affidavit-Customers,
At inconsiderable Values,
To serve for Jury-Men, or Tallies,
Altho' retain'd in th' hardest Matters,
Of Trustees and Administrators.

735 For that, quo' be, let me alone;
W' have Store of fuch, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.
That's well, quo' be, but I should gues,

740 By weighing of Advantages,
Your furest Way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a Water-Witch;
And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
Y' have time enough to deal with her.

745 l' th' Int'rim, fpare for no Trepans
To draw her Neck into the Banes;
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillets,

742 On Bongey for a Water-Witch.] Bongey was a Franciscan, and liv'd towards the End of the thirteenth Century, a Doctor of Divinity in Oxford, and a particular Acquaintance of Frier Bacon's: In that ignorant Age, every Thing that seem'd extraordinary was reputed Magick, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the Imputation of studying the Black-Art. Bongey also publishing a Treatise of Natural Magick, confirm'd some well-meaning credulous People in this Opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen Provincial of his Order, being a Person of most excellent Parts and Piety.

R.4.

With

With Trains t' inveigle, and furprize

750 Her heedless Answers and Replies: And if she miss the Mouse-trap Lines, They'll ferve for other By-Defigns; And make an Artist understand To copy out her Seal or Hand;

755 Or find void Places in the Paper To steal in something to entrap her; Till with her worldly Goods, and Body, Spight of her Heart, she has endow'd ye:

Retain all forts of Witnesses,

760 That ply i'th' Temples, under Trees; Or walk the Round, with Knights, their Hosts, About the cross-legg'd Knights o' th' Posts; Or wait for Customers between The Pillar-Rows in Lincoln's-Inn :

765 Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail, And Affidavit-Men, ne'er fail T' expose to Sale all Sorts of Oaths, According to their Ears and Cloaths, Their only necessary Tools,

770 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls. And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys, I shall be ready at your Service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras, A Straw to understand a Case,

775 Without the admirable Skill To wind and manage it at Will; To vere, and tack, and steer a Cause, Against the Weather-gage of Laws; And ring the Changes upon Cases,

780 As plain as Nofes upon Faces, As you have well instructed me, For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee;

I long

I long to practife your Advice,
And try the subtle Artifice;
785 To bait a Letter as you bid,
As not long after thus he did:
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.



An



An Heroical

EPISTLE

OF,

Hudibras to his Lady.

I Who was once as great as Cæfar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a Conqueror
As ever took Degree in War,
Or did his Exercife in Battle,
By you turn'd out to Graze with Cattle;
For fince I am deny'd Access
To all my earthly Happiness,
Am fallen from the Paradise
Of your good Graces, and fair Eyes;

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Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent To everlasting Banishment; Where all the Hopes I had t' have won Your Heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.

- Yet if you were not so severe
 To pass your Doom, before you hear,
 You'll find, upon my just Desence,
 How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
 That once I made a Vow to you,
- 20 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
 But not because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated, tho' delay'd:
 Or, if it were, it is no Fault,
 So heinous as you'd have it thought;
- 25 To undergo the Loss of Ears,
 Like vulgar Hackney Perjurers:
 For there's a Diff'rence in the Case,
 Between the Noble and the Base;
 Who always are observ'd t' have done't
- The one for great and weighty Cause,
 To falve, in Honour, ugly Flaws;
 For none are like to do it fooner
 Than those wh' are nicest of their Honour;
- The other, for base Gain and Pay,
 Forswear and perjure by the Day;
 And make th' Exposing and Retailing
 Their Souls and Consciences, a Calling.
 It is no Scandal, or Aspersion,
- 40 Upon a Great and Noble Person,
 To say he nat rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd Trick, To keep his Word,
 Tho' 'tis Persidiousness and Shame
 In meaner Men, to do the same:

oft

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- " For as best-temper'd Blades are found,
- 80 "Before they break, to bend quite round;
 - " So truest Oaths are still most tough,
 - "And tho' they bow, are breaking Proof."
 Then wherefore should they not b'allow'd
 In Love a greater Latitude?
- 85 For as the Law of Arms approves
 All Ways to Conquest, so should Love's;
 And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest that prevails:
 For how can that which is above
- 90 All Empire, High and Mighty Love, Submit its great Prerogative To any other Pow'r alive? Shall Love, that to no Crown gives Place, Become the Subject of a Cafe?
- 95 The Fundamental Law of Nature
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?
 Commit the Censure of its Cause
 To any but its own great Laws?
 Love, that's the World's Preservative,
- Controuls the mighty Pow'r of Fate,
 And gives Mankind a longer Date;
 The Life of Nature, that restores,
 As fast as Time and Death devours;
- Not only Earth, but Heaven too:
 For Love's the only Trade that's driv'n,
 The Interest of State in Heav'n,
 Which nothing but the Soul of Man
- 110 Is capable to entertain.

 For what can Earth produce, but Love,

 To represent the Joys above?

by Intuition, and confequently maintain a Sort of Conversation without the Organs of Speech.

121 Or Heav'n it self a Sin resent, &c.] In regard Children are capable of being inhabitants of Heav'n, therefore it shou'd not refent it as a Crime, to Supply Store of Inhabitants for

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And 'tis in Crowns, a nobler Gem, To grant a Pardon, than condemn. Then fince so few do what they ought,

- 140 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant Fault;
 For why should he who made Address,
 All humble Ways, without Success,
 And met with nothing in Return,
 But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
- 145 Not strive by Wit to countermine,
 And bravely carry his Design?
 He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier,
 Blown up with Philtres of Love-Powder;
 And after letting Blood and Purging,
- 150 Condemn'd to woluntary Scourging;
 Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
 And claw'd by Goblins in the Night;
 Infulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
 With rude Invafion of his Beard;
- And when your Sex was foully scandal'd
 As foully by the Rabble handled;
 Attack'd by despicable Foes,
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar Blows;
 And, after all, to be debarr'd
- 160 So much as flanding on his Guard:
 When Horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have Leave to kick for being kick'd?
 Or why should you, whose Mother-Wits

Are furnish'd with all Perquifites;

And Nurfing Babies, that Lie in;
B'allow'd to put all Tricks upon
Our Cully Sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows

170 Against your Stratagems t'oppose,

the Inhabitants of a Province in Terfia: They were excellent Horsemen, and very exquisite at their Boms; and it is reported of them, that they generally flew more upon their Retreat, than they did in the Engagement.

188 Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.] One of the Affembly of Divines, very remarkable for the Singularity of

his Beard.

Which

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Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must, Whether it be unjust, or just. Then when he is compell'd by her

200 T' Adventures, he would else forbear, Who, with his Honour, can withstand, Since Force is greater than Command? And when Necessity's obey'd, Nothing can be unjust or bad:

205 And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, our great Ally, and Yours,
Join'd Forces not to be withflood
By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood;
All I have done, unjust or ill,

And all for Blame that can be due, Falls to your Cruelty and you. Nor are those Scandals I confess'd, Against my Will and Interest,

By all Men, when they're under Force.

Whence fome, upon the Rack, confess
What th Hangman, and their Prompters please;
But are no sooner out of Pain,

Draw they deny it all again.

But when the Devil turns Confessor,

Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleasure

To hear, or pardon, like the Founder

Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.

225 And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wifer done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The first that on th' Adventure went:
All Mankind ever did of Course,

230 And daily do the same, or worse.

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For what Romance can shew a Lover, That had a Lady to recover, And did not steer a nearer Course, To fall a-board in his Amours?

And what at first was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.
To what a Height did Infant Rome,
Ry ravishing of Women,

By ravishing of Women, come? When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,

They ne'er For fwore them felves, nor Ly'd,
Nor in the Mind they were in, Dy'd:
Nor took the Pains t' address and fue,
Nor play'd the Masquerade to woo:

245 Disdain d to stay for Friends Consents,
Nor juggled about Settlements;
Did need no License, nor no Priest,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to affist;
Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money,

250 In th' Holy State of Matrimony, Before they fettled Hands and Hearts, Till Alimony or Death them parts:

237 To what a Height did Infant Rome, &c] When Romelus had built Rome, he made it an Asslum, or Place of Resuge for all Malesactors, and others obnoxious to the Laws, to retire to; by which Means it soon came to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that without Propagation it would soon be destitute of Inhabitants, he invented several fine Shows, and invited the young Sabine Women, then Neighbours to them; and when they had them secure, they ravisled them; from whence proceeded so numerous an Offspring.

ance that the Law gives the Woman for her separate Maintenance upon living from her Husband. That and Death are reckned the only Separations in a married State.

reckoned the only Separations in a married State.

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Nor wou'd endure to flay until Th' had got the very Bride's good Will,

- 255 But took a wife and shorter Course
 To win the Ladies, down-right Force;
 And justly made 'em Pris'ners then,
 As they have often since, us Men;
 With Acting Plays, and Dancing Jigs,
- And when they had them at their Pleasure,
 Then talk'd of Love and Flames, at Leisure;
 For after Matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but Half a Lover,
- 265 Deserves, for ev'ry Minute, more, Than Half a Year of Love before; For which the Dames, in Contemplation Of that best Way of Application, Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er were known,
- 270 By Suit, or Treaty, to be won;
 And such as all Posterity
 Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.

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- And they no Freedom of their own:
 And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuse,
 But they no Charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course
- 280 Soe'er we take to your Amours,
 Tho' by the indirecteft Way,
 'Tis no Injustice, nor Foul Play;
 And that you ought to take that Course,
 As we take you, for better or worse;
- 285 And gratefully fubmit to those Who you, before another, chose.

For

An Heroical Epistle of PART III. 384 For why should ev'ry Savage Beast Exceed his great Lord's Interest? Have freer Pow'r than he, in Grace 290 And Nature, o'er the Creature has? Because the Laws he fince has made, Have cut off all the Pow'r he had; Retrench'd the absolute Dominion -That Nature gave him over Women; 295 When all his Pow'r will not extend One Law of Nature to suspend: And but to offer to repeal The smallest Cause, is to rebel. This, if Men rightly understood 300 Their Privilege, they would make good; And not, like Sots, permit their Wives T' encroach on their Prerogatives; For which Sin they deferve to be Kept, as they are, in Slavery: 305 And this some precious Gifted Teachers, Unrev'rently reputed Leachers, And disobey'd in making Love, Have vow'd to all the World to prove, And make ye fuffer, as ye ought, 310 For that uncharitable Fault. But I forget my felf, and rove Beyond th' Instructions of my Love. Forgive me, (Fair) and only blame Th' Extravagancy of my Flame, 315 Since 'tis too much, at once to shew Excess of Love and Temper too. All I have faid that's bad, and true, Was never meant to aim at you; Who have fo Sov'reign a Controul Tha 320 O'er that poor Slave of yours, my Soul:

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That rather than to forfeit you, Has ventur'd Lofs of Heaven too; Both with an equal Pow'r possest, To render all that serve you blest:

- But none like him, who's destin'd either To have, or lose you, both together.

 And if you'll but this Fault release, (For so it must be, since you please)

 I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
- 330 Which you commanded, and I favore,
 And expiate upon my Skin
 Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
 For 'tis but just that I should pay
 Th' accruing Penance for Delay,

Which shall be done, until it move Your equal Pity, and your Love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle, Believ'd he'd brought her to his Whistle; And read it like a jocund Lover,

- 340 With great Applause t' himself, twice over: Subscrib'd his Name, but at a fit And humble Distance to his Wit; And dated it with wond'rous Art, Giv'n from the Bottom of his Heart;
 - Then feal'd it with his Coat of Love,

 A smoaking Faggot,—and above,

 Upon a Scroll—I burn and weep,

 And near it—For her Ladyship;

 Of all her Sex most excellent,
 - Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
 With Lessons how t' observe and eye her.
 She first consider'd which was better,

To fend it back, or burn the Letter.

But

386 An Heroical Epistle of, &c. PART III.

355 But guessing that it might import,
Tho' nothing else, at least her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a Smile and leering Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
360 And thus perform'd what she design'd.



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THE

L A D Y's Answer

TO THE

K N I G H T.

Is no strange News, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound Replevin you,
When both your Sword and Spurs were won
In Combat, by an Amazon;
That Sword that did (like Fate) determine

Th' inevitable Death of Vermin; And never dealt its furious Blows,

- But cut the Throats of Pigs or Cows;
 By Trulla was, in fingle Fight,
 Difarm'd, and wrested from its Knight,
 Your Heels degraded of your Spurs,
 And in the Stocks close Prisoners:
- 15 Where still they'd lain, in base Restraint, If I, in Pity of your Complaint,

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To

It is not hard to understand
The Mystry of this bold Demand;
That cannot at our Persons aim,
But something capable of Claim.

- French Stones, which in our Eyes you set, But our Right Diamonds, that inspire And set your am'rous Hearts on Fire: Nor can those false St. Martin's Beads
- 60 Which on our Lips you lay for Reds,
 And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
 Add Fuel to your fcorching Flames:
 But those true Rubies of the Rock,
 Which in our Cabinets we lock.
- Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
 That you are so transported with;
 But those we wear about our Necks,
 Produce those amorous Effects.
 Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our Hair,
- 70 The Perriwigs you make us wear;
 But those bright Guinea's in our Chests,
 That light the Wild-fire in your Breasts.
 These Love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their sly Intrigues I know,
- 75 And can unriddle by their Tones,
 Their Mystick Cabals, and Jargons:
 Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
 Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds;
 What Raptures fond and amorous,
- 80 O' th Charms and Graces of my House; What Extasy, and scorching Flame, Burns for my Money, in my Name; What from th'unnatural Desire, To Beasts and Cattle takes its Fire;

What

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W

85 What tender Sigh, and trickling Tear, Longs for a Thousand Pounds a Year;

And languishing Transports are fond Of Statute, Mortgage, Bill and Bond.

These are th' Attracts which most Men fall

To these th' address with Serenades,
And court with Balls and Masquerades:
And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y' have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain;

95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That all your Oaths and Labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
This is not meant to disapprove

Which is so wise, the greatest Part
Of Mankind study 't as an Art;
For Love shou'd, like a Deodand,
Still fall to th' Owner of the Land;

105 And where there's Substance for its Ground,
Cannot but be more firm and found
Than that which has the slighter Basis
Of Airy Virtue, Wit, and Graces;
Which is of such thin Subtlety,

And, as it can't endure to stay,
Steals out again, as nice a Way.
But Love, that its Extraction owns

From solid Gold, and precious Stones;
Must, like its shining Parents, prove

As Solid, and as Glorious Love.

Hence 'tis, you have no Way t' express
Our Chaims and Graces, but by these:

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and the Love in trary, t With Daphne, For what are Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth,

- 120 Which Beauty invades and conquers with;
 But Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds,
 With which, as Philtres, Love Commands?
 This is the Way all Parents prove,
 In managing their Childrens Love;
 - As if 'twere burning of the Dead.

 Cast Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,
 To join in Wedlock all they have;
 And when the Settlement's in Force,
 - Take all the rest, for better, or worse:
 For Money has a Pow'r above
 The Stars and Fate, to manage Love;
 Whose Arrows, learned Poets hold,
 That never miss, are tipp'd with Gold.
 - 135 And tho' fome say, the Parents claims

 To make Love in their Children's Names;

 Who many Times, at once provide

 The Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride;

 Feel Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames,
 - And Woe, and Contract, in their Names:
 And as they christen, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their Gossips, answer for 'em:
 Is not to give in Matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for Money.

¹³³ Whose Arrows learned Poets hold, &c.] The Poets seign supply to have two forts of Arrows, the one tipp'd with Gold, and the other with Lead; the Golden always inspire and instance Love in the Persons he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the Leaden create the utmost Aversion and Hatred. With the sirst of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.

B' a brave Knight-Errant of the Post,

That

That eats, perfidiously, his Word, And fwears his Ears through a two Inch Board: Can own the same Thing, and disown,

- 180 And perjure Booty Pro and Con:
 Can make the Gospel serve his Turn,
 And help him out to be forsworn;
 When 'tis laid Hands upon, and kis'd,
 To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.
- A Right to all the World you claim,
 And boldly challenge a Dominion,
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all Women;
 Of whom, no less will satisfy,
- Altho' you'll find it a hard Province,
 With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
 To govern such a num'rous Crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you:
- 195 For if you all were Solomons,
 And Wise and Great as he was once,
 You'll find they're able to subdue
 (As they did him) and baffle you.
 And if you are impos'd upon,
- That with your Ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the Slight.
 For when we find y' are still more taken
 With false Attracts of your own making,
- Like Sots, to us that laid it on; And what we did but flightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in Rhime;

S 3

| 394 | The Lady's Answer PART III. | PAR |
|------|--|------|
| דענ | You force us, in our own Defences, | |
| 210 | To Copy Beams and Influences; | 1 |
| 210 | To lay Perfections on the Graces, | |
| | To draw Attrasts upon our Faces: | |
| | And, in Compliance to your Wit, | 245 |
| | Your own false Jewels counterfeit; | |
| 217 | For, by the Practice of those Arts, | |
| 21,5 | We gain a greater Share of Hearts; | |
| | And those deserve in Reason most, | |
| | That greatest Pains and Study cost: | 250 |
| | For great Perfections are, like Heav'n, | 250 |
| 220 | Too rich a Present to be giv'n. | |
| 220 | Nor are those Master Strokes of Beauty | |
| | To be perform'd without Hard Duty; | |
| | Which, when they're nobly done, and well, | |
| | The fimple Natural excel. | 255 |
| 225 | 입으면 가다고 있는데 마음을 살아왔다면 하면 하면 가게 되었다면 하게 되었다면 하다는데 나를 하는데 가게 하는데 되었다. 그 사이를 다 살아 다 나를 다 했다면 다른데 다른데 되었다. | |
| , | Beyond the Wild in Hedges grows? | |
| | For, without Art, the noblest Seeds | 1000 |
| | Of Flow'rs degen'rate into Weeds: | |
| | How dull and rugged, e're 'tis ground | 260 |
| 230 | And polish'd, looks a Diamond? | |
| -3- | Tho' Paradife were e'er so fair, | |
| | It was not kept fo without Care. | |
| | The whole World, without Art and Dress, | |
| | Would be but one great Wilderness; | 265 |
| 225 | And Mankind but a Savage Herd, | |
| 200 | For all that Nature has conferr'd. | |
| | This does but Rough-heav, and Defign, | |
| | Leaves Art to Polish and Refine. | |
| | Tho' Women first were made for Men, | 270 |
| 240 | Yet Men were made for them again: | |
| -7- | | |
| | in the state of the contract o |)[* |

For when (out-witted by his Wife)
Man first turn'd Tenant, but for Life;
If Women had not interven'd,
How soon had Mankind had an End;

- 245 And that it is in *Being* yet,

 To us alone you are in *Debt*.

 And where's your Liberty of Choice,

 And our unnatural *No* Voice?

 Since all the *Privilege* you boaft,
- 250 And falfly usurp'd, or vainly lost,
 Is now our Right; to whose Creation
 You owe your Happy Restoration.
 And if we had not weighty Cause
 To not appear in making Laws,
- And *shallow*, formal Politicks,

 Force you our Managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in Shew) give way.

 Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
- You basely, after all your Braves,
 Submit, and own your selves our Slaves,
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publickly our Int'rests own;
- In ord'ring you, and your Affairs:
 When all your Empire and Command,
 You have from us at fecond Hand;
 As if a Pilot, that appears
- 270 To fit still only, while he steers, And does not make a Noise and Stir, Like ev'ry common Mariner,

And did not guide the Man of War.

In Councils, do not govern there.

While, like the mighty Prester John,
Whose Person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close Disguise

280 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar Eyes,
W'enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To govern him, as he does Men:
And in the Right of our Pope Joan,
Make Emp'rors at our Feet fall down;

285 Or Joan de Pucel's braver Name, Our Right to Arms and Conduct claim;

Who

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277 VVhile, like the mighty Prester John, &c.] Prester John, an abiolute Prine, Emperor of Alysinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy Kings for his Vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without

his Permission.

285 Or Joan de Pucel'sbraver Name.] Joan'of Arc, call'd alfo the Pucelle, or Maid of Orleans. She was born at the Town of Damremi on the Meuse, Daughter o James d' Arc, and Isalella Romee, was bred up a Shepherdess in the Country. At the Age of 18 or 20 the pretended to an express Commission from God to go to the Relief of Orleans, then befreged by the English, and detended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last Extremity. She went to the Coronation o Charles the VIIth, when he was almost rained. She knew that Prince in the midst of his Nobles, tho' meanly habited. The Doctors of Divinity, and Members of Parliament, open'y declar d that there was fomething supernatural in her Conduct. She sent for a Sword which lay in the Tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great Altar of the Church of St. Catharine de Forbois, upon the Blade of which the Crofs and Flower-de-luces were engraven, which put the King in a very great Surprize, in regard none besides himself knew of it: Upon this he sent her with the Command of some Troops, with which the reWho, tho' a Spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable.
We make, and execute all Laws,

- 290 Can judge the Judges and the Cause;
 Prescribe all Rules of Right and Wrong,
 To th' Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue;
 'Gainst which the World has no Defence,
 But our more pow'rful Eloquence.
- In all the World's Affairs of State,
 And Ministers of War and Peace,
 That sway all Nations how we please,
 We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
- 300 Heretical and Orthodox,
 And are the heavenly Vehicles
 O'th' Spirits, in all Conventicles:
 By us is all Commerce and Trade
 Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
- Nor bears that Price, as what we fell.

 We rule in ev'ry Publick Meeting,

 And make Men do what we judge fitting;

 Are Magistrates in all Great Towns,
- Where Men do nothing, but wear Gowns.
 We make the Man of War strike fail,
 And to our braver Conduct weil,

lieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Taltor at the Battle of Pariai, and recover'd Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken Prisoner in a Sally at Champagne in 1430, and try'd for a Witch, or Sorceres, condemn'd, and burnt in Romen Market-Place, in May 1430.

| 398 | The Lady's Answer PART | III. | PAR |
|--|---|-------|-------|
| 1 7 m m m | And, when h' has chac'd his Enemies, | | 345 |
| | Submit to us upon his Knees. | | |
| | Is there an Officer of State, | | |
| | Untimely rais'd, or Magistrate, | 9 000 | |
| | That's Haughty and Imperious? | 9 | |
| | He's but a Journeyman to us. | | 350 |
| | That as he gives us Cause to do't, | ş* | |
| A STATE OF THE STA | Can keep him in, or turn him out. | 3 | 11.55 |
| saki f | We are your Guardians, that increase, | 7-2- | |
| | Or waste your Fortunes how we please; | | |
| المعتدي | And, as your Humour is, can deal | | 355 |
| 1 | In all your Matters, Ill or Well. | | |
| 325 | 'Tis we that can dispose alone, | | |
| | Whether your Heirs shall be your own, | | |
| | To whose Integrity you must, | | |
| | In fpight of all your Caution, trust; | | 360 |
| | And, unless you fly beyond the Seas, | | |
| 330 | Can fit you with what Heirs we please; | | |
| | And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten | | |
| | By French Valets, or Irish Footmen. | | |
| | Nor can the rigoroufest Course | | 365 |
| | Prevail, unless to make us worse; | | |
| 335 | Who still, the harsher we are us'd, | | |
| | Are further off from b'ing reduc'd; | | |
| 1 | And fcorn t' abate, for any Ills, | | |
| | The least Punctilio's of our Wills. | | 370 |
| | Force does but whet our Wits t' apply | | |
| 340 | Arts, born with us, for Remedy; | | |
| | Which all your Politicks, as yet, | | |
| | Have ne'er been able to defeat: | | |
| | For when y' have try'd all forts of Ways, | | 375 |
| | What Fools do we make of you in Plays? | | |
| | | While | |

345 While all the Favours we afford, Are but to gird you with the Sword, To fight our Battles in our Steads, And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads; Encounter, in despite of Nature,

350 And fight at once with Fire and Water, With Pirates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas, Our Pride and Vanity t'appeafe; Kill one another, and cut Throats, For our good Graces, and best Thoughts;

355 To do your Exercise for Honour, And have your Brains beat out the fooner; Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon Things that are never to be known: And still appear the more industrious,

360 The more your Projects are prepost'rous; To fquare the Circle of the Arts, And run flark mad to shew your Parts; Expound the Oracle of Laws, And turn them which Way we fee Cause;

365 Be our Sollicitors, and Agents, And fland for us in all Engagements. And these are all the Mighty Pow'rs You vainly boaft, to cry down ours; And what in real Value's wanting,

370 Supply with Vapouring and Ranting: Because your selves are terrify'd, And stoop to one another's Pride; Believe we have as little Wit To be out-bector'd, and submit:

375 By your Example, lose that Right In Treaties, which we gain'd in Fight: And terrify'd into an Awe,

Pass on our selves a Salique Law:
Or, as some Nations use, give place,

380: And truckle to your Mighty Race,
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were the better Women.

378 Pass on our selves a Salique Law.] The Salique Law is a Law in France, whereby it is enacted, that no Female shall inherit that Crown.

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